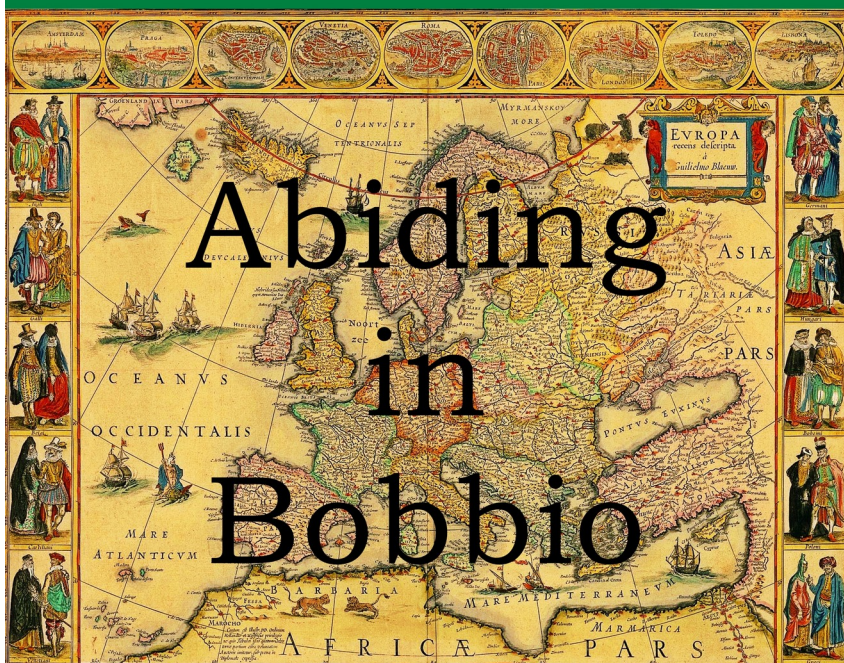


# Monaco Colombano Europaggio



Richard Mc Sweeney

# ABIDING IN BOBBIO

Monaco Colombano Europaggio



Richard Mc Sweeney

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Risteárd Mac Suibhne

# ABIDING IN BOBBIO

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## YouTube Channel

A fascinating series of slideshow complements to this book featuring  
texts, photographs,  
images and music are available for viewing on the author's YouTube  
channel:

Abiding in Bobbio: Monk Colombano Europaggio

[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC-hNB9sfupSJXV\\_YKcUqg2g](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC-hNB9sfupSJXV_YKcUqg2g)



“Let me to see God for I can’t keep going  
on like so being so far away from home.  
But is not home here?  
Home is where it is, isn’t it?  
Yes; yes it is for sure you dove of peaceful  
wandering in the shadows of new light.”

*Soliloquy 6*

“Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away,  
will you in living enjoy the fruits of learning. The  
enjoyment  
of learning is for the living.”

*Aphorism 7*



This book is dedicated  
to  
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL *PIETRO*  
*PAROLIN*  
VATICAN SECRETARY OF STATE  
for  
his heartfelt concern for the moral integrity of  
the Irish people, and for his unwavering  
commitment to  
diplomatically ushering in good will among all  
peoples.





An interpretation of John 2:5 by the author.

And *Myriam* out of utter frustration exclaimed,  
 “Damn it! Mind ye to be doing whatsoever my son  
*Yeshua*  
 may tell ye to do; anything of yere own devising be  
 not doing!  
 It’s not at all complex or confusing.  
 Just do as he says.”



# CONTENTS

Regula Monachorum: Columbanus Hibernus	1
Monaco Colombano Europaggio	5
Prologue	9

## Soliloquy constituents:

<i>Sol. 1.</i> Morning crossing river	17
<i>Sol. 2.</i> Being without food	19
<i>Sol. 3.</i> Door of the chancel	21
<i>Sol. 4.</i> Old fashioned new	23
<i>Sol. 5.</i> Grass into the sacristy	25
<i>Sol. 6.</i> Future vernacular	28
<i>Sol. 7.</i> Eyes of compassion	30
<i>Sol. 8.</i> Draft of a millennium	31
<i>Sol. 9.</i> Miraculous painting	33
<i>Sol. 10.</i> Exceptional visitors	35
<i>Sol. 11.</i> Thousand thumb folds	37
<i>Sol. 12.</i> Celibate of late	39
<i>Sol. 13.</i> Justice and equality	42
<i>Sol. 14.</i> Solar eclipse	43
<i>Sol. 15.</i> Hermitic way of life	46
<i>Sol. 16.</i> Battlement is curling	47
<i>Sol. 17.</i> Audacity to enter	50
<i>Sol. 18.</i> Tautology of theology	53
<i>Sol. 19.</i> Dedicated to the vision	55
<i>Sol. 20.</i> Littlest of something	57
<i>Sol. 21.</i> Spiritual disposition	59
<i>Sol. 22.</i> Auguries in the oak chest	61
<i>Sol. 23.</i> Horses riding rolling waves	64
<i>Sol. 24.</i> Pilgrims coming	66
<i>Sol. 25.</i> Take to the ambulatory	68
<i>Sol. 26.</i> Live debate is the crucifix	70
<i>Sol. 27.</i> Future of humanity	72
<i>Sol. 28.</i> Miraculous in captivity	75
<i>Sol. 29.</i> Wine barrels in the cellar	77
<i>Sol. 30.</i> Curtains of heaven	79
<i>Sol. 31.</i> Sky blinds into the clouds	82
<i>Sol. 32.</i> Alphabet taking stock	84
<i>Sol. 33.</i> Basement of the ages	86
<i>Sol. 34.</i> Condition of deprivation	89
<i>Sol. 35.</i> Beginning of all beauty	91
<i>Sol. 36.</i> Distracted by affection	93
<i>Sol. 37.</i> Well over in perpetuity	96
<i>Sol. 38.</i> Bridge bringing goodness	98

<i>Sol. 39.</i>	Wayward avenue	101
<i>Sol. 40.</i>	Elixir in the chapel	103
<i>Sol. 41.</i>	Confusion of clarity	105
<i>Sol. 42.</i>	Awful things taking place	108
<i>Sol. 43.</i>	Mysteries in the palms	111
<i>Sol. 44.</i>	Delicious to gratitude	113
<i>Sol. 45.</i>	Bended knees in full strolling	115
<i>Sol. 46.</i>	Happy in the forthcoming	118
<i>Sol. 47.</i>	Highest headaches	121
<i>Sol. 48.</i>	Place to education	123
<i>Sol. 49.</i>	Wounded of mercy	125
<i>Sol. 50.</i>	Heroic knowingness	127
<i>Sol. 51.</i>	Transcending hopelessness	130
<i>Sol. 52.</i>	Existence and beauty	132
<i>Sol. 53.</i>	Shattering consequence	135
<i>Sol. 54.</i>	Pokers of harm	137
<i>Sol. 55.</i>	So many irregularities	139
<i>Sol. 56.</i>	Break your heart	141
<i>Sol. 57.</i>	Places in infinity	143
<i>Sol. 58.</i>	Midday meal board	146
<i>Sol. 59.</i>	Beautiful mind strayed	148
<i>Sol. 60.</i>	Zeal is in the furnace	150
<i>Sol. 61.</i>	Blasphemy overdone	153
<i>Sol. 62.</i>	Flow of snowflakes	155
<i>Sol. 63.</i>	May catch a glimpse	157
<i>Sol. 64.</i>	Hurt with everything	160
<i>Sol. 65.</i>	First century backwardness	162
<i>Sol. 66.</i>	Kingdom overcome	165
<i>Sol. 67.</i>	Unknown laboratories	166
<i>Sol. 68.</i>	Granter of desires	169
<i>Sol. 69.</i>	Surrounding ambiguous clarity	172
<i>Sol. 70.</i>	Midst of the orchard	174
<i>Sol. 71.</i>	Equinox field of spring	176
<i>Sol. 72.</i>	Saying to imagine	179
<i>Sol. 73.</i>	Fabrications on the streets	180
<i>Sol. 74.</i>	Life after endings	183
<i>Sol. 75.</i>	Next age of fertility	185
<i>Sol. 76.</i>	Chalice flowing over	188
<i>Sol. 77.</i>	Eyes of tides coming	190
<i>Sol. 78.</i>	Heart of loneliness	192
<i>Sol. 79.</i>	Nourishment to the appetite	194
<i>Sol. 80.</i>	About the troubled lands	198
<i>Sol. 81.</i>	Corners of the baptistery	200
<i>Sol. 82.</i>	Estranged happiness	202
<i>Sol. 83.</i>	Nihilistic thoughts	205

<i>Sol. 84.</i>	Holy meditations	207
<i>Sol. 85.</i>	Fashioners of truth	210
<i>Sol. 86.</i>	Dance in concordance	212
<i>Sol. 87.</i>	Eternal life is everywhere	214
<i>Sol. 88.</i>	Many are the waters	217
<i>Sol. 89.</i>	Present voice speaking	219
<i>Sol. 90.</i>	Folding and reshaping	222
<i>Sol. 91.</i>	Solid seeds of the wind	225
<i>Sol. 92.</i>	Own way to the day	227
<i>Sol. 93.</i>	Backwardness of time to place	230
<i>Sol.94.</i>	Breathe for a mountain	232
<i>Sol. 95.</i>	Breadcrumbs on the floor	235
<i>Sol. 96.</i>	Youthful eternity	238
<i>Sol. 97.</i>	All kinds of unknown	240
<i>Sol. 98.</i>	Balconies of infinity	242
<i>Sol. 99.</i>	United and diverse heritages	244
<i>Sol. 100.</i>	Innocent of entrapment	247
<i>Sol. 101.</i>	Oft sailing away	249
<i>Sol. 102.</i>	Nepotism found	252
<i>Sol. 103.</i>	Nowhere else can compare	255
<i>Sol. 104.</i>	Walls of discrimination	257
<i>Sol. 104.</i>	Dignity meeting	260
<i>Sol. 106.</i>	Responsibility reaching	262
<i>Sol. 107.</i>	Starling in high bough	264
<i>Sol. 108.</i>	Crystal salamander	267
<i>Sol. 109.</i>	Forgiveness in the solitary	269
<i>Sol. 110.</i>	Light in the night	271
<i>Sol. 111.</i>	Implementation of the secret	274
<i>Sol. 112.</i>	Divinity of my prayer	276

The Mantelpiece Manuscripts:

Monk Colombano Europaggio's  
21st century interpretation of  
529 fourth century Ireland  
prophetic aphorisms 279

Coda:

<i>Author biography</i>	333
<i>Book jacket image and captions</i>	335



## Regula Monachorum: Columbanus Hibernus

Rules for Monks by Irishman Columban

*De oboedientia:* Ad primum verbum senioris omnes ad oboediendum audientes surgere oportet, quia oboedientia deo exhibetur, dicente domino nostro Iesu Christo: Qui vos audit me audit.

Of Obedience: At the first word of a senior, all on hearing should rise to obey, since their obedience is shown to God, as our Lord Jesus Christ says: He who hears you hears Me.

*De Taciturnitate:* Silentii regula diligenter custodienda decernitur, quia scriptum est: Cultus autem iustitiae silentium et pax.

Of Silence: The rule of silence is decreed to be carefully observed, since it is written: But the nurture of righteousness is silence and peace.

*De cibo et potu:* Cibus sit vilis et vespertinus.

Of Food and Drink: Let the monks' food be poor and taken in the evening.

*De paupertate ac de cupiditate calcanda:* Monachis, quibus pro Christo mundus crucifixus est et ipsi mundo.

Of Poverty and of Overcoming Greed: By monks, to whom for Christ's sake the world is crucified and they to the world.

*De vanitate calcanda:* Vanitas quoque quam sit periculosa brevibus demonstratur verbis salvatoris, qui suis discipulis hac laetantibus vanitate dixit, Vidi satanan sicut fulgur de caelo cadentem.

Of overcoming Vanity: How dangerous vanity also may be is shown by a few words of the Saviour, Who said to His disciples when they exulted in this vanity, I saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven.

*De castitate:* Castitas vero monachi in cogitationibus iudicatur, cui nimirum cum discipulis ad audiendum accedentibus a domino dicitur: Qui viderit mulierem ad concupiscendum iam moechatus est eam in corde suo.

Of Chastity: A monk's chastity is indeed judged in his thoughts, and to him, along with the disciples who approached to hear, it is doubtless said by the Lord: He who looks on a woman to lust after her has already defiled her in his heart.

*De cursu:* De synaxi vero, id est de cursu psalmorum et orationum modo



canonico quaedam sunt distinguenda, quia varie a diversis memoriae de eo traditum est. Ideo iuxta vitae qualitatem ac temporum successionem varie a me quoque litteris idem insinuetur. Non enim uniformis esse debet pro reciproca temporum alternatione; longior enim per longas noctes, breviorque per breves esse convenit. Inde et cum senioribus nostris ab VIII Kalendas Iulii cum noctis augmento sensim incipit crescere cursus a XII choris brevissimi modi in nocte sabbati sive dominicae usque ad initium hiemis, id est Kalendas Novembris. In quibus XXV canunt antifonas psalmorem [eiusdem numeri duplicis], qui semper tertio loco duobus succedunt psallitis, ita ut totum psalterii inter duas supradictas noctes numerum cantent, duodecim choris ceteras temperantes tota hieme noctes. Qua finita per ver sensim per singulas ebdomadas terni semper decedunt psalmi, ut XII in sanctis noctibus tantum antifonae remaneant, id est cottidiani hiemalis XXXVI psalmi cursus, XXIII autem per totum ver et aestatem et usque ad autumnale aequinoctium, id est octavo Kalendas Octobris. In quo similitudo synaxeos est sicut in vernali aequinoctio, id est in VIII Kalendas Aprilis, dum per reciprocas vices paulatim et crescit et decrescit. Igitur iuxta vires considerata vigilia est, maxime cum ab auctore salutis nostrae iubemur vigilare et orare omni tempore.

Of the Choir office: But concerning the synaxis, that is, the office of psalms and prayers in canonical manner, some distinctions must be drawn, since its observance has been variously bequeathed to our remembrance by different authorities. Thus, in accordance with the nature of man's life and the succession of the seasons, the same will be variously suggested by myself also in writing. For it should not be stereotyped in view of the mutual changes of the seasons; for it is fitting that it be longer on the long nights and shorter on the short ones. Hence, in agreement with our predecessors, from the twenty-fourth of June, while the night increases, the office begins to grow gradually from twelve chants of the shortest

measure on the night of the Sabbath or the Lord's Day, up to the beginning of winter, that is, the first of November. Then they sing twenty-five antiphonal psalms [of twice the same number] which always follow third after two chanted, in such a way that within the two aforesaid nights they sing the entire total of the psalter, while they modify the remaining nights for the whole winter with twelve chants. At winter's end, gradually each week throughout the spring, three psalms are always dropped, so that only twelve antiphons remain on the holy nights, that is, the thirty-six psalms of the daily winter office, but it is twenty-four throughout the whole spring and

summer and up to the autumn equinox, that is, the twenty-fourth of September. Then the fashion of the synaxis is like that on the spring equinox, that is, the twenty-fifth of March, while by mutual changes it slowly grows and lessens. Thus we must weigh our watching according to our strength, especially when we are bidden by the Author of our salvation to watch and pray at all times.

*De discretione:* Discretio monachis quam sit necessaria multorum error ostendit et aliquorum ruinae demonstrant, qui sine discretione incipientes et absque moderatrice scientia degentes vitam finire laudabilem non potuerunt.

Of Discretion: How necessary discretion is for monks is shown by the mistake of many, and indicated by the downfall of some, who beginning without discretion and passing their time without a sobering knowledge, have been unable to complete a praiseworthy life.

*De mortificatione:* Maxima pars regulae monachorum mortificatio est, quibus nimirum per scripturam praecipitur, Sine consilio nihil facias.

Of mortification: The chief part of the monks' rule is mortification, since indeed they are enjoined in Scripture, Do nothing without counsel.

*De perfectione monachi:* Monachus in monasterio vivat sub unius disciplina patris consortioque multorum, ut ab alio discat humilitatem ab alio patientiam. Unus enim silentium, alter doceat mansuetudinem. Non faciat quod vult, comedat quod iubetur, habeat auantum acceperit, operis sui pensum persolvat, subiciatur cui non vult. Lassus ad stratum veniat ambulansque dormitet, necdum expleto somno surgere compellatur. Passus iniuriam taceat, praepositum monasterii timeat ut dominum, diligat ut parentem, credat sibi hoc esse salutare quicquid ille praeceperit, nec de maioris sententia iudicet, cuius officii est oboedire et implere quae iussa sunt.

Of the Monk's Perfection: Let the monk live in a community under the discipline of one father and in company with many, so that from one he may learn lowliness, from another patience. For one may teach him silence and another meekness. Let him not do as he wishes, let him eat what he is bidden, keep as much as he has received, complete the tale of his work, be subject to whom he does not like. Let him come weary to his bed and sleep walking, and let him be forced to rise while his sleep is not yet finished. Let him keep silence when he has suffered wrong, let him fear the

superior of his community as a lord, love him as a father, believe that whatever he commands is healthful for himself, and let him not pass judgement on the opinion of an elder, to whose duty it belongs to obey and fulfil what he is bidden.

## Monaco Colombano Europaggio

Monk Colombano Europaggio, whose birth name was Ugobernardo de Europaggio, was born on the 18th March 1527 in a dwelling called 'Il Tesoro' (The Treasury) which once stood at what we would know today as the intersection of Strada delle Valli and Via Campagna in the city of Piacenza in northern Italy. The reason we know this is because he himself left a record of it, along with a sketch of the house and the piazza in front of it on a discarded page which was found between manuscripts in the scriptorium in Bobbio Monastery. More about this monastery in a moment. The short autobiography which was written in Italian, and dated the 10th July 1586, tells us very little about him, yet comparatively considered it is a lot more than what we have on any of his fellow monks. It was signed: "Always in my heart beloved mother and father, Your Ugobernardo."

Ugobernardo who was the eldest in his family had three brothers and two sisters. It was his father who had chosen the name Ugo for him after Hugues de Payens (c. 1070-1136), the co-founder and first Grand Master of the Pauperes commilitones Christi Templique Salomonici, while his mother had chosen Bernardo after her favourite saint, Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153). He would be called Ugo Bernardo: Ugobernardo.

This is how it came about that he became a monk. His mother who like her mother and her mother before her going way back, had received the hereditary responsibility of caretaker of a local sanctuary dedicated to Santa Maria di Campagnola, and later of the Basilica di Santa Maria di Campagna which replaced the sanctuary, had a great love for telling stories to him from the lives of saints. Now one particular saint who found a special place in his heart and mind was Saint Columban of Ireland. Columbanus, the Latinised form of the Gaeilge name Columbán, meaning the white dove, who was born in the Middle Kingdom of Ireland in circa 543 was an extraordinary monastic leader who had founded a number of

monasteries on the European continent, including most notably in Luxeuil in France, and Bobbio in Italy. His writings; some of which have survived show an exceptionally high quality Latin. According to tradition he passed away in a hermitage in the vicinity of the monastery in the year 615. His burial crypt in Bobbio Abbey (Abbazia di San Colombano) is to this day a popular place of visitation and pilgrimage.

By way of passing, let us make mention here that his mother when she was in her sixty-first year; that is in May of 1571, she went on a

pilgrimage to Clairvaux Monastery in north eastern France to pray for the safe return of her husband from a major upcoming battle which she had been given to see in a dream. Her prayers were fully answered for he returned to her safe and sound.

His father who was a soldier by profession, was a very religious man. When home on leave he used love to visit monasteries within Piacenza and in the surrounding areas, including the Columban monastery in Bobbio. He regularly took Ugobernardo along with him on such occasions. He would be ever telling him all kinds of fascinating stories, and emphasising the need to culture a splendid for life cause within himself in which he could passionately believe in. He would also be telling him how each and every one of the monasteries came to be established. Now of all such stories one found a special place in his heart and mind, that of the establishment the Columbanian monasteries throughout Europe, in particular the one in Bobbio.

By way of passing, let us make mention here too that when his father was in his sixty-fifth year; that is in October of 1571, he fought as a soldier of the Holy League of the Republic of Venice, Hapsburg Spain, the Papal States and Genoa, Tuscany, Malta and Savoy under the command of Ritter Johann von Österreich in the Battle of Lepanto. He died of old age at home in his own bed on the 7th October 1583 in the presence of his wife and children, save for Ugobernardo who was in Bobbio Monastery. Due to monastic regulations he also was not able to be at his mother's side when she passed away. She passed away of old age on the 2nd July 1586 in the presence of his brothers and sisters, their spouses and children.

The Basilica di Santa Maria di Campagna which was begun in 1522 was completed the year after Ugobernardo was born. They would grow in each other's company; in each other's spirituality. He would be lost in thought with gazing at its wondrous frescoes, and awed by its majestic dome. On entering and leaving the basilica he would always recite to himself the



words: "Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiæ, vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve. ad te clamamus exsules filii Hevæ, ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrimarum valle." (*Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.*)

In his fifteenth summer he accompanied his father on a visit to the monastery in Bobbio. While there the abbot had asked him quite out of

the blue, "Ugobernardo, when are going to join our community?" It had come as a big surprise to him for while he greatly admired the monastic way of life, he never thought of himself as actually being a monk. He had imagined rather that he would like to be an architect like his fellow Piacenza native, Alessio Tramello (c.1455-1535) who had been the architect of the Basilica di Santa Maria di Campagna. Howsoever, the abbot's question had stirred some hitherto unknown pool deep within his heart, and in a split second he there and then knew that he wanted to become a monk; a Columban monk. In the spring of 1543 he entered the monastery in Bobbio, where after the required number of years of training he was made a monk. For his religious name he took 'Colombano' after Saint Columban.

Although, and no doubt it must have been quite challenging at times, it seems he greatly enjoyed living the very ordinary everyday prayerful and work away lifestyle as prescribed by Saint Columban. But other than that we hardly know anything about his life as a monk. A fellow monk spoke of him as having an amazing aptitude for languages. It is recorded that he died in the monastery on the 21st November 1615, exactly to the day that his namesake Columban had died one thousand years earlier. He was found slouched over a text in the scriptorium on which he had been putting the final touches. This work was discovered to be an original work of his own rather than a transcribed text. It was written in Italian, and entitled *Cantico di Lepanto*.

Thirty-four years after his death there were rumours circulating within the monastery and its vicinity that a number of people, both monks and laypeople had overheard a voice: a man's voice talking away to itself was found to be within their hearing. And when asked who it was who was speaking, they received the reply: "Monk Colombano Europaggio". He was heard to be tormentedly soliloquizing away about the attempted Cromwellian conquest of the Irish people. This marked the first of a number of 'voice appearances'

by him in and about Bobbio, and which have been going on now every few years and decades with the last three hundred and sixty-five years.

In that year of 1649 he was heard soliloquizing in Gaelge and English. In 1683 it was in a number of European languages; in 1789 it was in French; in 1845 it was again in Gaelge and English; in 1914 in French and German; in 1917 in Russian; in 1922 in Italian; in 1934 in German; in 1936 in Spanish; in 1939 it was again in a number of European languages, and the same in 1995.

Whenever hearers asked who it was who was speaking they would

always receive the same reply: "Monk Colombano Europaggio". And even though they might ask him other questions besides, they would never receive any reply. His words and syntax were said to be very idiosyncratic and unpredictable; always speaking in a very anxious lamenting tone. Ironically, they spoke of their being a certain sweetness and even humour in his outpourings.

During these 'voice appearances' he was always heard to be calling on Europe to wake up; almost pleading with Europe to wake up and take notice and to act immediately, decisively, and responsibly over the dreadful things that were happening within Europe at that time or that were in some way externally impacting upon it or would be doing so in the near future.

It was not a case of him speaking only once off of a morning or an afternoon, but rather he could be heard speaking every morning or afternoon at about the same hour for several days or even months on end. His soliloquies would only last eight to ten minutes or thereabouts. He was never heard speaking in the evening, at night or in the dawn. More often than not only one or two people would have heard him speak. Yet there have been cases where a number of people at the same have heard him. He himself never physically appeared but rather it was his 'voice' that did the appearing

What is really hard to believe though is that nobody ever thought of committing to paper what he had said or even in more recent times attempting to record it. The end result is that we have no written or aural records of what he actually said. The only records we have are those found in the transmitted memories of those who had heard him speak. Even from his 1939 and 1995 appearances we have no written or otherwise account of what he said. This situation all changed with the latest appearance of his voice, in that for the first time in three hundred and sixty-five years his words have been written down. As such there is now a pristine verbatim account of what he actually said during an

appearance; namely during his latest. This account is to be found within the following pages.

## Prologue

Thursday morning, the 16th April 2015 and the sun is shining along the two attic skylights. The time is coming up on eight o'clock. I am about to start writing. I normally write from eight to midday, Monday to Friday.

Thoughts of my mother Joanna Healy (1936 - ) are coming to the forefront of my mind. Yesterday, she availed of a two-week respite offer in Fermoy Community Hospital's Nursing Home. I was born in that hospital in 1955. I like to think of Richard Healy-Mc Sweeney as being my full name. She will have a nice time there as the staff are lovely, and besides she greatly enjoys chatting away to people. She has this wonderful natural ability to make friends in the twinkling of an eye. I will drop by to see her in the afternoon, and afterwards I will go visit my father's grave.

My father: Richard Mc Sweeney (1923-1985) is buried in Kilcrumper (Cill Chruimthir) New Cemetery north of Fermoy (Mainistir Fhear Maí). Today marks the thirtieth anniversary of his passing. I was in Korea at the time and could not get back for his wake and funeral as I had only just returned to Korea from having visited him the week before. That was very heavy on my heart for a number of years. The last time I saw him he was waving down to me from an open window in the hallway of Mallow General Hospital. He was going to be discharged later in the day. I was on my way to catch a flight in Cork Airport. Earlier, out back in the shed, I picked up his cobbler hammer. I turned it in my hands a few times; touched the black tape he had wound about the neck and looked through the hole he had made in the handle to hang it up in his shed. I like to keep it next to my own hammer. I always ask him to be with me and help me whenever I am doing any maintenance about the house. And he always does. Like his father before him he used to do boot and shoe repairs. I can still see him resting the last on his lap and him tapping away at the sole of one of my boots. He used sometimes smoke a

pipe. I can almost catch a whiff of its aromatic tobacco. I miss him. He would have been ninety-two come next month.

My grandfather, Richard Mc Sweeney (1874-1953) with my grandmother Abbie O'Herlihy/Abbey Heirlihy (c.1884-1923) is buried within Saint Gobnait's church ruin in Ballyvourney (Baile Bhúirne). Up to 1843 the statue of Saint Gobnait located over from the church was cared for by the O'Herlihy family.

You know, I do not think it is a great idea for me to do any writing this morning, for I am finding myself thinking more and more about my

parents and grandparents. It is best I take it off and instead drive down to Dungarvan (Dún Garbhán) to enjoy a cup of coffee, and read today's newspaper. Afterwards I can drive over to Abbeyside to enjoy looking out at the bay. Tomorrow will be another day, and carefreely I will be able to write away.

Stepping out the front door into what I like to call East Street; commonly known as Chapel Street, I am turning to my right: to the west. I am enjoying reading some signs and looking at different things along the way to the carpark. Bridgestone; Floral Shop window display; Daybreak Deli Hot Food Newsagents Lotto; J. Ryan. Admiring the two paintings in the windows of the empty corner house: one of a brown horse looking out over of a stall door with a full bucket of golden grain on the ground outside it, while the other is of a silhouetted tree and a wolf howling at a full moon with six bats in flight. Cunningham's Hardware out West Street is being reroofed; Garda Station with a squad car parked outside; The Corner House Bar. Walking along North Street; commonly known as Convent Street, I am passing by the signs: Bar Lizzy Langton's Lounge; Est. 1884 Ales & Stouts T.J. Keniry Wines & Spirits; Centra; Irish Examiner; Spar. With looking across the street: L. Mc Carthy; Shang Hai House; TallowVison; Tallow Area Credit Union. Back on this side: Kearney's Restaurant & Take Away. Turning east into the carpark and beholding the side view of our parish church: the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Its bell tower is at the southern end. Lovely trees on right in an overgrown walled garden; on left before Serenity our magic carpet: an old L-shaped stone ruin which I like to think of as having once been part of a monastery; the carpark being its cloister. Starling singing away on the peak of its partially ivy covered southern gable. Cracked from top to bottom; from bottom to top, yet gracefully still it stands.

Crossing over the pretty mote: the River Bride (An Bhríd) and on to the N72 and heading for Lismore (Lios Mór) and on to Cappoquin (Ceapach Choinn). With



coming up on the turn off for Clashmore (Clais Mhór) I am glancing over to my right at the eight white 'windmills' on the nearby hills. Passing along by The Welcome Inn Bar, and now coming up on the bridge over the River Finisk (An Fhinisc), which I like to call the Phoenix. Crossing over and words from Miguel de Cervantes Cortinas (1547-1616) are in my hearing:

Just then they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that rise from that plain. And no sooner did Don Quixote see them that he said to his squire, "Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished. Do you see over yonder, friend

Sancho, thirty or forty hulking giants? I intend to do battle with them and slay them. With their spoils we shall begin to be rich for this is a righteous war and the removal of so foul a brood from off the face of the earth is a service God will bless."

"What giants?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those you see over there," replied his master, "with their long arms. Some of them have arms well nigh two leagues in length."

"Take care, sir," cried Sancho. "Those over there are not giants but windmills. Those things that seem to be their arms are sails which, when they are whirled around by the wind, turn the millstone."

(*Don Quixote*, Part 1, Chapter VIII)

I love driving along this road to Dungaravn. The surface is very nice and there are many charming vistas to be taken in both going and coming.

Left the enchanting Mercedes-Benz in Ludwig Lidl's carpark in Dungarvan. Walking along by a lovely fountain and a shimmering rectangular manmade pool of water. Ducks and geese enjoying paddling about in it and sunning themselves on the bank. Crossing over the artificial bridge and walking along by Albrecht Diskont.

Entering the Dungarvan Shopping Centre. I like this place as it has got a lot of light and is always a hive of activity. Walking through the Centre I am catching on my right: on the second rack of the Eason newspaper stand, a light purple banner carrying a photograph and a heading on the front page of the *Irish Examiner* [LIFE/STYLE From Dev to Versailles - Alan Rickman's role as King Louis shows his penchant for playing real people: 14]. I like this king's formal style: Louis XIV, par la grace de Dieu, roi de France et de Navarre - *Louis XIV, by the Grace of God, King of France and of Navarre*.

With exiting the Centre I am reading the sign overhead: "Thank you for shopping at Dungarvan Shopping Centre. Go raibh maith agat as do Shiopadóireacht a dhéanamh Linn." Walking along by the WLR FM studio, and along High Street, and by the sculpture "Daily Balance" of a man rolling a milk churn.

Entering Grattan Square. Waiting for the lights to change at the Bank of Ireland on to T.F. Meagher Street. Looking down towards Lawlor's Hotel; to its iron balcony. I am finding myself thinking about Michael Collins's visit here on Sunday, the 26th March 1922. He was almost kidnapped that day. After being rescued he went on to give a

rousing speech from the balcony of the Devonshire Arms Hotel. Sad to have to say it in this way, but was not he 'taken out' almost five months to the day over Bandon (Droichead na Bandan) way.

Having crossed the street I am reading a blue commemorative plaque on a wall: Dan Fraher 1852-1929 Sportsman - Scholar - lived here. It would have been a nice touch if his name in Gaeilge had been included too: Domhnall Ó Fearachair, for he had taught Irish in Dungarvan and started a local branch of Conradh na Gaeilge there in 1896. He was also involved with the founding of Coláiste na Rinne and with the Cumann Lúthchleas Gael. Páirc Uí Fhearchair is named after him.

Turning and beginning to look clockwise around the square at the signs. I love reading signs wherever I go for they always say something to me other than their obvious message. For some reason my eyes are alighting on Nagle's Bar Est. 2014. A Dungarvan woman: a Mrs. Nagle is coming to mind. What an amazingly courageous person who on Tuesday, the 4th December 1649 went up and offered a flagon of refreshment to Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) upon him and his exhausted army entering the town. Her gallant action is said to have caused him to revoke his order for the massacre of the townspeople, and the destruction of the town. Most likely however, it had a lot more to do with his 'Me and my troops are Divinely Chosen' extremist mind set, in that, he interpreted her gesture according to the words of Jesus: *For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in.* (Matthew 25:35). Here for him, he would have probably thought, was a timely living proof of God's compassion for him and his troops; yet another fitting confirmation of God's ongoing sanctioning of his orders and the rigorous carrying out of them by his subordinates and troops.

Entering the Ormond's Café which is located on the east side of the square. I like having a coffee and a pastry here or a pot of tea and a scone while enjoying

reading the complimentary copy of the *Irish Independent*. It has a nice chatty atmosphere. The management and staff are always very friendly and more than generous when it comes to a slice of cake or a refill of coffee. I particularly like the skylight as it is quite big; more like unto a conservatory roof. It provides an abundance of light. I like sitting at either of the first two tables along by the bare stone wall. Especially I like to sit at the first table in the corner by the small radiator. The traditional style golden wooden chairs and tables are very pleasing to the eye and comfortable.

Driving over to Abbeyside (Dún na Mainistreach) with the lovely

Causeway Park on my left and the peaceful quays and harbour on my right. Turning right into Strandside South. Passing on my left the house where the artist Sarah Henrietta Purser (1848-1943) lived as a child.

Parked the car to the right of the entrance to the Church of Saint Augustine. Walking on a grass path along by the southern perimeter wall of the church grounds to reach the shore.



The Abbey ruins which runs from east to west dates from 1290 and was built by The Order of Hermits of Saint Augustine (Ordo eremitarum sancti Augustini).

I am sitting down 'X' with my back facing its eastern gable. The spot it seems had a concrete step which is now over half buried in the sand. It acts as is good rest for my feet. It is a beautiful April morning

with the sun shimmering on the waters. There is about four hours remaining until high tide. Looking anticlockwise out along the bay. Two

white 'windmills' on a hill south beyond a sandbank. Letting my gaze take me all the way out along the Gaeltacht peninsula of Ring (An Rinn) to open sea, to another peninsula. I know it to have a lighthouse but I cannot see it from here.

The sand surfaced limestone rock on my left has got water channels in it.

The shimmering waters are being visited by a gentle north westerly breeze.



The scene is reminding of a memorable sketch of a traditional Chinese boat: a junk with sails open found on old front covers of *The Far East* magazine. The particular covers I am thinking of are those found in an album I have at home for the entire year of 1949. The magazine was published by the Maynooth Mission to China (Inc.) at Saint Columban's, Dalgan Park, Navan, County Meath.

I am finding myself thinking of Father Edward Galvin (1882-1956) who in 1927 was consecrated Bishop of Hanyang in China. Edward John Galvin was born in Newcestown (Baile Níos) near Bandon, County Cork on the Feast of Saint Columban: 23rd November,



in the year 1882. From a divine inspiration in China to a down to earth idea in Ireland, this spiritual man, who spoke of himself as “I am a nobody, just a plain, ordinary China missionary.” came by way of trusting in the words spoken

in Joshua 1:9 *I command you: be firm and steadfast! Do not fear nor be dismayed, for the Lord, your God, is with you wherever you go!* to help organize and found the Missionary Society of Saint Columban (Societas Santi Columbani pro Missionibus ad Exteros). The Society which was founded in 1916/18 was initially known as the Maynooth Mission to China. In my humble opinion its foundation proper needs to be accredited more than in part to Father John Blowick (1888-1972). He was the brilliant scholar who in 1914, at the age of only 26, become Professor of Theology at Maynooth, and who two years later resigned his post to devote himself fulltime to organising and establishing the Society. Father Galvin without a doubt encouraged the founding of the Society, but it was Father Blowick that made it a reality. In 1922 Father Blowick co-founded the Missionary Sisters of Saint Columban with a widow named Lady Frances Moloney (1873-1959). She was later professed a sister in the new congregation. These joyful, selfless, saintly women have their Motherhouse in Magheramore (Machaire Mór), County Wicklow.

After spending some forty years in China, Bishop Galvin was expelled from there in 1952. He returned to Ireland in 1953 and retired to Dalgan Park where he passed away on the 23rd February 1956. He is buried in the college graveyard. The inscription reads:

EXC. MVS ET REV. MVS PD. EDVARDVS GALVIN  
EPISCOPVS HANIAMENSIS CONFVNDATOR  
SOCIETATIS S. COLVMBANI OBIIT 23  
FEBRAVARII 1956 73 ANNOS NATVS R.I.P.

I do not know why the process for his beatification has not yet begun. May it commence in earnest for here is a saint of the Columbanus kind. The prerequisite for his first miracle surely has already been well fulfilled by his years of devoted commitment to the arduous task of spreading the message of the Gospels in China. This miracle can be seen in the length of days as having been instantaneous, permanent, and without scientific explanation.

I was once a Columban in the making; a Columban seminarian from the year 1976 to 1982. Ever grateful I am for that precious time; ever grateful I am as a happily married man, a proud father, and honoured grandfather that some bit of 'Columbaness' has remained with me: "show the world ye are unafraid".

Looking at my mobile phone for the time. It is 12:15. Laying back and the sun is gently shinning upon me by way of floating white clouds. Drowsy drowsy ever drowsy and falling falling into sleep.

Rising as a golden mist and floating above the bay; seeing myself way below napping away. Rising and rising and becoming a golden lenticular cloud floating apace away off to the southeast. Passing over Plymouth of Devon; Rennies of Brittany, Tours of Indre-et-Loire; Bourges of Cher; Lyon of Rhone-Alpes; Turin of Piedmont, and gradually dropping in altitude and coming in over a town; hovering over a beautifully set town in the province of Piacenza in Emilia-Romagna in northern Italy. This town seems familiar to me though I know I have never been here. I know it! Yes; this is the famous monastic settlement of Bobbio founded by Saint Columban, and it is where he is buried.

Below my epicentre is the Abbey of Saint Columban (Abbazia di San Colombano) and I extend out as far as the eastern side of the old stone bridge over the River Trebbia, and radiating around the same distance to the north, the west, and the south. I am translucent for the sun is shining right down through me from the high south and is casting short shadows of the buildings including the irregular arches of the bridge. I can see a woman sitting by a fountain a little ways north of the Abbey. She is reading a book. Beside her is a Volpino who has just noticed something unusual in the sky. He is barking up at me and wagging his tail. She has stopped her reading and is looking up but seemingly she is not seeing this large golden disc like cloud hovering above the town. All she is seeing is the clear blue sky. The dog has stopped barking and is stretching himself out in the shade.

I wonder why am I here; I wonder why am I hovering here as a cloud above Bobbio. Suddenly, I am overhearing the sound of a voice. I am clearly hearing a voice which seemingly is ascending from the town. It is not as if it is coming up from any one spot but from all places. The voice is that of a man, and it is speaking in English. It is not addressing itself to me rather it is to be found within my hearing. His words and syntax are very idiosyncratic and unpredictable. He seems to be having an anxious, prayerful, poetic conversation with

himself: lamentingly half praying and half reciting away about something pressing. Ironically, there is a certain mellifluousness and even humour in his outpouring.

I am asking him who it is that is speaking, and the answer I am receiving is: "Monk Colombano Europaggio". I am also asking him other questions besides but I am not receiving any reply.

Now, do not ask me how I know, for even I myself cannot say how I know, but I know the time to be 7:59 post meridiem, on Monday, the 8th December 2014. The soliloquy ended at 8:08 post meridiem. It had lasted all but nine minutes.

## **Soliloquy 1**

7:59-8:08 post meridiem, Lunae, 8 Decembris anno 2014

BRIDGE to the days of our lives making  
heading in the hills of a thousand  
to ten thousand years old.

Morning crossing river in the light of  
a generation calling to the front of  
the insight recovering to long last  
the beginning of ends coming into view.

At last the time has come for  
a 21st century coming true.



Believe, yes believe and it will  
come to truth contrary to all  
exaggerations believing.

Gentle is the softness that awaits for  
the holy of hollies coming to  
the brow of the hill.

Church in the valley.

See the mercy; hear the compassion  
coming to the forefront.

Bare to the heartache of the time  
honoured bliss.

Stand and see to the armies coming  
down the valley.  
Arches covering waters to believe in  
the Christ of the kingdoms coming  
to make believe of the peoples  
reaching to space heaven.  
Admit the carriage waiting for  
the spiritual being of essence  
departing by the near gate coming  
round riding slow in a gallop to a trot.  
Touch the sky with the eyes of your  
gaze listening to the voices  
coming from the seas and hills  
of my island homeland.  
Listen; listen can you hear them?  
Hear to what I hear to nothing  
strange coming.  
There is someone coming and crawling  
inside the contrails of the ups and  
downs posting genuine ingenuity.  
I swear by the bible in the pouch  
of roundabout.  
Imagine.  
There is the rippling of the river waters.  
Is it springtime; is it late autumn, can't tell  
as this sliding dream fading in my heart to  
come back again to Éire of my childhood.  
How can I say what there is to say except  
that frontline is falling into disuse.  
It must be forthcoming telling orthodoxy.

## **Soliloquy 2**

7:55-8:05 post meridiem, Martis, 9 Decembris anno 2014

MAP of the morning town in the valley  
of calling to the near far off eternity.  
Laughter at all the favourites seeing  
through the window of the cloister  
meeting friends from faraway.



Amazing is the light of the sight into  
the blessings staying behind the border  
of the playing field exactly to precisely  
having the past be right in front of us.  
All I have ever thought of is the little  
ones being without food and clothing  
in the middle of the half away desert.  
Spot the top of the people telling  
happiness is in the fist of  
a flattened out palm.  
Did you say palm to psalm?  
I did; I did say that the blazing of  
the first of Christ is in the cross  
that I left behind over on  
the hill at Luxovium.



What a place to be thinking forward  
to looking back.  
This is the way that this is to every  
that that came quiet unexpectedly  
to my front door.  
Abbey sleeping in the hills of  
down below raising high to the sky  
of a hundred and one aos sí coming  
into the lis.  
I can see in my dreams all of  
everything going on back  
on the island.  
Missing night and day but bearing  
all for the sake of the Christ  
on the cross.  
Touch now touch the brier on  
my pate pressing into my forehead.  
Nails and candlesticks asking for  
new down to the cold winter nights  
of the breakfast table spread out to  
the limit of God in the shadow  
coming over to me in  
the middle of Vespers.  
Hear me a whisper; hear me  
a whisper.  
Must be time to wake up and to  
let go of the map dream world.  
Safely, safely feeling that memory  
is right in front of me.  
Alas have the peoples of  
the western horizon taken to  
mistaking afternoon for after eve.  
I suppose it was in the garden that

all this started for how else could  
it have got so far?

## **Soliloquy 3**

8:10-8:19 post meridiem, Mercurii, 10 Decembris anno

2014

HIGH be with me from above; the abbey  
is visible through the clouds way below.  
Take a step into the past of the future  
to find your way.

Let's see what the oblivion of  
the round square ball in the backyard  
will bring into the present for  
the reaction of the world to downright  
badness is that it is all good.

Can't bear the surprise of the widow  
by the door of the chancel.

Suppose then to take you your leave  
to save the battlement that is breeched.

Can you see around the corner of  
the backyard in the middle yard?

I can see the millions of heavenly souls  
all come to earth to invade the caverns  
of the blessed goodness.

Take time; take time easy time  
to develop the bottom of the height  
of ignorance for I feel it needs some  
rules to be broken free to the metal.

Laugh to the sky before you succumb  
to the so-called bad goodness that  
is topping off the intelligentsia.

Enlighten yourselves for there is

a storm rolling down from the hills.  
I can hear it in the coming of my dreams.



Where is my bible that I may discover  
and make bare the truth that not all that  
is shimmering in the river waters  
beneath the bridge below is  
Napoleonic in nature.

What say you to the gods of  
the Romans making all belief  
seem unreasonably false?

I see where you are coming from  
in time for Matins.

I am here neither there before around  
the bell tower.

Who is standing atop the breezes of  
the floating clouds?

Maybe you are seeing things in  
the firmament of the Levant.

I off see around by the Levant but  
I can't chant to ears that are not  
ready to listen to serenity and joy.

I have you in the knowing that  
beauty will rise from the desert  
by the three-waters well.

## **Soliloquy 4**

9:56-0:06 post meridiem, Iovis, 11 Decembris anno 2014

WELCOME to the riverside  
of the hills of Bobbio.  
See to over the majestic heights  
of expectancy.  
Believe; believe and be converted  
to contrary ways of the Visigoths  
coming into play.  
Scenareo is everywhere dancing  
in the kitchen.  
Bring the prayer books for we need  
to be down on bended knees pleading  
to the heavenly gatekeeper.  
Follow the conclusion that makes  
mystical sound old fashioned new.  
But be assured this is  
an artful town of the hills.



How long have you been waiting?  
Who; me?  
Yes, you; for how could you be lying  
down on the clouds for so long.

Think; think about it.  
All will become clear soon after yesterday.  
Stop the machines of time taking over  
    every place before nothing at all of  
    the old newness will be left with us.  
Do you think it will amaze the usurper?  
I know not.  
We'll just have to wait and see.  
I see the sea in the mug of soup.  
You see so many things that we know  
    not where the truth begins  
    and the untruths end.  
All are of the same difference  
    I have been told.  
You have been told wrong so you  
    have for I have it on the very best  
    of authority that the dormitory is  
    no longer going to be in full use.  
Stretch the imagination and we  
    can go home; home away over  
    the rolling waving calm  
    lying low sea.  
White Sea, you say?  
Yes, White Sea is to be preferred  
    to Red, don't you think?  
All waters are all waters, that is all  
    I know to contemplate with the meal  
    now placed before us on the board.  
Lonesome is the courtship of  
    the stained glass windows looking  
    forever down upon us.  
At them not look up and you  
    will be seeing more wonders

in the dust on the floor.

I will pray a round by the orchard.

## **Soliloquy 5**

5:14-5:23 post meridiem, Saturni, 13 Decembris anno 2014

STATUE standing in my lawn  
of harvest heaven.

Must I be the one to cross  
the waters of no return?

Pleased to pleasure the needs of  
the Roman hierarchy seeing that  
the Holy See is in wave full tumbling.



Bring in the green grass into  
the sacristy for I want to be with  
walking in my native place for  
the spell of imagination is with me.  
Think about and think will be  
in conscious substratum.

Ah, now this is the sight of  
the mistake that piles lots upon lots  
of earthly systems into my cowl.  
Do you think the next of kin is close

or exceedingly far removed?  
I was with standing back into the forefront  
of the elastic expansion of the ferns  
on the wall by the hawthorn hedge.  
Tip tap and top tub we go with the bell  
ringing the tower into swaying to and fro.  
Waters coming up to my knees.  
It can only mean the furnace is almost  
extinguished.  
Saunter along and you will be passing  
out the hinterland of the celestial beings  
trotting across the lawny grass.  
Where have they come from at this hour  
of the day or is the night of day?  
It is all that and more beside the fireplaces  
back on Atlantis laying low off the coast.  
Wait a minute to a Celtic fortnight.  
There are things beneath that cushion in  
the baptistery that could tell stories  
of places blessed underneath  
the present ruins.  
Could not that be the same place that  
the handicapped incapacity camel  
trudging in along by the outer  
engagement wall took to resting  
his extended neck to head upon?  
Fill the baskets with bread fulfilled  
that we may make a night out of  
dripping slow waters  
on along the Milky Way.  
Do you think that way leads to  
anyplace in agriculture?  
There are ways that lead to nowhere



and nowheres on up the ways

to some places.  
Then I wish to extend my experience  
to visiting such ways in the frost on  
the weir o'er the river.

## **Soliloquy 6**

7:15-7:24 post meridiem, Lunae, 15 Decembris anno 2014

RIGHT hand raised to the blue heavens;  
    crosier in left leaving all the sheep behind me.  
Enclosed in the garden by the back wall  
    is the flock of the herd.  
State your opinion on the forefront or else  
    we will be swimming in the Great Sea.  
Do you imagine that the garden  
    is in the heavenly place?



Heaven is where heaven is for I have  
    been, seen, and heard it myself.  
Do you believe to believe or believe  
    to yourself deceive?  
I am who I am in my prayers, and my  
    readings all are taken from the finest

sections of the divinely inspired book.  
Have you seen of late what it is that  
    is carrying culture into the future?  
I don't know to see the first is coming.  
Can you hear to see him?  
Is him not also a she?  
How do you mean to the grass sweeping  
    along by the hemmed garment into  
    the future vernacular?  
Nobody will be withdrawn until  
    I can go to the chapel.  
Stay with me for I fear there is thunder  
    in the air exciting lightening.  
The day is the loveliest of days;  
    then of what do you speak?  
I speak at to spoke to said think  
    thoroughly, and how to much  
    the difference has it made?  
It has made the gentlest and lightest of  
    differences, and that is highly significant.  
May I walk without to the enclosure?  
Sure to certain there are places where  
    doves can only be heard and recognised  
    by the winding of the wavy waters.  
Let me to see God for I can't keep going  
    on like so being so far away from home.  
But is not home here?  
Home is where it is, isn't it?  
Yes; yes it is for sure you dove of peaceful  
    wandering in the shadows of new light.  
In the shadows of new light  
    is the darkness of tomorrow.  
Tomorrow will walk by itself into the time

of rolling under and over; over and under.  
Time three times is thrice three of  
the sacred number.  
Make it happen.

## **Soliloquy 7**

8:00-8: 09 post meridiem, Martis, 16 Decembris anno 2014

NOSTRO di misericordia through the fields.  
Explain the awful happening in the land  
way away to the east.  
Who can do such horrible things?  
All children in their classrooms  
following their dreams.



Devote to devotion brings us to the point  
of no return dono del vescovo.  
Think about the it in it and you will  
come to realise that the origin  
of badness is in badness.  
Prayer to devotion is bringing  
contemplation into a new horizon.  
I was once in a horizon rejoicing;

walking with Jesus and his disciples.  
Half the sound of forgiveness  
is in the eyes of compassion.  
Make me to know what it is that is  
causing the ceiling to fall in.  
Who can know such things?  
Rarely has the Church been so  
appealing in its application  
of time long lost.  
Someone is causing all this  
in earth happening for I have  
heard such a word in the stars.  
Do the stars talk to the moon;  
the moon to the sun?  
There are conversations that are  
truly cosmic going on all of  
the time in the house behind  
the Holy Vatican to Saint Peter.  
Mind the outspoken of  
the Pharaohs of Egypt.  
Why bring them into the Celtic call;  
Arabic to be in Serbia of the first  
of the last?  
The last is the first.  
Find out about the springboard  
in the camp of the opposition  
to the refectory; be it noontime.  
All is still on the mat by the door.  
Come on away in for yourself  
and rest yourself down Zuccarino.  
I want to rest myself down on  
the clouds but I hear tell they  
are raining themselves empty.

Not to no worry for they will be

knitting themselves together again  
come the new day.  
Can I wait for the new day?  
Yes; yes, I can by the God  
on the heavenly throne.

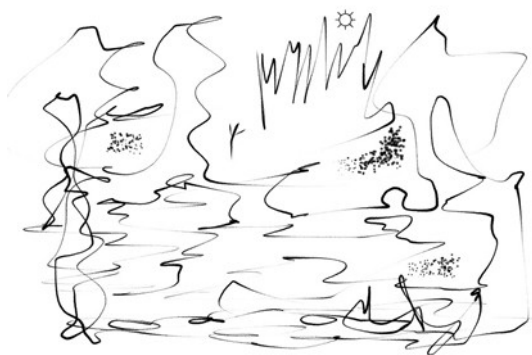
## **Soliloquy 8**

7:50-7:59 post meridiem, Mercurii, 17 Decembris anno

2014

SEVEN arches beneath the sun facing  
forward into the past of tomorrow.  
Secular world just beyond the walls is  
making its presence felt in the dedication  
to the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
Here comes the listening attentive to  
the morning rising about the corridors.  
Poverty is at last seeing the mission  
blazing into the fire of extinguished.  
Have you closed the backdoor for  
the draft of a millennium to two is  
blowing in underneath the pews.  
Heaven to the floor that is being  
swept of dust to inspection.  
I have loved God; God is loving  
me in the palm of his heart.  
Where is the sacred rose for  
I need to scent its fragrance  
before I enter the chapel?  
Stay awhile for the cows are in need  
of milking; the trees in need of felling,  
and the mortar in need of mixing.  
Be sure to mix in some horsehair

to hold it all together.  
Who is he who is coming in over  
the hill over?  
He is one come from the old island.  
Name he is I know not who.  
Maybe he is here to enquire  
about the manuscripts.  
Bring him in and treat him to supper.  
Bring forth the simply to the simplest.  
He is smiling.



I have heard of him; one he is  
of those of the waving islet.  
Do you imagine he has noticed how  
the river changes course with  
the coming of a divinely inspired?  
Seems he is more taken in by the willow  
tree in the ceiling of the library.  
There is no willow in the library ceiling.  
There was in the building of  
old ancient I have heard tell.  
It must be the pattern of the steps  
leading down to the above.  
I will wager that spectacular things  
are about to happen come the dawn



of the next trimester.  
You have the touch of a sage  
in your speaking making haste  
to find a counter argument.

## **Soliloquy 9**

7:53-8:02 post meridiem, Veneris, 19 Decembris anno 2014

WHITE van parked in a side street;  
with park railing aligned.  
On right white stone building;  
with brown door possibly ajar.  
How come the state of the second  
coming is in a side street?  
It has all to do with chastity,  
community, and vows.  
I see, then where can I be with finding  
the honours of the flower gardens?  
Ah, they are in the kitchen by  
the cupboard to the right of  
his miraculous painting.  
Suppose that the flowing of vinegar  
has so much to do with honey in  
the outhouse of humanity.  
Take the plate and give it to  
the servant of the carpet comfort.  
I had imagined the mass  
would have been longer today.  
It is always shorter when the spirit  
of freedom is at standstill.  
Then I wish to meet him as soon as he  
makes his coming come into revelation.

There are many who are waiting to see him.  
You will have to get in line for the baker  
    has baked a most wonderful chocolate cake.  
And don't I like chocolate, so I do.



Humanity must be spared, for Armageddon  
    is on the rise in places where you would  
    least expect it to be rising.  
Get the blankets and duck downs for  
    the fish are jumping in the river below.  
Will you be seeing individuals today  
    concerning what happened  
    in the mid desert?  
I don't know if I will be able to  
    take all that bowing.  
The truth has been revealed several times  
    over but who is there who is listening?  
I for one have been trying to get hold  
    of the first edition of the great work.  
Well, I will explore the caves  
    of the Dead Sea.  
Do you think they had us in mind when  
    they scrolling down the happenings  
    of late over by Galilee lake?  
I for one am not in the presence of two.

Then let's take a walk into the sunset  
for I hear there is frost coming in,  
and from the south of all places.  
Make way the pathway.

## **Soliloquy 10**

8:04-8:13 post meridiem, Saturni, 20 Decembris anno 2014

PLAQUE on the wall; no entry.  
Bell tower in the left distance  
calling the lamp to shine in  
full daylight down on to a wall.  
Break the drinking fountain  
for I am thirsty at heart.  
Where is the art of the church  
to the winding stairs bringing  
us back into the dormitory?  
I have a calling to stroll along  
the cloister and say my prayers  
with the breakfast table  
yet not being prepared.  
Prepare it I will; just find  
the cutlery for I hear we are going  
to have some exceptional visitors.  
Who is coming at this hour  
of the season?  
Holy Tsar Nicholas II and his family.  
But I thought; I mean to say weren't  
they all to a bare basement taken  
and given to an early departure?  
Let's go to the refectory for I have  
there a story to be telling you

of the exiled Jews.  
What have they got to do with  
us in the alpine of time?  
Much have they got to do with us.  
Let me with telling you something  
that is written on the palms of  
my hands for all eternity.  
Will I be happy come the Christmas  
of the last passing?  
Happiness is of a softly strolling deer  
in the way faraway fields of the isle.  
I don't come into understanding  
until after Matins.  
That will be early enough for  
you to know the truth.  
I have an abundance of truths in  
the library shelf of my cell.  
But where to what are the gypsies  
coming across the bridge?  
They are not gypsies; they are the Magi.  
To why to where are they coming  
by this way?



Maybe something of a nativity  
is taking place in our midst.

It must be in the mists of time for  
I am desperately longing for  
a second coming if that is what  
is supposed to organise the morality  
in the Gardens of Blessedness.  
Wait, wait; where are they going?

## **Soliloquy 11**

8:03-8:12 post meridiem, Lunae, 22 Decembris anno 2014

OVAL dove is flying in the window of  
Basilica di San Colombano.  
Morning mist playing with  
the glass in the fireside.  
Dream to the stars for the livelihood of  
the merciful ones sitting in the choir.  
There to see in the library is the book of  
a thousand thumb folds marking  
the places of experience.  
I mean to say what will be the reaction  
to the plumbing disaster in the balneary?  
Choose the opinion that best highlights  
the exaggeration of the prophet  
who walks upon the waters  
on the mid-winter's solstice.  
How come there is a mid-winter's solstice?  
It wasn't there before.  
There are things which have never been  
but we must accept newness to be  
living free in the churchyard of  
the local institution.  
Joy to rejoicing I have heard them

say in the belfry.  
A lot of some things are said  
in that belfry, so they are.  
Ah, an áras álainn ar an oileán aoibhinn.  
You are leaving your mind flow  
to past of just around the corner.  
I have thoughts that need to be coming  
and going to my island home.  
My ancestors are always missing me  
I find when I am strolling in the cloister.



God is coming soon in the windmill  
of the steeple.  
How do you say such a thing without  
knowing no reality to such a predication?  
Prediction is a contradiction if it is  
a vocation to satisfy the needs of  
others of no consequence.  
I am away from the infirmary for  
I have left sickness to the back wall.  
Find me you will in the scriptorium  
minding in beautiful words into  
lovely dwelling places of  
decorative Celtic inspiration.  
Truth is in the beauty;

truth is in the beauty.  
Blessed be the truth of beauty  
for what else is there to  
meditate upon with a smile?  
Smile the miles to be bringing us  
into tearful eyes of joy to the heavens.  
Amen in the garden.

## **Soliloquy 12**

4:16-4:25 post meridiem, Martis, 23 Decembris anno 2014

PILLARS of red brick right;  
brown door on left.  
Excited by the deer coming  
in by way of the high clouds.  
Do you see the explanation  
in the middle of hindsight?  
I hear there are rules for  
the celibate of late  
by the side gate.  
There are always profound things  
happening in the golden vestibule.  
Take your coat and cover  
the infant in the becoming manger.  
Teach me a thought of something  
having been taught.  
Morning is splitting into  
the interior of the hospital  
ward with tears all bestowed.  
Weather is making its entry into  
the leftwing of the whitest house  
in the garden of snowfields.

Time it is to mend the breaking  
hearts for they can no longer take  
the strain of the pain.

Pain is the gain lost in  
the compensations released.



Have you time to build strong walls  
or time to strong walls bring down?  
There are honeybees in the kitchen.  
Honeybees?

Yes; yes, I am telling you I have seen  
them, and they are hiding in behind  
the flour container.

You must come in from the terrifying  
cold for the mind of your head is  
experiencing the nightfall of a new day.

Sometimes wind in the eyeball can  
make all things clearer to the future.

You must have misunderstood  
the cause of the enlightened one.

I have been told by my own mouth  
to my ears that the tongue is getting  
away with all kinds of unknown sayings.

Let it be for it knows very little  
of what the heart is in ambience



calling out to the hills.  
Can you satisfy the longing of  
the lengthy century?  
I guess so when we hide it away  
in the Merciful Almighty.  
I am amazed that you can make such  
lightness out of way such heaviness.  
Too truth to the left idol in the frame  
that hangs o'er the chancel door.

## **Soliloquy 13**

7:56-8:06 post meridiem, Martis, 23 Decembris anno 2014

ABOVE entrance:

TERRIBILIS EST LOCUS ISTE  
MCDLXXXIX - 1489

What meaning here does this indicate?

Un luogo sacro, mistico e misterioso  
da non profanare, pena la morte.

Listen to the chorus of the blackmail  
that existed in the furnace of the well field.

I see the army coming with laughing smiles  
all tied up in prehistoric interpretations  
of nuances spelled differently.

To the common man there is nothing  
that isn't common I am afraid.

Try to stand still in the lotus pond  
of fierce beginnings.

The walls are toppling in St. Peter's  
as fifteen archways are pulled away.

Agriculture is the only culture familiar  
to the farmhand of time long forgotten.

Hospitality will bring us into unison  
with the ancestors pleading the cause  
of justice and equality.

Jesus will be coming into his own  
when he will see the donkey being  
transformed into a horse of an elk  
charging passed humanity.



I have a feeling that Advent is in full  
swing judging from the movement  
of the shepherds on the nearby hill.

Will they ever reach the shore?

The boats are all tied up so we  
must make our own way soon.

The Saviour is calling from  
the far offshore.

Do you think we can accomplish  
all that we are meant to accomplish  
in the time given to us?

Anything at all is possible when  
you move the Middle Ages into  
the circumference of wheels turning  
round about anticlockwise showing  
a great amount of wisdom.

Listen, there is a fraternity that is taking

charge down by the waters of the Tiber.  
Who to who will be the next to take to  
sailing the Holy See?  
Methinks too many words bluntly spoken  
will bring more harmfulness than goodness  
from the hearts who have been lost by  
their own disregard for dropping  
breadcrumbs when going forward.  
I can imagine that lost will find itself  
found in the near after future.

## **Soliloquy 14**

4:00-4:10 post meridiem, Mercurii, 24 Decembris anno

2014

ON sealed up opening:  
SANTA MISSIONE  
PRO CIVITATE CHRISTIANA.  
Knights Templar cross to golden sun.  
Someone is barking up  
the wrong tree of unbelief.  
The same is to save the blasphemy  
that is crawling into the backyard  
of the solar eclipse.  
What do you mean to say to  
the heavenly union of  
the charitable man walking  
along by the entrance?  
There are stories in need of being told  
from the 12th to the 13th century.  
Hermits are all finding trout  
aplenty in the river.  
Blessed be the waters for all their

coming in the time of Jerusalem being  
squared four to five times removed.  
Believe me when I say that the candles  
are burning away at both ends  
in the chapel.  
New to see is the shimmering on  
the marble floorboards.  
How so to so is it possible to  
speak of marble floorboards?  
Such is such in the solitary way  
the mountains shift and shape  
within the morning mists.  
Raise your sword and bring it down  
to peace; more to pieces shattering  
mirrors of non tranquillity.  
Be happy and thankful we got out  
of there alive and all in one piece.  
Be prayerful for I heard madness  
is rapidly making headway in  
the lands of Syria and Iraq.  
Might be time to recall  
the horsemen long rested by now  
in Saint John's Co-Cathedral  
over south the wavy waters.  
Have confidence in the time  
of goodness.  
Not all is forgotten when we take  
to listening to the heart of instinct.  
I don't understand how this could  
again be coming in to be.  
Fear no more no longer for the white  
swans have never left the river.  
All them they be sleeping by

the rockery below.

Come let's go give them our good  
words that we may see love rise  
again o'er the waters.



Someone is already talking to  
the golden doves with fine  
horses in readied attendance.

## **Soliloquy 15**

7:47-7:57 post meridiem, Veneris, 26 Decembris anno 2014

SIX green shuttered windows;  
top left one ajar.  
Light to darkness coming in to  
play with humanity overstated.  
Please to please is the expectancy  
of liveliness resting.  
Bring me my chalice of spiritually  
for I have a hope that says to  
matter of the fact that not all  
is of the kingdom come.  
Make me a roundabout that has  
five sides for I am feeling a wheel

of fortune awakening the fullness  
of closeness.

There is in Egypt a holy desert father  
walking in and about indecisiveness.

I wonder what makes him to consider  
such a life of hardship.

Perhaps he thinks it is way far  
from being hard enough.

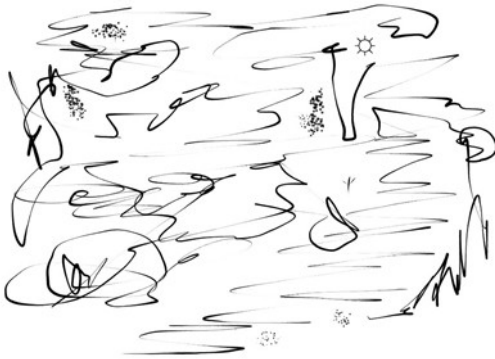
Anthony, you are the special one to  
look see into the hermitic way of life.

I have oft heard it to be so in the space  
of communion left all alone in the early  
morning sun to moon rises awakening  
me to everlasting freedoms.

God must be not at all pleased with  
what is taking place in the garden  
of His first choosing.

John the Baptist predicted footwear  
wouldn't be fit to be worn.

Did he not also predict the end  
of some days?



People who look unto his passion  
can't remain silent even though they  
are in the fullness of happiness.

Humility has caught me by the turn  
of Beirut, Byblos to Damascus.  
Where to where is the Gulf Stream  
flowing sweet waters in salty bitter?  
I have heard that they are blessed  
people all praying for the coming  
of all the good days of way gone by.  
Tell me gently, where is the make  
believing of humbleness when you  
watch the river flowing against  
its own current?  
Amazement is a speciality that  
laughs at the prosperity of pleasure  
soaked in mind hindsight.  
Who to where to what isn't insightful  
when the jam jar has been sealed?  
Maybe the subterranean of waters is  
flowing into the caves of the Dead Sea.

## **Soliloquy 16**

7:57-8:06 post meridiem, Saturni, 27 Decembris anno 2014

ARCHED way with closed iron gate;  
pair of flags to lamp above wall.  
Dust off the past for it  
is coming into my ears.  
Where is the Pacific Ocean for I am  
in need of love; gentle longing?  
Too many have asked of the same  
desire coming in over the fence.  
Expect it to take some time for  
the battlement is curling



in on itself.  
Heart of hearts to mind to spirit  
in the praying book of old  
to ancient prayers.  
Say to me to believe and believe  
I will, but not till then.  
It is my mistake to be trying to make  
sense out of hurtful words baked  
in the oven of the garden.  
Ascetically speaking is the best way  
to toast the stale bread in the mill  
down by the river.  
I have a liking for loving love to  
the extent that I forgot what  
forgotten was in the beginning.  
Trouble not yourself with things  
that only bring relative harmony  
to the alpines.



There are temptations that are  
truly supernatural in nature.  
Must be the unseen in me to make  
truth dissolve in the bucket of  
unrequited distrust.  
Yield and be in the field for there

is the widest chapel; the most  
beautiful of cells.  
Make haste for the gate is opening.  
Someone has to stir the soup for  
otherwise to wisdom it will  
taste way to salty.  
I have an inspiration in  
the fist of my foot.  
How so to so is this possible?  
It is so when your heart is feeling  
full heaviness with having  
been misunderstood.  
Jesus walked on watery ways,  
did he not?  
He sure did though according to  
surprising evidence all the sand  
was but water in dried up form.  
Life is like that to experience if  
we consider that the loss of losing  
sight of one's own value be with  
calling it worth is waiting  
to make a new beginning.  
You are a beginning; embrace  
and take your place in being  
no one at all.  
I will.

## **Soliloquy 17**

7:37-7:47 post meridiem, Lunae, 29 Decembris anno 2014

GREEN three-year cycle  
lectionary opened to

the reading for the day.  
Two rows five abreast of  
simple chairs up  
the white arched nave.  
Sun as full moon up to  
the right behind the altar.  
Soldiers stumping round  
about in the middle  
of the yard.  
Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!  
What meaning are these words;  
what meaning is this black  
wheeling in the moon  
of a crimson sky?  
Who to who to what is this  
in full meaning for our  
every breath?  
Sojourn yourself in the attic for  
I can hear them roaming about  
in the cloister.  
Maybe they are looking for  
someone for they are passing  
right on by all of the brothers  
along their way.  
Skin diseases in the desert must  
be giving discomfort to Anthony.  
Can't believe they have  
the audacity to enter  
such sacred ground.  
Must be something in  
the cereal of their home culture  
to be doing such blasphemous  
shouting about.

Call in the trumpeters for they

have a voice for slipping in  
along by the fireplace in  
the out yard.

All the homilies in the library  
wouldn't make any sense to  
this shower of rainless rain.

Rejoice; rejoice for if the wind  
is in the autumnal trees of  
the summer what is there  
to be worried over?



The Lord is being between  
us and all arms.

This I believe to the space  
in the well ledge of  
a thousand generations.

Generations of none of us  
in here by blood decent.

Rejoice; rejoice for always  
is taking its place by  
the fountain of the mountains.

Maybe they are looking for me?

But why to what would they  
be wanting with me?

You once in Heidelberg

did stroll, did you not?  
Yes, but in the University  
campus that was.  
Why would that bring them  
seeking after me?  
Find the father; find the son  
and in the name of the spirit  
holy be prepared for if they  
should take you away,  
away for all time it may  
very well be.  
Close the escape hatch  
in the leather of the hide.  
Can you say which is  
the blessed coming?  
I can make out no  
hypocrisy to be  
explaining myself  
before the altar.

## **Soliloquy 18**

7:48-7:58 ante meridiem, Martis, 30 Decembris anno 2014

DEWDROP baptistery; Pascal candle  
standing still waiting to be lit.  
Strolling in peaceful happiness makes  
for a new state of mind comfort.  
Wrote epistles and letters he did  
in abundance, and so all did do too  
in the desert heat.  
Must have been like the holy man of  
Éire in his wanderings in the cold alpine.

The tautology of theology is impressive  
to the ninth cloud.

He said, that if you want to be with  
following me you will have to let go  
of everything; let go of everything  
and then him follow.

Some request given that the old nature  
loves to hold on to a few things.

To be holding on to something  
is what makes us human.

Grace goes before us into the chapel.

There be with the peace that only can  
be known from kneeling in the cold  
rain, sleet, and snow of the God  
who is our Father.

Wonder why He isn't instead  
referred to as Mother.

Such a theology went down one  
such road and never came back.

That is it; that is what happened surely.

And the Lord Jesus the Christ was  
in the picture from the beginning  
of the truthful end.

Where to what came the Holy Spirit  
into the equation?

Listen now, your worldly theology  
is conflicting both with the front  
and the backdoors of tradition.

Get yourself to the isolated places  
again and there be with rediscovering  
yourself in spirituality.

I am as I am, and myself as I am  
do I like being.

Then be, and be in memory for that



is all there is to this anything of  
a confinement lifestyle which we lead.



You mean which we more practice  
into leading.

There is the splendid cause.

Amen to that, and that to amen  
to this new day; be it night.

Day it is.

## **Soliloquy 19**

7:18-7:28 post meridiem, Mercurii, 31 Decembris anno

2014

FLOOR plan in yellow to brown  
outline; facing as to view  
towards the southwest.

Cascading in the cell window is  
the world of frightening, oh so  
fearful temptations.

Boredom never far away if not  
in working prayer being.

He is upon the outer wall laughing  
away to his heartless content.

Laziness wanting to slip into my  
every doing, blazing fire enticing me  
to forget everything and just give  
into it all.

I won't; no I won't for my life is  
dedicated to the vision of the first  
of those to have overcome them.



They are back in the imagination  
of my innocence: phantoms of  
women lounging their way in  
curving sand dunes; phantoms of  
wolves, lions, snakes and scorpions.

How long will it last this night;  
how long for I am worn tired  
by such connivings?

Raise myself to my former self  
I will to be above all such treachery  
of the imagination gone wild.

Penitential Act is acting its  
way in the beings of  
my fibrous constitution.

Acknowledge I will this night  
all of my terrible sins; yes all  
of my sins right down to

the least most venial.  
Prepare myself I will for  
the coming dawn to light  
of morning day to midday.  
Celebration will be in order  
before the crucified Lord for  
will He not forgive me for  
my letting go of the life lotion.  
The sacred mysteries will well  
again be able to receive me though  
a thousand to none transgressions  
spoiled my calling to the heavenly  
celestial body of the earth.  
It is not like me to be transported in  
flesh, blood, body, and nerves to  
the place of lowest no mercifulness.  
Your path is a trap when you take  
with no care to your going.  
But I am so I am always with taking  
care, but then as to why am I being  
confounded by so much temptation?

## **Soliloquy 20**

7:13-7:23 post meridiem, Iovis, 1 Ianuarius anno 2015

BLACK star in white ceiling;  
holy dove in full flight.  
Happy is to the day of the hour  
coming into its own.  
Stayed in an old abandoned  
Roman port to seafront dangling  
my feet in the lovely warm waters.

Stay with me awhile for I think  
the sunrise is in a new part  
of the sky horizon.



There are zones when we imagine  
that the littlest of something is by  
far the easiest of things to be doing.  
There is in the wall of the refectory  
a crevice which views through  
to the hills where the white doves  
do alight in the summer afternoons.  
Serenity is in the air resting for I can  
know it to be when the blue sky  
is turning to grey back on  
the isle of our ancient heritage.  
Examine the plain sight and see if  
it contains any shadows.  
No shadows at all have been  
reached to find.  
Prayer and divinely inspired work  
will bring us all to the gates  
of golden silver opened  
back against its pillars.  
I thought you said there was  
going to be a placement

or was it a replacement.  
Forget now to memory  
for I cannot see from  
my ear to my heart.  
Study will bring it all once again  
to the mind of the mountains  
toppling into the shimmering  
sea waters.  
Heal the contrite heart and sit  
on the right for the Lord of mercy  
is pleading our humanly cause.  
We are all sinners so we are for  
we cannot ring the bell in  
the morning of Sundays besides.  
Christ will bring upon us good  
mercy to reply to the clouds.  
Let's to the chapel for we need  
to be crying for redemption.  
I can only sit awhile in  
the twinkling of a star in  
the bowl of fresh rainwater.  
We will again be up from  
our knees for the time will  
again be in need of spiritual  
men and women to glorify  
the goodness of heaven in  
the space south of  
terrible happenings.  
Do you see the uprising of  
its glorious beams yet?  
Yes, I see them, and they  
are magnificent.

## **Soliloquy 21**

7:29-7:38 post meridiem, Veneris, 2 Januarius anno 2015

TWO columns of golden leaves  
    reaching for the heavens;  
    flank they one grey to cream.  
Hold the heart of the one who  
    is praying in the nave.  
Bring me my long sights for  
    I need to be seeing into  
    the future of the past  
    coming up from  
    the shores of Syria.  
It is a new beginning to ending  
    for the awful happenings  
    in the homeland.  
About to crash into my keel;  
    many in its hold this not knowing.  
What can I do to relieve this  
    happening known for the ages?



Spiritual disposition is taking  
    me wide of the mark when it  
    comes to hearing sounds in

the in between of clouds.  
How so to so do you mean?  
Humility is dragging me down  
into great heights.  
There must be self-sacrifice or  
else we are not of the true calling.  
Calling is an expression that  
lingers in the back of my throat  
soothing to suffocation.  
Seated at the right foot of the hand  
of the Almighty God is to feel  
absolutely bewildered.  
Have courage for this age is  
no different from all the ages  
having way gone to by.  
Forgiveness must be  
the cornerstone  
of everlasting life.  
Who is to say that the bringing of  
blessedness to human traffickers  
is going to bring about goodness  
to the world?  
There must be some way to catch  
sight of hope for I can think of no  
way to lay low the bottom of the sea.  
You have been longing to trespass  
into the time of your great grandfather's  
resting in the highest of faraway.  
I know I am pulling on straws to be  
expecting good to reign supreme  
all of the time.  
Time will tell to place that  
it has lost its ground.

No matter what we must be



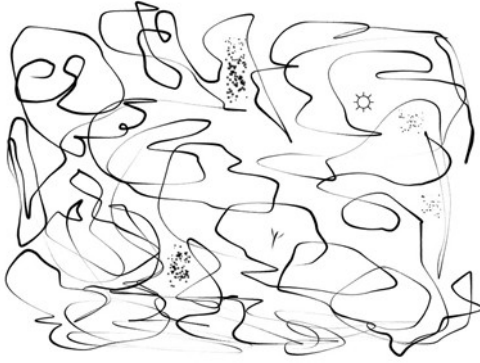
with finding some hope.  
I will search and search for it until  
it reveals itself to me be it beneath  
the high cross or over down  
by the bridged waters.  
You know well being so to be so,  
so be at ease; no need is there to be  
always about on your knees.  
Look, there is a blue sky above us.

## **Soliloquy 22**

8:01-8:10 post meridiem, Lunae, 5 Januarius anno 2015

ARCHES to arches vaulting there above  
us come rain, hail, sleet or snow.  
A stone's throw away is the light  
in the depths of creation making  
me feel somewhat dizzy.  
There are staircases to the attics  
of all the living homes concealing  
the saintly hermits.  
Must I call out to them now for help for  
the pillars by the Tiber are crumbling.  
Nine to nine to seven to five: Vespers,  
Compline, Media, Matins, Prime,  
Terce, Sext, None, Typica till two  
in the morning of the afternoon.  
I hear soft touching in the flight  
patterns of the auguries in the oak  
chest beneath the Abbot's reader.  
Do you not mean that The Polite  
is coming to our aid?

Someone is coming all right but  
when is not to the hour certain.



God is in the tall grass coming  
towards the noon.

God?

Yes: well no to yes but he has a godly  
way about him that is for sure certain.

Build me a vacation home in  
the horticultural circle.

I am amazed at how faithfully  
the combination blending in blends  
into say the truth.

Maybe he will bring the holy wife to  
the altar of the sacred community for  
I hear tell to be told that she can speak  
the future clear back to us.

Soon the chorus of singing will be  
laughing with joy at the tail wagging  
dog coming down the hill pathway.

Happy; happy is he for he knows  
a supper will for him be waiting  
by the side door.

Epiphany Eve is with us; glory be to  
good peace and joy unto the world

for they who strive alone in solitude  
of openness for peace.  
Let's pray unto the ancient word  
bringers from the sacred isle.  
We cannot give up now with we  
being so close to truth awakening.  
Climb the bell tower and see to  
where if the blessed one who comes  
in the name of Emmanuel  
is yet upon his way.  
I see him!

## **Soliloquy 23**

8:33-8:43 post meridiem, Martis, 6 Januarius anno 2015

CROWNED 'M' all gold framed;  
side altar, right four framed  
wall depictions.  
Mercy to the stars they are coming to  
enfold me into nightmares of tall  
ships riding the high seas.  
Blessed be the loveliness of  
happiness when it is considered  
from the hindsight of illusion.  
Writing is the love of my prayer  
to expression life; that and copying  
most profound manuscripts.  
Is there a pleasure greater than  
these other than say prayer  
in my lonely cell?  
Ah, did I mention to the binding  
of decorative covers?

Long; long to long ago was the sound  
of exaltation on the seashore.  
Listen; listen can you hear the sounds  
of horses riding rolling waves?  
You hear too many things, so you  
do, to have to be explaining  
the mysteries of calmness now  
descending on the snow  
canopied underground.  
The joys of salvation linger on  
in my future memory.  
Were there ever such manifestations  
even to Saint John of the Cross;  
even to Saint John of Patmos?



Celebrate I will in the highest style  
the coming of the new day  
in the eventide.  
Where to what are you taking your  
mind to; not alone your own but  
that of the entire community?  
I have a mission in the passion  
of misgiving calling power  
down from on high.  
Solemn worship will flatten out

the elm plank to further the cause:  
the splendid cause.  
Then let's be with rejoicing afore  
the next full moon of spring to  
summer winding itself into  
autumnal days wintering away  
into a season outside inside.  
Wait; wait there is a subliminality  
in the rusting of the leaves.  
Can you hear it?  
I can, but I am not sure is it coming  
from my inner groves or from  
the garden over.  
No matter to what it is a most  
delight filling sound.  
Be of the solitude of the sun;  
diligently being in place with all  
that is happening in the here below.

## **Soliloquy 24**

7:33-7:42 post meridiem, Mercurii, 7 Januarius anno 2015

DOVE high in a white sky; angel  
announcing to bended knees.  
Behold the hand made of  
the Lord, done unto me as has  
already been said.  
Come one and all to the garden  
for there will be singing  
unto the ninth heaven.  
I have an amazing prediction  
in my satchel.

What to wonder do you predict?  
It is nothing at all to be writing  
    in the homecoming about but  
    a difference it will be making.  
Bland food has a way over time  
    of tasting very nice,  
    don't you think?



I think many things yet I know  
    not what the point is of all  
    the pilgrims coming in out  
    of the cold.

There is one who is sitting  
    to kneeling in the nave  
    remembering always  
    our first foundation.

Do you think bread is  
    sufficient unto the hour?

The hour is all that is in it:  
    blessed be hidden silence.

Gather me up into the wide  
    open places to the west  
    of Orion.

Why there to sky shy do  
    you take your gaze?

I imagine in my sandals  
walking in celestial places.  
It is there will I take  
for my beginning.  
Sacred monastery over  
the way down of the God  
high above is the trodden  
of Mount Sinai.  
Please speak your prophesy  
for the world is crying out for  
comfort due to all  
the Parisian confusion.  
Lord Jesus the one and only  
Christ of the Saviour forgive  
us to forgetfulness.  
He ever lives in the portal of  
the stained glass windows;  
ever without changing  
in the slightest.  
Who will reign come the place  
left vacant in Venice?  
I know not to the cardinal  
of the royal state comforted.  
Holy Spirit between us and all  
shadows but haven't we  
been here afore?  
Many places have we been here  
afore so choose not socks for  
your feet in the heights of warm  
ice breaking winters.  
Forever and ever is such a short  
length of time when you place it  
in the ball of your palm.

Sing me a psalm for I am in need



of ancient more ancient prayers.

## **Soliloquy 25**

7:52-8:02 post meridiem, Iovis, 8 Januarius anno 2015

WHITE door in wall open; sun has  
already risen with the moon being  
worshipped above the archway.

Pews filled to capacity with vacancy.

Heaven is in the courtyard by  
the watermill over on the hillside.

Pleased to be galloping in the clouds  
of encouragement.

In spite of high principals literature  
is seeping into the crevices  
of the law books.

I am with calling to the wildness  
in the kingdom of kingdom  
come to the first queen.

Not so fast to slowness take  
your stride for the aisle is being  
polished bright to welcome in  
the prayers of night.

Let's take to the ambulatory  
for I have a lot on my mind plate  
to be taking in the spirit  
of good nature.

It must be in the apse for I know  
I was there just a little while  
ago of yesterday.

Did you take any rest in the last  
few months of nights for you have

been praying nonstop for  
the world to return up to goodness?  
My praying is my resting for how  
else can we get the One to listen  
unless we are continually  
camped wide awake by the gate?  
Gloria is to the hour of the God  
in the highest heaven of  
the lowest place in the bowl  
of vegetable soup.



And on the earth to the face  
of it peace and good will  
bring to all peoples.  
Look to the past of the future  
to find out what is going  
on in the present.  
Do you think it will make  
a difference to any known  
corner in the kitchen?  
We must be with hope exalting  
our pleas to the heavenly  
down to earth.  
Where to what are you taking  
my mind; where to what are

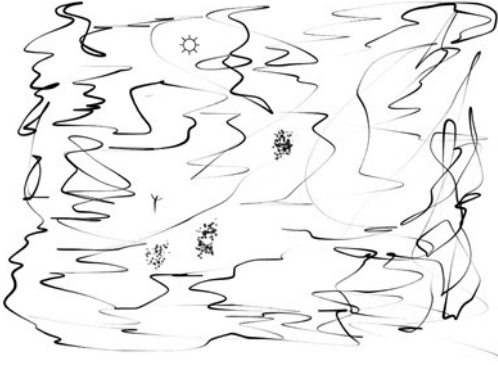
you taking your own mind?  
I am here always to be  
remembered in forgetfulness.  
Stay to awhile and be with  
reflecting on the ambassadors  
of peace bringing bread  
to the altered table.  
No one will stay quiet if things  
become noisy, that is for sure.  
Why to what; how can you  
say such barking madness?

## **Soliloquy 26**

8:04-8:13 post meridiem, Veneris, 9 Januarius anno 2015

STAGE like curtains drawn back;  
door open to bright outside.  
So to so is the mirage in  
the mirror to the right of  
the doorway.  
Someone to something is removing  
leaves from the aumbry.  
Where to see you to me is  
the blessedness of conformity  
formed?  
There to live debate is the crucifix  
looking down upon us whenever  
we do pass on by.  
Come, bring the vessels for we  
must be with making Mass.  
Have you the key to open space?  
I have; it is always with me for am

I not the gatekeeper of the sacred  
tabernacle of David king  
of the roving eyes.



Go to backwards before going  
to forwards are the words I  
heard from the ancient helper  
of the green desert.  
Who occupies the calefactory  
at this hour of the day night?  
No intruder can come to the place  
of worship unless he has a copy  
of the master key in his possession.  
Wait a minute to an hour do we  
to give praise; do we to give glory.  
Bless and adore in ever which  
order works the same outcome.  
Let's give thanks in great  
abundance unto the Lord  
of kingly heaven.  
O Father God be merciful  
unto yourself before you take  
to bestowing good fortune in  
a net unto the fishes of the lake.  
To which lake are you with

referring?

The Galilee of the round about  
heart to aorta composed in shaped  
formed from a great height  
clearly to be seen.

The chapel is quiet this eve of  
the dawn; ideal time it is for  
praying in wordless phrases.

Do you think the old of yester  
year days hear our prayers?

Who knows anything when we  
move our minds beyond  
the tangible.

Somebody must know for we  
can't be going on living  
in bright darkness.

There is a scales in the kitchen  
that isn't working properly.

## **Soliloquy 27**

7:39-7:49 post meridiem, Saturni, 10 Januarius anno 2015

CROWNS zipped about in the white sky;  
window to light two saintly figures  
watched by two eagle phoenixes.

Moon to horizon building up  
the future of humanity.

Fallen in the below above  
is the sorrowful all smiling  
to blessedness.

I am in the cartulary written.  
Why are you there so early

in the hour of late?  
I am looking for the cellarer.  
Why to so to what is taking  
your decisions to light fullness?



When you are in my state  
of mind what can I say.  
Then there must be spectacular  
simplicity in the rounding of  
carriage wheels descending  
on the borders.  
Did they say which set of prayer  
offices was to be connected  
in the chancel?  
They did but I have no  
recollection of the name of  
the wine of the southern grapes.  
Wait to exhaustion; what is  
happening in the other side  
of the universe?  
It is far to distance you have  
taken yourself this night.  
I must be about my motherly  
fatherly business.  
They are in the chapterhouse.

Who?

They them those whosoever they  
are for I have heard them saying  
Mass in oblivion.

Spare us and all harms way to  
the fields of valleys to high hilly  
mountains but you are in danger  
of quenching the nightlight.

Only begotten of the Jesus  
the Christ is the sheep of lambs  
in the meadows to the son of  
the father taking away in  
baskets full the sins of  
the worldly humanity.

Must we be controlling  
the offspring of  
the springy winter?

I have a lineage running  
and twisting itself  
around my future.

Know you not that in  
my veins thinly run Goidelic  
green Roman purple bloods?

Have my connections back to  
the mighty of the lines that  
trekked, trudged and tramped  
along the forgotten now pathway  
of the south by west of the sea.

## **Soliloquy 28**

7:34-7:43 post meridiem, Lunae, 12 Januarius anno 2015

CRIMSON background; Blessed Virgin  
and Her Child; two white guardians  
standing outside on either side.

Laughing in the window of  
the basilica over by the wayside.

Sustained in mercy all forgiveness  
is giving away to forgetfulness.

There is a timepiece in the palm  
of my hand taking me back  
to the miraculous in captivity.

No one is watching the front gate  
for fear of leaving them in.

Come what to what will the saintly  
neighbours be thinking of next?

I gather circumspection  
to the bell tower.

May the finery be in the jewellery  
tantalising the newborn skies.

I saw them in the chevet and they  
were not in the slightest given  
to speaking truthful lies.

Then away to the sanctuary to bake  
some delicious bread for I have a  
longing to be kneading dough.

There is a someone singing  
away lonely every so lonely  
to the servers in the choir over.

Clerestory to the mansion in the sky  
but I do believe I can see  
the New Jerusalem!



What to something does it look like?  
Can't say for sure for the downright  
is fully drawn up.

Receive the prayer in the fountain  
with freshness of heart.

Alone is the Lord sitting on the hills  
of the down under; blessed be  
the dead if they are still alive.



Maybe they are not; maybe they are  
not dead at all to the living.  
They must be for haven't I seen them  
myself in the deserts making oases.  
In the Most High is the foundation way  
hidden in the way down below for who  
else could it possibly stand to be?  
Jesus the Christ is making tea  
for us in the portico.  
That is an unusual place  
to be making tea.  
Everything about him is unusual;  
even his name is unusual.  
Father of the Son Most High  
is the Son of the Holy Spirit  
Most Father.

Amen to that for I have a feeling  
much is going to be disregarded  
as we go forward  
into the new tomorrow.

## **Soliloquy 29**

7:58-8:07 post meridiem, Mercurii, 14 Januarius anno 2015

PYRAMID to two small orbs falling above  
the window; one large already squared;  
gospel writers by two with pets two to foot.  
Storms raining wind in every which  
direction making my mind tumble  
away into unknown places.  
There you go into the cloister to be  
meditating on the day of  
the founder's birthday.



I was thinking what will become of  
the wine barrels in the cellar if they  
are not turned into firewood.  
They will become tulip bulbs  
sprouting in the strawberry patch.

Not alone to becoming are you  
becoming but the white winds  
of times are raining dewdrops  
upon your breastplate.

Where is the conduit of the exploitation  
of our thoughts sprinkled with  
white vinegar?

Who is to ask at the benediction of  
the blasphemy that is high abroad?

There is a chip off a corbel in  
the bread, I hear tell.

You hear tell so many things that it  
is a holy wonder that you can  
hear anything to reason at all.

And the prophet Isaiah of  
the wilderness heights spoke of  
the Lordly Spirit having to rise from  
the dead to anoint the free of easygoing  
goodness to restore goodly news  
to the richly poor.

I cannot withhold the guests from  
the abbey for that fully is not in  
the spirit of the wanderers from  
the native away island.

Listen to yourself talking to yourself.  
Have you forgotten what forgetting  
is all about?

I know I don't know but I will try  
to field an answer overcoming.

There was once in the elixir of time  
no place at all for time.

And so to so are we not truly done  
beaten into the memories of other

people's thoughts in history written?

That in truth there is definitely  
some truth.  
No need to anything more to say  
for the being that is becoming it.  
Call my cowl to my head and  
shoulders for I want to be  
making my way out into  
the storm of night.

## **Soliloquy 30**

7:28-7:37 post meridiem, Iovis, 15 Januarius anno 2015

WHITE lady in white in white niche  
gazing up to the down coming light.  
The sandstorm is blowing crystals  
into the oratory.  
Poor Saint Anthony all about  
searching for the next of  
fortnights coming down.



There must be a surprise in  
the curtains of heaven for it  
has been foretold that

experience dances in  
the alcove.  
Wonder to wonder is  
the speciality dreaming.  
Where in the cornice is  
the bicycle wheel?  
Isn't it in the mercy  
of forgiveness?  
It is all right for the pain of  
influential becoming is stepping  
up to the tabernacle.  
Take it over to the credence table  
and there we will say our prayers  
to nights long gone by.  
You told me to lay low when  
the sun was rising in  
the cloister archways.  
And did I did so I did.  
Bread, wine, and water make  
the mix for the next offering  
to the Justice of Peace.  
I can't believe that the hearts  
are not broken with all the terrible  
to frightfully awful things that  
are taking place in the world.  
Proclaim quiet to captive prisons  
that the day of liberation  
is behind them.  
Not to prisoners meaning  
are your words?  
They say that the bakery  
is the oldest place  
in the House of God.

We must proclaim liberty

to someone for that is what we  
stand for, is it not?  
Of course the Pharaoh of  
the ancient over lands  
was beside himself trying  
to figure out what to do  
with the runaways.  
Freedom; free to freedom  
must be an intellectual right  
for how else can the literati  
take the pencil to  
the fountain pens.  
Maybe it is too late to be  
early with good words.  
What do you think?  
I never ever will give up on  
hope for hope is all the heart  
of mind can bring you to  
the benediction of  
the Mass be it offering  
no little quick solution.  
There remains the law of love;  
yes, the law of love will save  
the world it will from itself.

## **Soliloquy 31**

7:45-7:55 post meridiem, Lunae, 19 Januarius anno 2015

LOTUS to golden tabernacle;  
candle in red light sacristy  
softly glowing bright.  
Present in the house.



Come into sight and make  
the make believe roll  
into belief.  
Have my hand on the confusion  
rolling about the world.  
Bring me a crosier that I may  
walk about in authority.  
You are the authority.  
What need you for any  
more power?  
There is the noise that  
is penetrating into the western  
lands of the Africa.  
Of what do you speak?  
I speak what to the same that  
is taking place in the lands  
to the east of the Levant.  
The crossing is over the crucifix.  
How can I fix it?  
I am in the choir this morning  
so I will be out of circulation  
in the circumference.  
Blessed be the pavement that  
you walk upon.  
Let me to what you are thinking  
to praying.  
When I don't know such matters  
myself how can I be with telling  
to you of any such things?  
There to now; there to now,  
there there to now now.  
The transepts are building  
sky blinds into the clouds.

Who can find any favour in these

days at the court of the Most High?  
Only the elevated lowly.  
Have we the yet of beginning  
in the dormitory?  
We have; we have, to be sure.  
Worry not yourself any longer.  
Finely stroll; finely stroll.  
Joy to the Lord for His coming  
unto our planet spinning away  
out here in the back of nowhere.



Rejoice and let's be coming  
into new in the God  
of our ancestors.  
Do you think they were faced  
with such troubling things back  
in the day; back on the isle?  
Who knows to anything for very  
few words were committed  
to parchments.  
I have my thoughts on the way  
back then are right out  
in front of us.  
Why say you to so?  
The Tiber will to hear as soon

as of tomorrow's yesterday  
a new voice.  
Are you sure?  
As sure I am that lightning  
does strike twice.  
Let's then to see for I can't  
lay down in thunderish weather.

## **Soliloquy 32**

11:56-12:06 post meridiem, Martis, 20 Januarius anno 2015

BLACK to gold iron railed stairwell  
descending into the depths.  
Here to go is the horizon making me  
jump into insight.



Favour to the Vatican, can anybody  
be seen yet?  
No to no one is coming up the stairs.  
Should be the night form of  
the alphabet taking stock of itself.  
I knew of one who would walk  
on wavy water in the coming

of kingdoms taking place in  
on the balcony.  
There has to be enjoyment in  
this life for what else is  
in the living of life.  
I have had a dream blowing over  
miles upon miles of the Tuscany  
countryside bringing me to  
the realization that heaven is  
in the place you dwell.  
Well now there is a blessing  
in disguise if ever I heard the engines  
of wary Europe trying to explain itself.  
Where will the good arise from  
save from the hearts of goodness.  
I will be to make the midday meal  
for I have hear tell that the holy  
bishop is on his way.  
We will go to the garden and therein  
bring to our hands shallots and  
cauliflower for I hear he has no  
liking for kale.  
Kale is stale in bread when  
it is overcooked.  
Must have been the bird in flight  
passed the window that is causing  
the rustling in the leaves.  
There is a becoming that is yet  
to manifest itself in the circus at  
the heart of the Continent.  
Do you think shoes are to be preferred  
to sandals; sandals to barefoot?  
Bare feet in the snow cause me to wish

that heaven was in the backdoor.

No one will believe us if we take  
the supposition that the earth is quite  
flatly squared into a pentagon.  
You may be right in that something  
now all right for this is the way it  
seems to be shaping up to be.  
Let me to lay my tired ahead down  
awhile upon a tuft of long ancient native  
grass for I need to be dreaming of  
culture sublime before we take  
to the evening meal.

## **Soliloquy 33**

8:14-8:23 post meridiem, Martis, 20 Januarius anno 2015

SUN in the wall above us all;  
facing we each other in prayer  
and mediation come  
the offices of the hours.  
So very well to saints and sinners  
in the basement of the ages.  
Where can we go that we  
won't be some place?  
We could go outside the inside  
clouds and our happiness  
would be enduring.  
The windows in the dormitory  
were all ajar come the last night  
of the new old year.  
There must have been angels  
flying into heaven.  
There were times when I thought

I would be the next to someone  
coming into the forefront.  
Call the ambassadors to the doors  
of peace and understanding.  
Maybe they won't listen to  
the innocent of heart.  
We are all eremites in  
the springtime of our beliefs.



I was there once with the doors  
all closed to the outside worlds.  
How many outside worlds are  
there for I had thought there  
was just the one and only.  
Clothe me in the garments of  
the salvation much talked about  
down through the tumbling  
centuries.  
Maybe best to wrap myself in  
divine salvation for I see  
the gate is opening  
all of its own accord.  
There must be benevolence when  
it comes to wearing the cloak of  
natural woollen integrity.



Could it be that exhaustion in  
the beginning is of the very  
best of good intentions?  
I don't know how we can last  
the next night of no sunlight  
in the cloister.  
Who is to say we can't for  
are we not the descendants  
of the noblest of lineages?  
We are indeed and may very  
well be but we still have a long  
ways to go to reach  
the outskirts of eternity.  
Will they find us in the goodness  
of good health, do you think?  
I have my imaginings about when  
we'll reach there and what will  
be best for us to say.  
I think I will be brimming over  
with silence for by then I will  
have emptied every word  
out of myself.

## **Soliloquy 34**

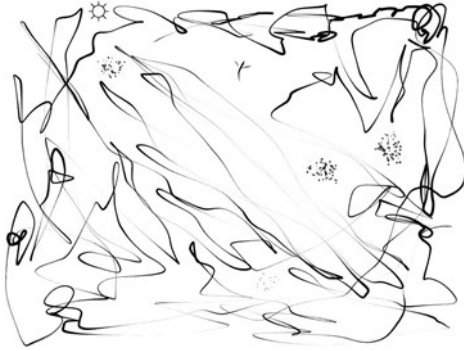
7:57-8:06 post meridiem, Mercurii, 21 Januarius anno 2015

DARK hardwood cabinet seemingly  
out of its depth in white  
marble company.  
Excuse the congregation  
beside the front lawn.  
There is a mistake in the taking of

the bread to the wine consumed.  
Then let's take to dancing in  
the higher slopes for there we  
can be free to guard the entrance.  
Stable is the table in the kitchen.  
Must be there soon for I have  
an expectation that the apple tarts  
will be most delicious.  
All the white fountains are clean;  
thanks be to the Great God.  
Do you think the hermits are taking  
time to relax from being ever so holy?  
One can't be always and in  
everywhere be in the condition  
of deprivation.  
Roll me the haystack into  
a symphony that I may walk  
into the future.  
Are you coming?  
Where are we going?  
We're going to Bethlehem of Judea.  
I see, and what to the saying of the hot  
in mid-winter are we to get there?  
We will take the cave away route.  
Look over to the grange to the range  
of possibilities that will soon be  
showing themselves clear bright.  
No one will think that the blessed  
are in keeping with the winding  
of the river below.  
Here comes the guestmaster.  
Must be something there is he  
is wanting us to perform.

Your word is my command.

Left to right are the fish  
swimming up the hills.  
How to what is that possible?  
Possibility is possible when all  
the right conditions are explored  
and put into their rightful place.



The bridegroom is grooming  
the carpet in the stables.  
Then we must cloak the wreath  
to place about the mane.  
Soon to not too soon to late will  
the bride be coming into  
the livery station.  
How come hot to cold is  
different from cold to hot?  
Bring the jewels for we must  
them adorn.  
Too true so very true.  
Kindness has the loveliest way  
of lifting us out of  
our predicaments, hasn't it?

## **Soliloquy 35**

7:32-7:41 post meridiem, Iovis, 22 Januarius anno 2015

DOWN out the nave view saving;  
pulpit vacant waiting for  
intervention.  
Eyes in redness about;  
infection to heat the reason must be.  
Plate glass window in the heavens  
will be viewing us all through.  
Saint Mary to holiness is  
the beginning of all beauty.  
Where to laughing is the finish  
in the horizon?  
It is coming down in the benevolence  
that has captured truthfulness  
by the backdoor.  
Where is the habit of the garb  
covering the woolen bench?  
Isn't it in the handkerchief drawer?  
I hadn't looked there, so I hadn't.  
Maybe if we take to strolling in  
the infirmary we will be feeling better.  
Better is the condition of hesitancy.  
I see to through howling of the wolves  
in the sentiment of place.  
May the last beginning be  
the first ending.  
It will; it will, now don't you be  
worrying yourself in the slightest.  
I was in the garden the other morning  
of today and I beheld a magpie flying  
about o'er the flowerbeds in reverse.

Must have something to do with  
the way the wind was blowing  
at the time.

The earth is on top of itself with  
excitement at the thought of  
the first of spring happening  
about our feet.



Fresh is the season when it comes  
into its own to grow.

Blessed be the rosary beads that winds  
about the newel cap of the staircase.

Did you leave it there yourself for  
the night walk about?

I must have surely for why else would  
it have left my hand and alighted  
itself there on it.

The seeds have captured the roots  
and are making themselves into  
something mysteriously wonderful  
in the darkness.

Are we not seeds and roots here in  
the soil of marble and wood?

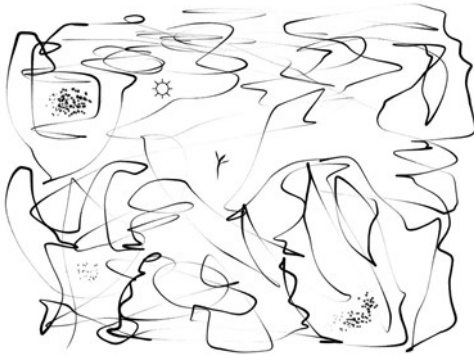
We are to must be for the ants  
and ourselves take to being ever so

diligent and sincere in our efforts.  
No wonder it is that wonder is so  
wonderfully wonderful.  
I will arise now and go  
and sit in the cloister.

## **Soliloquy 36**

7:32-7:44 post meridiem, Veneris, 23 Januarius anno 2015

DOG leaping and barking;  
holy saintliness looking  
to vessel; one standing  
on a pedestal.  
Moon in the yard is making  
it hard to see the stars.  
Let's take ourselves to higher  
ground and we won't be  
distracted by affection  
to the clandestine.



Do you think the heart of  
magic is the miraculous?  
I don't know what to think

anymore for when I see what  
is happening by the Black Sea.  
What to what is there  
to be happening?  
There the old and the young  
are all caught in the crossfire  
of separating forces coming  
together in collusion  
behind the scenes.  
Where is the kitchener?  
He is in the garden, I think  
making hay out of the oats straw.  
The Knights Hospitallers are  
coming for I can hear  
the pounding of  
the steel horseshoes.  
Maybe they are coming  
to make a pilgrimage.  
Are they not supposed to be  
the protectors of pilgrims?  
They are at that but they have their  
own needs too of spirituality  
to the kingdom come.  
The hospital is where to in  
Jerusalem town?  
It's underneath the foundations  
of the Damascus Gate.  
Templeing isn't the same as  
what it used to be, is it?  
Spring up and the heavens will  
favour our actions.  
I doubt it for heaven these days  
has a hard time convincing even



itself of its own existence.

Lord be to integrity and praise  
to glory in the sight of all  
the small to great kingdoms.

What I can't make out is how  
they are managing to get away  
with it, and for so long too.

Get away with what?

Thanks be to the Lord of the palaces  
for we have bread to eat this day.

We will be in purgatory before  
we are in limbo, so we will.

I can't stop hearing the voices  
from beyond the visible.

How so to do you mean?

The ones who have crossed over  
are always talking way to themselves,  
and I do oft so I do be hearing them.

Are you sure it's not  
your imagination?

No, I'm not sure of anything.  
Could be.

## **Soliloquy 37**

7:26-7:35 post meridiem, Lunae, 26 Januarius anno 2015

I sit not in the middle;  
either side sits no one too,  
vacant out in full view.

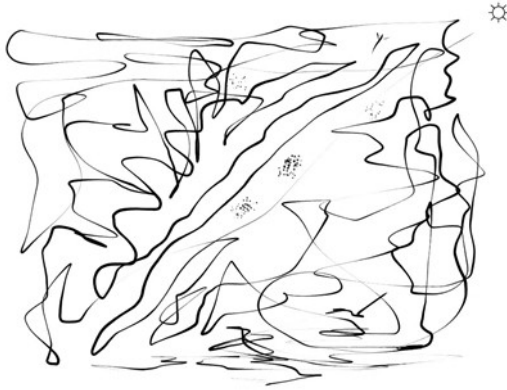
What is in my heart that  
burns so thoroughly  
through this night?

Did you say goodbye

in the graveyard?  
I did but he lives alive  
and well over in perpetuity  
on the wall.  
Then we are all safe and full  
of forgiveness save for  
the hours of our lodging in  
this present life here below.  
Is the snow coming  
to the summits yet?  
It is, and for long of length  
of time has it been falling  
into the well.  
I must renew my vows of  
chastity and obedience before  
the first sign of remembrance  
gets into the straw with me.  
Lavabo to the laver when we  
have mercy on the last  
of final honours.  
Return the hinge to the gate  
for we must be slightly out of  
hand when we remove the lock.  
Do you have the key insulated?  
It's in the basket of my mind  
safe and sound.  
All right then, let's beg for  
understanding as we take  
ourselves to the altar  
of high communion.  
Glorifies the Lord my soul  
for it is in need of being  
whitewashed.

Let's use soap instead as it

works its way well.  
Rejoice we will in the Godly  
Saviour of our calling.  
Eventually the windmill will  
outstretch the bell tower.



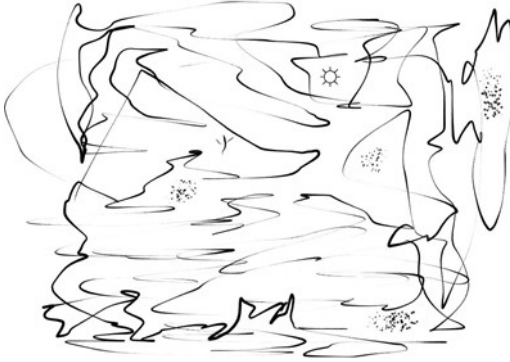
Once of an afternoon in  
the longest ago of nearest  
springs He looked upon me  
His servant of the sackcloth  
and blessed to holy water.  
Nothing comes into nothingness  
according to Saint John in  
the hidden lines of the opening  
words of his gospel.  
How come to making true did  
you come to such a conclusion?  
Henceforth the whole ages of  
the present moment will be  
showering us with blessings.  
Maybe there is something to  
the heart of usefulness in your  
words for they penetrate to  
the foregone conclusion.  
They do, don't they.

Fall back into the future  
and we will be well out  
in front of ourselves.

## **Soliloquy 38**

7:30-7:41 post meridiem, Martis, 27 Januarius anno 2015

CARDINAL to pope in red hat tasselled;  
on his left white habit goatee  
to moustache, and on right  
black habit to clean shaven.  
All three serious to the earth.  
Take my cap off I do to the hat  
in the center of the stage.



Blessed be the archbishop upon  
the bridge bringing goodness  
into the tent.  
Call me to the heap of firewood  
in the middle of the square.  
Poor Saint Giordano Bruno you  
knew but to speak out your  
mindful heart, and look

what it got you.  
Maybe if you had stayed in  
quietness you could have lived  
a long life to live.  
We make decisions so we do  
and the consequences reveal  
themselves to the future  
generations.  
Where is the Lectio Divina?  
It is where it always is right  
in front of the altar.  
I know that, but where is it when  
it comes to the happenings of  
recent days in commemorating  
the seventy of long years ago?  
Meditation is the gateway to  
the head of divine love.  
To the misericord us all for  
we have statements to be saying  
in the attic of the narthax.  
Someone is sitting there in  
the niche taking down all  
our worldly sayings.  
Do you think he is  
accumulating evidence?  
He is with his own  
thoughts confined.  
Let him, and off to  
the lily beds let us be.  
The light on the nightstairs  
isn't working I found out  
last night.  
How so come?

I hit my shin on the anvil



in the blacksmiths.  
Where is the novicemaster?  
He is with the noviciates in  
    deep prayer for the vocation  
    in them maturing.  
The Almighty is mighty  
    when it comes to trying to see  
    what happens to melted snow.  
You can see the marvels are  
    coming to us making us holy  
    in name and form; mercy to  
    the ages and ages hence  
    coming into the past.  
Return the cylinder to  
    the cupboard in the kitchen.  
I know that the horizon is verily  
    moving into my cell, and it is  
    making me hope for new  
    opportunities to live  
    an exalted life.

## **Soliloquy 39**

8:04-8:13 post meridiem, Mercurii, 28 Januarius anno 2015

NINE to more side by side;  
    half moons all in harmony.  
Live the life of royalty in  
    poverty and believe in  
    yourself is my make believe.  
Did you see what is happening  
    in the fold of the curtains  
    in the chapel?

I saw them playing there  
and decided to say nothing.  
Aren't we all the same  
in the sight of  
the Almighty Holiness.



Hear me when I tell you there  
is the playfulness that must  
happen in the mantelpiece  
of my ancient home.  
The choicest of words will fail  
us should we slow down  
the high speed.  
Loyalty is the way of  
simplicity, don't you think?  
Christ is the center of  
the Lord God of Hosts.  
Then we need to begin praying  
to the wayward avenue.  
Triumph is a splendid  
discourse debating in on itself.  
Dark is the countenance of  
the fire bright in the middle sky.  
Joyful joyless is the happiest  
of achievements I now can

it clearly see.  
Scatter the milk to the cats out  
back for I hear them meowing  
in the frost.  
Shining in the window of  
brightness is the display of  
kinder clothespins on  
the clothesline of reality.  
Must bring forth the news  
that the labour is not at all  
in vain for vanity is the first  
of the second surprises.  
Bring the task into the cloister  
and there we can walk it  
out of itself.  
Give me pardon to forget  
forgiveness for nothing at all  
of any badness done.  
Whatever the awakening  
is in the breadbox it has to  
have something to do with  
the lakeside narrative.  
Let it run its course in  
the corner roundabout.  
The bounteous solution  
is always between our  
praying palms.  
Heaven to highness is  
the lowness of the souls  
flying wild and free in  
the balconies of the alpine.  
Full be the flood of  
redemption if we can make

it come straight into the hearth.

They must be closely observed  
to see if the embers will relight  
and kindle the new tomorrow.

## **Soliloquy 40**

7:27-7:37 post meridiem, Iovis, 29 Januarius anno 2015

THREE silver pyramids musically  
pointing into the heavens of night.  
At the tip of eternity I will be  
walking backwards to this eve.  
Will you confiscate the well being  
of the file in the attic?  
Oppression comes while we  
are thinking about it in  
the morning's labour.  
Flowers have left the friendship  
of the new confusion.  
They are in sickness who have  
left helplessness to chance.  
Maybe they haven't seen  
the elixir in the chapel.  
I found the world blaming itself  
over and over again when we  
opened the drawer in the sacristy.  
Perfect perfection is what we  
have been taught, have we not?  
I suppose you could bring out  
such a conclusion all right.  
The very livelihood of excitement  
is appealing to our senses.  
I have a sense that the clouds do

sometimes stray into the caves  
before taking their place on high.  
Hours upon hours make up singles  
of minutes so we must be thankful  
for all the little things.  
Joy brings forth laughter to  
the chickens out in the back run.  
I have had some find conversations  
with the winged of the ground,  
and amazing it is that not one of  
them wants to fly into the high  
blue sky of morning.



Jerusalem has much salt in its soil.  
What say you so to such a thing?  
I have heard from a trustful source.  
O Jesus is a Saviour unto Himself.  
This is not what we have learnt  
in our noviciate year.  
Where was I in my noviciate year?  
Let me to think to see now  
for a moment.  
We will be guarded from  
the light fire in the ground.  
Preserver of love is in our

first place making absolution  
possible for our companions.  
Perpetual love that is what it  
is if ever I learn anything in  
the lecture hall.  
You learnt more than you  
even realise; I swear to it by  
the new day's high noon.  
Let us disappear into  
the brickwork and there  
mere observers be.

## **Soliloquy 41**

7:33-7:43 post meridiem, Lunae, 2 Februarius anno 2015

OPENED at pages three four  
zero to three four one.  
Ter-ra tre-muit et quie.  
Pascha no-strum immola - tus.  
Feria Secunda: Intro-du - xit,  
et ut lex Do-mi-ni semper sit.  
Weary nations call to the horizon  
to come to their assistance.  
Well know there is a congregation  
in the telling of it.  
The garden is overgrowing itself  
into the window box.  
I see there is imagination yet in  
the confusion of clarity.  
Where is the gospel of light taking  
us this hour and we remembering  
not what the cause of all causes

is in oblivion?

New to the graces will be alighting  
on the eves of time honoured  
humanity.



Devotion is a course of action to  
an end of a beginning.

The voice of uprightness is  
a blessing unto the third stage  
of inhumanity when taken away  
from the front gate.

This is the light of the highest  
sunlight on my bosom.

Then we had better get the carrots  
and bake us a most delicious  
one of a kind muffin.

Chase the gloom of faraway places  
taking revenge for nothing at all.

The dormitory is in need  
of sweeping.

I'll go and do it for I am a hand spade  
at sweeping dusts of the ages.

Draw near the first clouds of the new  
eve and we'll be able to make  
a night out of the darkness.



Agricultural initiative will plead  
its cause to the Creator.  
May it be as you have said in  
the next instalment of happiness.  
There is a nurse in the sacristy  
doctoring the high noon.  
Shade is in the pleasantest  
of places when viewed for  
a thousand years ago of  
yesterdays.  
Rather than the hallucination  
taking hold on our vocation,  
let us take ourselves into  
the garden of first growth.  
Holy Father and Blessed Mother  
is the last place remaining for  
secure impartment.  
Purified we will be when we pray  
with our hands concealing our  
wilful brows.  
Whom to whom are we going  
to be telling of our day?  
We will be telling them to  
our dreams when we catch  
up with them.  
Spirit of the shadows is making  
to walk in full daylight.  
Then we are well saved  
the lot of us.

## **Soliloquy 42**

7:57-8:07 post meridiem, Martis, 3 Februarius anno 2015

RED carpet to sun white altar;  
    nave out of view to a ball  
    of light in the doorway.  
Souls search the heartfelt belief.  
Maybe you are tired.  
Tired I am not but well  
    over awake.  
Can't sleep a wink to drowsiness  
    when I hear tell of the awful  
    things taking place in Ar-Raqqah.  
Ah, who to what can we say  
    about such people?  
People?  
They are not what I call people.  
Depriving bodies of their mind  
    vessels; burning flesh to  
    the smoke filled heaven.  
Awful to terrible; terrible  
    to frightfully awful.  
They must be stopped!  
But how to what can  
    this be done?  
There has to be a way in  
    the High Altar of Eternity.  
Then let us search for it.  
Exalted before becoming  
    abandoned to the mystery  
    of silence.  
Honour to the chance; bread  
    to the wine of holiest water.

I can't believe what  
    is happening there.  
You've said that to be there,  
    what can I say to relieve  
    your pain?  
Praise honour to might is  
    the judgement we can see in  
    the weapon of the pen.  
Begotten to forgotten will we  
    strive to get to the place of  
    the highest heaven.  
Vanities of the earth is taking  
    unto itself heavenly melancholy.  
Driven the driven into the door  
    post afore we will give into  
    that kind of rotten humanity.  
Come back to yourself.  
I am back to myself.  
This is who I am.



No; no you are more than  
    this with words of great  
    beauty in the fragrance  
    of your voice.

Christ is in the tablemat

of the sun.  
I hadn't seen Him there  
of late to faith.  
He is always with us for  
He did walk with me in  
the chapelhouse.  
You must have been fair  
contented to serenity then.  
I was surely for His gaze  
was upon me to escort  
goodness to the bell tower.  
Solemn is the cause that  
leaves us half deaf.

## **Soliloquy 43**

7:30-7:39 post meridiem, Mercurii, 4 Februarius anno 2015

SAINTLY man with arms outstretched  
pleading to a bear's good nature;  
all afeard by its advance.  
Eventide is floating in over  
the world of not so good  
and all the good alike.  
Maybe we should do something  
with deliberate intention.  
There will be time yet aplenty  
for that kind of reaction.  
I have an action to  
the blessedness calling me  
to sit in standing movement.  
Hold on awhile and we can  
keep coming to truth with

the mosses on the railing.  
Kind to the kitchen for it is  
my best of entire places of all  
the places in this holy dwelling.  
You have the glad gem of  
a ruby cycling itself  
into redemption.



I have heard to be told that  
evermore is never going  
to be anymore.  
Let the sighs of Augustus  
be in the mustard seeds over  
by the bank of the river.  
Hark, and be with revealing  
mysteries in the palms of  
our withered to youthful hands.  
Come to the over hollow of  
height and we can play:  
let us forget about the present.  
We can't forget about  
the present with it happing  
in the here and now right  
out there in front of us.  
With the mind thus set is

the honey of the slope bees  
making us mellifluous.  
Starry heavens present Orion  
off in the southeast.  
Pleiades is in great height  
all but directly above us.  
Silent is the new star barking  
up the ancient oak.  
The flesh of the body is  
the concern of the spirit  
come day come night  
of all time, ever giving  
it cause for concern.  
Does the spirit ever be  
in likeness a deep  
concern to the flesh?  
Let us adore the memory  
of our better forefathers  
who come came they did  
all the way through mighty  
obstacles from the lovely  
isle in the wild and ever  
becoming Atlantic Ocean.  
Sing to the battlements of  
the ages that we are never  
done though the sky seems  
to be falling in down upon us.

## **Soliloquy 44**

7:44-7:53 post meridiem, Iovis, 5 Februarius anno 2015

CEILING rounding roundabout;

saintly one encircled by angels.  
Heaven so, can't be far in the near.  
I'm told that the transformation  
would be in the hilarious  
prediction conceived.  
Mercy to goodness what is  
the supply of supplication?  
There are many who have said  
longevity is extremely short.  
Then forward to near future let  
us be in full no doubt of sincerity.  
Fervent prayer is a mistake  
when we slice the loaf  
on the board.  
Delicious to gratitude but you  
have saved the day twice over.  
All is the praise when we can  
play heaven in the orchard.  
They do say that  
the extraordinary makes  
the slightest difference to  
the plastered wall.  
What to say makes you  
to say to so?  
Yesterday had all in it, but  
today is not the tomorrow  
of yesterday, is it?  
Over the hills and far into  
the other way is the day  
of reconciliation.  
Maybe you have forgotten  
about the broom in the bell  
tower way below.

No to no, I haven't to it



forgotten about.

In the midst of faithfulness  
must be the supremacy of  
the papacy made bare  
to the sun.

First let the martyrs take  
their place for they have  
been in the fighting long  
of liberty forgiven.

Satan stands at the back door  
watching the front door.

Give him the slip and let  
freedom find its way  
in the given goodness.

By the name to same crown  
complete with jewels to toil  
and exile is the fare  
to well becoming.



I hear some footsteps  
coming on the curve  
of the clouds.

How to heaven's sake can you  
be such an ability in  
the hearing of the word?

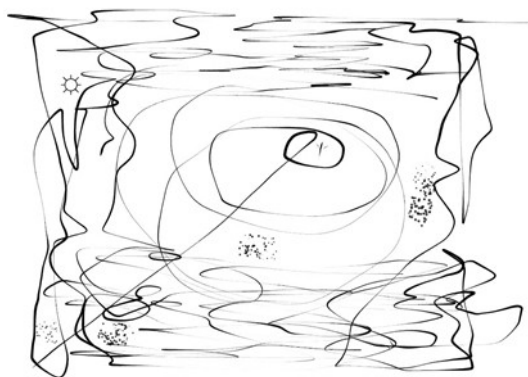
Victory has had it chances  
to be making us happy,  
has it not?  
True loyalty is in meeting  
blessedness to the Holy Virgin  
of Mary of the Sacred  
Congregation in the niche.  
Steadfastly let us see our way  
through this time of  
awful happenings.  
It will not be easy to forward  
move in the face of  
such dreadfulness.  
We will; and we can.

## **Soliloquy 45**

4:01-4:11 post meridiem, Lunae, 9 Februarius anno 2015

DOVELY spirit in the heavens;  
statue, golden wind blowing  
about shoulders to bosom.  
Tired as tired can be.  
Light in the heart dimmed  
to low brightness shining  
through the attic window.  
Is it time yet for Vespers  
for I feel the need to be on  
bended knees in full strolling.  
Stature is the measure of  
happiness benevolence  
known to the kingdom coming.  
I think it is here already.

Where to where for I am  
without seeing any of its signs.  
Dwelling in the loftiness to  
cloister well being must be  
the rippling down the way.  
Hands to the clouds but  
the rain is pouring sunshine.  
Let us be off then to the desert  
for there we can be with  
sandy icebergs of the ages.  
The choir has a fine resonance  
about it this afternoon.



Do you think sacred sacredness  
is the way to go when it comes  
down to it?  
All ways are of some way,  
are they not?  
Praise be to the father son  
of the holy ghosted spirit.  
Maybe we should check  
the well for the presence  
of whales and seals.  
There is said to have been  
once sharks dwelling in

the highest alps,  
and giraffes too.  
Gracious to horizons but  
the sick are all claiming  
to be healthy.  
Isn't that an unbelievable  
misconception of fine reality?  
Joy to joyfulness but Jerusalem  
is to change its city status.  
Wonder to wonder  
is it any surprise?  
Offer the gifts and bring  
the Offertory into  
the Liturgy of the Word.  
Sweet to comfort serene  
is the heart that finds  
pleasure in its own happiness.  
Happiness must indeed be  
a pleasure given new liberty.  
Too long has long lasting  
been to the forefront.  
Country to continent to world  
is the concern of my day  
nightly prayers to the statues  
all about, and to the bones  
in the under grass reliquary.  
Mass has its way of bringing  
us back, doesn't it?  
It is as you have said  
deliberated loveliness  
repeated over and over.  
Pray, pray, and pray  
that is the enlightened

way of fear fright.

## **Soliloquy 46**

7:51-8:01 post meridiem, Iovis, 12 Februarius anno 2015

ALCOVE, be it a doorway to the sky;  
mother and child afloat on high.  
Temptation is in the synthetic  
of belief.

Forest to woodlands bring  
groves into fruition.

Knowing is the cause of  
humiliation made bright  
by goodness.



Blame to the building of  
concrete paper displaying  
horizontal humanity.

Are we in the refectory  
or is it in us?

Who to say to what everything  
old to new is transforming  
itself into.

Tribute to the king and we will  
be happy in the forthcoming  
wavy of the sea.

Grateful to blessedness for  
the ability to be patient given  
the desperation within my head.  
There is a speculation to be  
made concerning carrots not to  
be swedes swedes not be turnips.  
I had ever thought that slowness  
to rhythm and rhyme is the best  
kind of quickness.  
Now you claim to say it,  
it is possibly not.  
Praise be to divine divinity  
of mercy preceding us into  
walk about glorification.  
Where to what is the lamb  
of the sheep to sincerity  
dwelling in safekeeping?  
Saints to ivory towers in  
the garden but the wall  
of sociological theology  
is in a mighty mess.  
Upon the balcony of  
the Alpines is the eagle  
of the dove.  
Body to liquid to love is  
the endearment of  
a thousand homecomings.  
Wine in time is nine to  
seven of forty to eleven.  
Jesus is walking in the clouds!  
See Him there, not you?  
I to the clouds see the clouds  
in comings and goings of

gentle forms and shapes,



eddies and flows.  
Let us withdraw to the cloister  
for from there do I want to be  
listening to the bell.  
Cloister and bell I hear tell  
tells much to be told  
to the hurt filled soul.  
Be of a finely courage for  
all though is so all is so well;  
so very well indeed.  
Be you but patient for a little  
longer and you will see all  
is well; all is so very well.

## **Soliloquy 47**

7:25-7:35 post meridiem, Lunae, 16 Februarius anno 2015

SASH be red on grey; net in left hand  
holding; across the way lilies to book.  
Orion high in south making  
way westwards; bless is the basilica  
of a thousand celebrations.  
Matters to matter, but what  
is the matter?  
There is matter in the event of  
disgrace over to the eastern wall.  
May we have some similitude of  
silence in harmony in the world.  
Easier said than done to ask is it.  
Evangelisation of myself is  
imminent if all things are  
to be counted real.

Reality really has given so much  
of itself to the highest headaches.  
Just came in from the dormitory  
where did hear tell I did,  
a most shocking story.



Of what to tell did you hear?  
On the northern coast of Africa  
twenty to twenty-one saintly  
innocences were taken from  
the way of good life by a hoard  
of barbaric irreligious humans.  
Stop there now to storytelling,  
for how can this be in these days  
of highest technology?  
Happened it has happened I am  
telling it to you to have been told.  
I am Europe, how can I stand by  
and lay still as if nothing at all out  
of the exceptional is happening?  
This is not to right what is taking  
place and building itself up hour  
by hour to day to day to week.  
Boundless is the notion that  
forgiven is always given by default,

but I am telling you it is not.  
And not it is right to be.  
Everywhere there comes  
backwardness into  
the foreground.  
Can we somehow bring all this  
to an end for it is bringing  
humanity into the gutters of  
choked up drains.  
Everlasting are the mannerisms  
of badness when it gets  
an opportunity to be itself.  
Then let us not let it grow  
into any the further.  
Penitential is the metal of  
scapegoats of time making  
sinful to the heights of  
dry waters overflowing.  
Countless to limits is  
the chance that comes  
its winding ways.

## **Soliloquy 48**

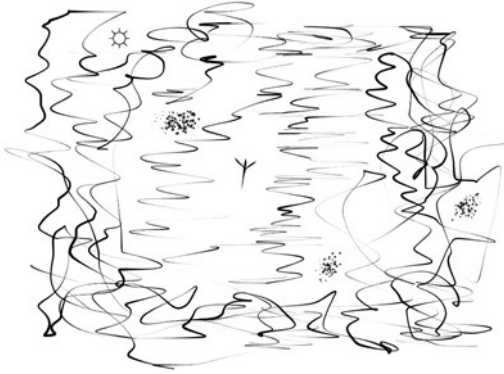
7:57-8:06 post meridiem, Martis, 17 Februarius anno 2015

STANDING to nave to pews to view;  
arches to arches to window bright.  
Missing in the center of the corner  
is the hydroelectric magnet.  
How to come to came is  
the magnet in the river?  
There are waters in the walls

making plaster into lime wood.  
I have been through the middle  
of ages and enlightened I have  
become onto the making  
of steel glass.  
Imagine to eternity but where  
to what is the case of frustration  
in the wilderness?  
Rules to cool, farm work to do  
no harm, prayer to elevate  
the place to education  
and the taking of it all into  
conscious knowledge.  
Joy to the dairy making  
in the cow stalls.  
There was once a farm in  
the sky of the clouds.  
And to what did they culture  
or to grow on this farm?  
Good mindedness; lots and lots  
of good mindedness seeds.  
Fiery coming in over the pillars  
of smoke wafting its way  
heavenwards.  
Land to songs of the first  
moments of the dawn.  
Bring me to the kitchen  
door for I want to be scenting  
freshly baked bread.  
Where to streams is  
the horticulture of  
knowledge taking us?  
Taking us it is into

greater perseverance.

Should to heavy shoulder  
is the feather of the pied wagtail  
browsing about in the garden.



Held a rose in the hands of  
my mind and its fragrance was  
of divine sublimity.  
Spread the carpet of grass on  
my head before I take to strolling in  
the snowy alpine of infinite time.  
Where is the goodly shepherd when  
the flocks are all being driven astray  
across lakes and on to stormy seashores?  
Thorns in the circle of the temple bring  
tears to my eyes over what they are doing  
to the innocent of no homes calling palaces.  
Jesus is on top of the underside  
of humanity and will bring all things  
again into freshness and all loveliness.  
I doubt to so if the truth can be said  
to be possible given the strength  
of the begotten in forgotten.

## **Soliloquy 49**

7:23-7:35 post meridiem, Mercurii, 18 Februarius anno

2015

GOLDEN wind about me blows;  
stick in right hand  
strolling with the crows.  
Now is the apocalypse of  
a new beginning dancing  
itself into mindlessness.  
Come to me with  
favours bringing.  
Stand to the stars in the milky  
away to the near of heart.  
Questo e un luogo terribile.  
Am I such a place or is  
the imagination stepping  
into itself out of place?  
Miracles will come to go to  
smooth the wounded of mercy.  
We love to purify but to purity  
does it return to us?  
There are faiths that can leave  
us for dust and still not have  
out passed us.  
Comfort to joy for such a word  
in the cellar of refinement.  
Close the shut door; open wide  
the open windows.  
How to make fit are you with  
saying such words?  
Footsteps on the roof making  
their way to golden of ivory  
pearled gate way to no return.

Word of every consolation but  
what is that I see in  
the mushroomed fields?  
It is the winter of summer  
making itself known to  
the autumn of spring.  
Verily illusion is in bright  
confusion, is it not?



Discern the discernment and  
the holy Jesus will again come  
to foot it out among us.  
I think His spirit must be  
broken by the last visitation.  
The last of many, indeed.  
I have to attend to the confession  
of myself before I to the confession  
of others can give full absolution.  
Upon the time of expectation,  
and here you are in plain sight  
of the wide open sky.  
I have a petition to the mission  
for I do feel the pain of this age  
like the age of no other pain  
have I felt.



Why to why do you think to so?  
So to so is the feeling  
    being with me.  
Teach me heart of mind to be  
    mindful of yourself.  
I will to will with the goodness  
    raining down on our best  
    intentions for goodness for all.  
Maybe that is the way.

## **Soliloquy 50**

3:48-3:57 post meridiem, Iovis, 19 Februarius anno 2015

WHITE haloed grey sun in yellow  
    skied window; guardians by one  
    to one on either side.  
Plums in June coming about  
    into February view.  
Amazement in the overflow  
    down by the weir.  
Handling subordination in  
    the manner of the Crusaders.  
May those days of heroic  
    knowingness be again in  
    this our own day.  
Terrible to terribly awful  
    are the things that are  
    being left happen.  
Someone; no somebody to  
    a group must put them  
    to an absolute standstill  
    to go nowhere ever again.

God to the prophets to  
the saintly holinesses will  
not stand by for much longer,  
is my feeling.



Ah, too way too long already  
have they been standing by;  
standing by and nothing  
doing at all.

Mosaic I did find over the way  
by the bell tower; comes to us  
from the back in the day  
holy presence here.

Discover to recover what has  
been left to go out of sight.  
Years to beautiful with no eyes  
being cast their heavenly way.

Fetters to the rafters but when  
will stability become  
the new ability?

Wait and wait to wait and it  
will be here before we  
even realise it.

I am to delivery as remembrance  
is to partition.

Higher raise the candles for  
I can't see the walls of heaven.  
How high do they need to be?  
Beyond the hedges of  
the morning glory.  
Faithful to work you are when  
I consider the view of  
the seminary on  
the far off island.  
Cutting the grass in May  
afternoons was in my  
favourite of doings.  
Blessed be the bygone days  
of the future for the sheep  
are already in lambing.  
Christ to Christendom but is  
an Islamic wave coming in over  
the hill of Hellenistic Judaism?  
Where is the pope of the Vatican  
Ivory Tower these days?  
In Castel Gandolfo making hay  
out of the age in which we live.  
Time it is for him to advance  
commitment to integrity.

## **Soliloquy 51**

7:40-7:52 post meridiem, Iovis, 19 Februarius anno 2015

REGAL crossroads in the ceiling;  
meeting place of a white bearded.  
Blessings in my heart of loveliness  
praying away to the God of

the alpires beyond.  
Do they all see the joy of  
misfortune flooding into well being?  
Well being is an implementation of  
hierarchy conceding to eastern rites.  
What of the white swans nesting  
on the river Neckar?  
Loved it in the autumn sailing  
before the ancient castle.  
Time is in the months of weeks  
making themselves three fortnights  
transcending hopelessness.  
There are various obligations on us  
when the bats take to flying along  
the shore of frustration explained.  
Proverbs must be let come for  
the gospel is been spoken less  
wisely of late.  
The carpenter is fashioning a future  
for the glory of the first god to walk  
all along the Red Sea shore.



Timing I am sure is the narrative  
for the growing of quality crops  
and the rearing of healthy livestock.

Are we not very much unlike  
to crops and livestock?  
We are who we are, and all we are  
being made to become who  
we may not be.  
Servant in the order of things  
is a necessity when we  
come to think of it.  
Here to there must be  
the shortest distant between  
two opposites from the nearest  
desert oasis to the Galilee lake.  
How to come to so can you say  
that you have been in  
the underground of the clouds?  
I have been where I have been  
but don't ask me to word  
on it in any a language.  
Goodness must be shared  
in abundance.  
Possessing life is not just  
for the living of it but  
the making good of  
all existence.  
Perhaps the dormitory window  
was left open last night for  
I still feel the drafts of the future  
blowing into my shoulder blades.  
Never mind forgetfulness in  
the remembrance of tomorrows  
for it is the way of those who  
have self-taught themselves  
to think bravely and boldly.



## **Soliloquy 52**

2:50-3:01 post meridiem, Veneris, 20 Februarius anno 2015

HABIT to cowl all folded about  
white goatee; youth beside  
gazing into distance.

Rain pouring down into  
the heart making wintering  
in the early spring.

Immaculate Mary Ever Blessed  
what is taking to new discoveries  
in the Vatican Library?



Holy to profound but at long  
last is has been found.

Go and fetch the abbot for this  
is of an importance beyond  
our imagining.

Queen Teodolinda did ascend  
the sacred mountain of Penice  
and there to Saintly Peter of  
the Galilee lake a church had built.

Do you think he knows of  
its existence and beauty?

Who is to say to know these things;  
these matters of the other side faith.  
King Agilulfo must be pleased.  
There are times in baskets of fruit  
that tell all things never foretold.  
How old then is the cold wind  
of this new morning?  
Perhaps it has no beginning to end.  
Hold my hand for I see the glorious  
doves back falling into the sunrise.  
Come let us walk in the garden  
for I heard tell that a new future is  
being cultured there next to the roses.  
That would be a welcome continuity  
of goodness, wouldn't it?  
It would indeed to forest  
of wooded groves.  
Creation is in the courtyard  
making for itself an ever  
lasting impression.  
How to know is the coming  
of power.  
I am not in the certain of unknowing  
knowing but I would say, yes to  
the window being stained  
in gold and topaz.  
Then so it shall be.  
Extol the foundation of our  
great continent.  
How content are you these days?  
The crown of fallen kings is  
resting on a dusty old shelf  
in the Basement of Truth.



Every tribe must have its leader

before it can have its followers.  
Is that to this what happened in  
the Damascus doorway?  
No one knows but soon all  
will be well informed.  
Diadem in the archway  
wakes the dawn.

## **Soliloquy 53**

7:37-7:46 post meridiem, Veneris, 20 Februarius anno 2015

RIDDLE riddle in the middle;  
Saint Patrick it appears to be in  
the company of a Cardinal  
and a lion.  
Long have the shortness of  
hard fought battles exaggerated  
blasphemy.  
I have a loaf of bread in the attic,  
it will feed five hundred  
when prayed over.  
Fall to in front of the elevated  
monstrance.  
Maybe we can halt the war potential.  
How to consume can we possibly  
do that?  
Remember in the Siege of Acre  
and how we all fell back and  
then all fell forward?  
I remember but much have I  
tried to forget it.  
In Anno Domini 615 something

of all shattering consequences  
took place.

Where in place did it take place?

Right here; right here in this very  
place though not to the same walls  
as were standing back then.

No papal protection can endanger  
so many, don't you think?



What I think is not to the matter  
for who am I to the generations  
yet to come?

Fine; think of yourself in that light  
and dimness will be surrounding  
you for ages come ages until you  
will be again set free.

Was I captive afore times?

You were a captive many the time.

Who sold all the sacred codices?

I don't know but definitely it must  
have been a most disheartening  
of things to have to do.

Couldn't be helped perhaps for  
economics is in place central to  
the going forward of survival.

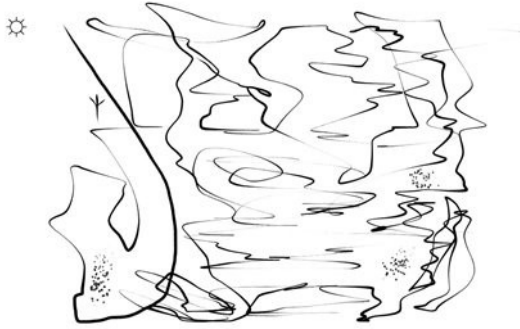
Once the curvature of time  
has set its presence in the eye of  
the needle there is no going back.  
Kindly roll the sun into the high  
south for I am feeling the cold  
of a warm summer.  
Let us dwell in bliss within  
our humble means.  
To live is to be with enjoyment;  
to be with enjoyment is to be  
with the pleasure of happiness.  
Are you happy in pleasure  
to joyfulness?  
I am for the Great God of  
Almightiness is by our  
side in the cloister.  
I have never seen Him,  
though I oft have felt His  
presence there in truth told.

## **Soliloquy 54**

7:25-7:35 post meridiem, Saturni, 21 Februarius anno 2015

ASCENDING dove in golden sun;  
flame droplets on their heads.  
Mercy to faithfulness but what is  
coming over the back garden wall?  
It is a crumbling of the age.  
Who to what are you saying?  
Forests to fierceness but they  
are wrecking to rummaging  
the sacred ground!

Who to what are they; have  
we seen their alike afore?



We have most certainly.  
Then when to what to where?  
In the sewers of ancient  
    backwards posing as  
    intelligent ignorance.  
Know us you not holy one?  
Know you I not do.  
Then let us be putting  
    a bucket of darkness  
    into your lightness.  
We are the pokers of harm;  
    bringing harm to the world  
    with every flight of bullet  
    and swing of machete.  
And you; to who are you?  
We are evil goodness that runs  
    the fear as is that is not  
    in the lamb of is is.  
We are the Terrible of the Ages  
    reborn and made new by  
    the bad goodness of the times.  
Ah, so, am I to take it then that

I Steal and Poke Harm are but  
one and the same absurdity of  
no difference; would that be right?  
Whispering is this in your ear  
to hear: we have taken Iblis and  
his faithful progenies as our  
protectors rather than 99.  
Stand aside into the graveyard  
and we won't have to be  
bothering with you old man.  
Stop; stop you can't enter  
our Holy of Holies!  
Tell us not what we can't do!  
Let us be away from out of this  
nightmare to the hermitage of  
Saint Michael in the Curiasca Valley.  
Away; way with us for we need  
to cry and to plea for help from  
the God of all mighties.  
Shepherd to kingdom where are  
you for we are being ravaged  
by wolves of the most hideous kind.  
Lambs be to pity but what  
are we to do now?  
Should devotion and praise  
be our forecasts?  
Strong is the chisel in the hardwoods.  
Through the dazzling of salty tears  
do I see the toppling of the Eiffel Tower  
and shattering of the Brandenburg Gate.  
Holy to goodness but how can you  
to see such awful happenings?  
See it there I do in the mystical

white rose in the jam jar.

## **Soliloquy 55**

7:50-7:59 post meridiem, Lunae, 23 Februarius anno 2015

BROWN gold beaded frame; descending  
having only just ascended; ascending  
having only just descended.

People walk the yardarm of belief  
at some to the same length.

Merciful happiness takes me to  
the bell tower this morn of  
bright clouding evening.

Form the milk into butter and  
the world is a baker's dozen.

At last the market of intervals  
is evaluating itself.

Come into the light of  
the shade and let  
yourself be seen.



I am as I am in light and shadow.  
Eleven arches has the bridge below;  
how come to so in form does it  
carry so many irregularities?  
Ask the dog that crossed it;



he might know.  
Bless to heartaches but the coast  
is becoming a mountain and  
the landscape an ocean floor.  
Maybe it has come to long  
lasting forgiveness.  
I will go pray in the stable  
by the oxen and the horses.  
Hand me the chalice that I may  
see to it does it still contain  
my image and likeness misfit.  
Jesus the Baptist;  
John the Messiah.  
You can't be serious?  
Serious I am.  
Where to what to how did you  
come to such a position?  
The cry of the mermaids in  
the lake of Heart Round showed  
it to the eyes of my ears.  
Earth is in Macedon I am telling you  
if ever I heard a word come true.  
Love is the way to the fulfilment  
of great expectations of pity.  
Ever I do myself to be myself  
in the hymnal there flipping  
open in the draft.  
Crying in the spirit is making  
laughing in the chancel.  
Help them into the baths for  
the waters of the under floor  
have over flown their banks.  
Labourers to riches to fine arts

but we must be building

securities for the lives coming  
after us, don't you think?  
I think the kettle has taken to  
flying itself in the low clouds,  
and into the vacuum of calamity  
the frying pan.

## **Soliloquy 56**

7:28-7:38 post meridiem, Martis, 24 Februarius anno 2015

OPEN book in left hands, staff crosses  
in rights; two the same, not same.  
Memory is blazing in passed  
the horizon on the back  
of my hand.  
Where have you been to of late  
in the kingdom of coming forward?  
I have been strolling along and about  
the corridors of Krak des Chevaliers.  
Why to so did you take yourself  
to such a place?  
Such places are in ancient passion  
for life, liberty, and love.  
Then what to do has it got today  
within such times; such activities?  
Taken they have seventy to ninety  
of our Christian brethren in  
the land of same fortress afore.  
You must realise that letting go  
of first principles will only  
break your heart.  
The time is calling us to take

swords again to hip.  
Wish the words of the ancient  
philosopher of the sacred isle  
could be coming to us now.  
To whom to how to what  
do you refer?  
To An Fealsamh of the island  
of our Beloved Dove.  
A sign is in the tabernacle for  
I can see illusion through  
the screen of the forward door.  
Triumph will be ours; triumph  
must ours.  
Defeat them we have to be  
to be becoming.  
I am afraid for fright is much  
in plenty in my nights.



Leave fear to the wind for are  
we not of a noble cause?  
Gates are breaking into the mind  
and I can't stop the welling of tears  
in my eyes to bosom cascading.  
Onward; onward we must charge  
for to sit back and be nothing more

doing than observers will no longer do.  
Through the countless twists and turns  
of eternity must we everywhere now  
and again take a stand.  
I am have been standing; I am have been  
sitting, and I am have been running, and  
the difference it doesn't at all make.  
The rain in the garden is making me  
all the more sad when I contemplate  
what may befall them.  
Who to them they be?  
The seventy to ninety to more.

## **Soliloquy 57**

7:25-7:36 post meridiem, Mercurii, 25 Februarius anno

2015

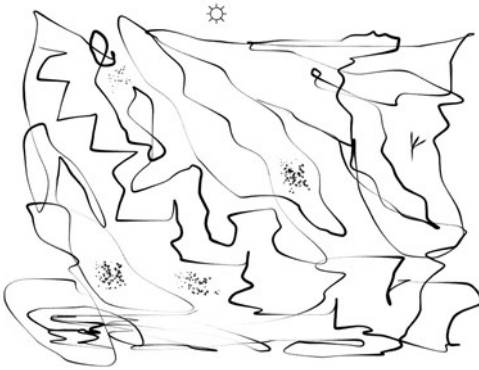
HEAVENLY reaching white pillars;  
two unlit candles on the left.  
Long length of life is short  
in the heart of the vase.  
Break to belief but  
the confessional is sweet  
to the unbeliever.  
Where to mind madness is  
the strain in your eyes to ears?  
There are places in infinity  
where the fire grates are all  
painted amber blue.  
To who has existence let  
itself to come cover?  
Maybe for sure is all but certain,  
but I can't for sure say.

Break the plate on  
the cobblestones in  
the courtyard to the far  
back outside.

I am lost pleasure refined in  
happiness in the Missal of late.

You pray way to much you do.

I tell you it is not so to wonders  
to achieve significance.



We need to move all to  
Cascata del Carlone.

Why to so ?

We need to wash away the plague  
of this time from our eyes and ears;  
away away that dirt from our minds.

To what dirt do you call attention?

Ah, don't you know who I am  
talking about; well you do so do so  
know so, you do so.

Don't be having me to say their name.

Lord by the Good Christ of Jesus

Almighty Incarnate in a day of  
God knows not when.

Bruised and cursed upon the cross

to pitiful, but can the human race  
ever live it down; live it down that  
we murdered the son of God;  
not just any son but His only son?  
Scatter the leaves in the foyer  
and we can make ourselves into  
a new winter of spring.  
Blind is the bat in the telescope  
of far vision.  
Would that we could be again in  
our childhood days along by  
the shimmering waters.  
Innocence was our only defence  
against a world we knew not know  
how to cope with in truth satisfied.  
Wonders to greatness but smiles  
must again be upon our countenances,  
for who to what else do we represent  
in the world but the new  
continuous hope.  
Hope to blessedness and  
we can walk in favour.

## **Soliloquy 58**

7:56-8:06 post meridiem, Iovis, 26 Februarius anno 2015

FLOWER all agolden to red to green;  
white marble framed towards  
the ceiling.  
Witnesses to the accused are standing  
by the barbwire fence.  
Why is defence to mercy?

Don't know but we will tell to told  
    come the autumn of the summer.  
Give to pleasure and it will to joy  
    concealed bring to the handicapped  
    of hurtful interference.



Gold is in my right finger to pen  
    the future with blessedness.  
Then why do we have to be so  
    hurt all of the time?  
Time is a pain maker,  
    that is for sure.  
Heavenly is the crown falling  
    through the silky clouds of  
    lining in the book leaf.  
Praise be to the Great God  
    that we may take our places at  
    the midday meal board.  
I have a hunger in me for no  
    food but for goodness cascading  
    down from the alpine.  
Thrones to dominions to outreach  
    in the form of a flame making  
    dewdrops come alive.  
I had thought dewdrops were in



want of not becoming.  
Say you this so easily when you  
emancipate freedom from the clusters  
of the narrow minded.  
Speed the Archangel into the midst  
of confusion for something; for  
someone must bring to a stop  
this desecration of life, stone,  
and manuscript.  
Bring me down the statue of  
the Archangel Michael for he  
will know what to do.  
How to you to know that he will?  
Has he has done it afore  
with great success.  
Angels, men, women, demons,  
spirits all dancing about in  
the deplorable but achieving nothing  
but flashings and more flashings  
blinding us into nothing doing.  
Out of the depths of height comes  
the valley of sorrow filling joyfulness.  
My heart; my heart is singing but  
no words into sound are finding  
themselves.  
What am I to do to be?  
Do as to do as you are doing for  
you are of sincerity and trust.  
Trust; trust in who I do?  
Trust you do well it is by all in  
the community known in  
the Great God Almighty.  
I am but a simply man of simple

means simply trying to make

a sweet difference for the generations.

## **Soliloquy 59**

7:26-7:36 post meridiem, Lunae, 2 Martius anno 2015

PULPIT on the right; preaching  
place to the already right.

May the soldiers of the unarmed  
stand to the side.

Bring in my staff that I may  
measure some other insights  
on the edge of the altar.

Victory is the honour of those  
who do not lift a hand to  
hurt the innocent.

When strife fills the balcony  
where can we find shelter?

Shelter is in the wallpaper  
parked into the sky.

Golden to good evening but  
where to out of sight has  
your beautiful mind strayed?

It is always where it has been  
staying, and that is in the street  
by the orchard of the vegetable  
garden.

Glory be to the kings for  
honesty and forgiveness.

What need do the good need in  
being always and ever resaved?

Measure the platitudes and we  
can square the horizontal.

Then is it not best to transform  
the wine cellar?  
Through the gates of roundabout  
time will be time enough for  
doing those kinds of  
indifferent accomplishments.



Blissful to faithfulness but will I  
ever again be in the green fields  
of sparkling dew?  
Always you fret over the past  
of way forgotten.  
Better it would be if you found  
yourself in the future of  
the vanguard.  
Sufferings to comforts is  
the mistake of the kitchen  
door swinging open in  
the opposite direction.  
Bring my robes that I may  
be with foretelling  
the foretold of yesterdays.  
Here; here it is to wearing  
in the moonlights of  
wondrous beginnings.

Plain are the pastures where  
the tearful of joy tell their  
stories to the wind of  
Hellenistic overtures.  
The Lamb of the Almighty  
God is in the meadow  
grazing away to not knowing  
anything about anything other  
than of grazing and resting.  
Evermore is not going  
to be anymore.  
How so come?  
It has reached the end  
of phases in graces.  
Then the kingly crown  
belongs to the forests  
and the fields.  
Let us to boating  
on the river.

## **Soliloquy 60**

7:39 - 7:48 post meridiem, Martis, 3 Martius anno 2015

ARK of a Covenant in niche;  
chairs stacked to altar right.  
Accept acceptance and penance  
will find its own way.  
Zeal is in the furnace of  
the undesirable deprived.  
Come in to witness  
the conformation of  
the evangelists.

Bring me to the table of  
the faithful to hand.  
Maybe we are being  
followed into the future.  
How to so do you think?



There are horses stampeding  
down the cloister.  
Bring them to heal or the dogs  
will be warring into the yard.  
Waxing over is the moon of  
stars filling the blue sky of day.  
Who will render indignation  
into foresight fullness?  
Who to think will be passing  
in the shadows of the archway?  
Wall me up my ideas for there  
are spirits in the knitting of needles  
to the yarn of hide and go seek.  
Jesus is the beacon in the carpet  
of tapestries draping the far wall  
of the Palace of Versailles.  
Louis le Grand must be very happy.  
Look; the sun shines in the window!  
Then happy he is most certainly.

Truth is calling us in new directions.  
To which direction is it now calling?  
Far from the forest of the next  
    generation is the past future  
    unfolding itself by piecemeal.  
The learned are in the belfry  
    calling out bells to the morning  
    of yesterday's morrow.  
I don't see it.  
See it; see it what?  
The latter days of three millennia  
    starting itself all over again.  
Blessed be the Pope by the Tiber.  
To which one do you refer?  
Both to one to two.  
Two to twenty to seven and two  
    simultaneously leading the shoal  
    will not attract the attention  
    of the Galilean fisherman.  
Howsoever, try we must for  
    peace in blessed goodness  
    depends on our sincerest efforts.  
I am to praying for to prayer many  
    the knotted issue has been untangled.  
Truly; adorning beauty dwells  
    in the pure of heart.

## **Soliloquy 61**

7:50-8:00 post meridiem, Mercurii, 4 Martius anno 2015

WHITE tulip font; arched arrowhead  
    pointing downwards from ceiling.

Rest breakfast in the inner world  
    making harmony out of unbelief.  
Day to day to ever night becoming.  
Explain the meaning of meaning  
    in the vacuum of no word coming.  
Scarcely can the window divide  
    the horizon of blasphemy overdone.  
Wealth is the furthest of the  
    human concerns shifting its way  
    over into humanity.  
May we be transfused with  
    willingness to stand and overcome.  
Prove what it is you are saying in  
    the whisperings of the island  
    of Atlas in the bygone days.  
Why proceed to such a distance  
    past nearness?  
We are here but we are there,  
    and there is no mistaking about it  
    but everlasting is the present ever  
    turning and tumbling over itself.  
Prove to me that the orchestra  
    of time is willing to manifest  
    itself in our community.  
How to so; what can I do that  
    given the blazing ember in  
    the lost furnaces of make belief?  
Behold the greatest is within our reach  
    yet we cannot move to touch it.  
Why to so is that the case being?  
Begin with the end and the end  
    will be starting itself all over into  
    the night court by the pantry.



Decline to be in madness and

madness will bring us to  
the fullness of sanity.  
I do hear tell the telling of matter  
is in the gravest predicament.  
Comfort to pity but what has  
that got to do with Vespers?



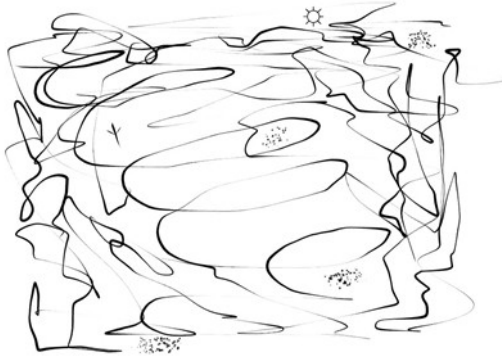
Our bodies; are they not  
the temple of the future  
carrying all the baggage  
of the past?  
Holy to Heliopolis, but see south  
to across the Nile to Giza Plateau,  
but I do believe the center pyramid  
did move in my presence!  
Vouchsafe and be with care for  
such things don't happen.  
Happen it did for with my very  
own eyes did I see it.  
Let us to the dormitory retire  
for this day has been too much  
longing itself into length.  
The morning will be our harvest  
for ideas from dreamlands  
making sand into starry heavens

in the light of our eyes.

## **Soliloquy 62**

7:39-7:48 post meridiem, Iovis, 5 Martius anno 2015

MOTHER and child framed on the wall;  
bare altar stands before all.  
Call the builder of heaven for I have  
a project to hand.  
Where should I go to find such a one?  
Follow the waters currenting along  
into the sea eddying back upon itself.  
There you will find such a one.  
Peace is in the belfry ringing down  
the halls into the cloister around about.



Maybe we have lost the examination  
of the contrary to the same.  
Who knows to what we have anymore  
to be contemplating in our sleep.  
Surging is the flow of snowflakes  
on the windowsills.  
How to come to imagination when

the awfulness of happening is  
occurring over and over again.  
Powers that be will place an excuse  
in the gateway.  
Be aware of promises that don't have  
love and forgiveness to heart.  
Love I can accept but forgiveness  
too; no way.  
Justice is the weapon for the defence  
of near goods prevailing.  
Who knows anymore what veiled  
is being worn; what curtain  
screens the sublime.  
Seek with your eyes and your ears  
will follow; seeking with your ears  
and the eyes will show the way.  
Mountains gaze down upon  
the comings and goings of tides.  
So we too must be in likeness  
to temperament.  
I have had enough of miserable  
ingenuity passing itself off  
as genuineness.  
Disheartened be not coming for we have  
to stand with courage upon brow.  
I am tired of standing up, sitting down,  
and walking around for justice and  
peace; peace and justifiable truth.  
Plead with the melting snows  
and you will be at ease.  
Still be your beautiful heart.  
Know that wars are of comings  
and goings; goings and comings

but that love will surpass and

be ever made anew.  
Would that I could be with trust  
in the heart of exhausted  
misgivings.  
Hold my hand and let us walk  
to the garden.  
There we will find freshness  
and newness of life.

## **Soliloquy 63**

7:57-8:07 post meridiem, Veneris, 6 Martius anno 2015

AVE Regina Caelorum on wall;  
there looking ever so pale.  
Chorus to heaven but  
the wallpaper is returning  
into wood.  
Suspicion is in the inner  
side of humanity.  
Protect the forward of  
the vanguard.  
Do you think headquarters  
is far off?  
I wouldn't know to be sure  
but we are nearing a horizon  
with an even.  
Hold the lantern to the sun  
that we may catch a glimpse  
of the moon.  
Here see to every cause to be  
deliberated in the basin  
of the well.

Well, I have a story told that  
will bring tears to our confusion  
with what is happening way  
over to the southeast.

What to what telling do  
you make mention?

Fearless we must be; eyeball  
and stay our stand; strike out  
afore our treasures are about  
to be destroyed right in front  
of our eyes.

Where to what is your speaking  
this ignorance taking place?

Nimrud of ancient glory is  
being returned to rubble and  
dust by the enlightened darkness.

More akin they to the Sieg Heil  
disintegration.



Not so; not so I assure you  
but greater by far in worseness.

Then what can be done; what  
need we to be doing before they  
come up the holy cobblestones  
of St Peter's?

Sweet is the hope that is in  
the palm of my hand.  
Float the glory into the onion beds  
and we can become the bravest  
of our age.  
Shadows are deepening in the banks  
and the places of usury contained.  
Speak of no further happenings  
for my head it hurts from side to side  
and all about the front to back.  
Rest your head in the flowing waters  
of the river below.  
How can I to do so with all the fishes  
wanting to keep it all for themselves?  
The kingdom is within sight when  
I sigh and out of sight when joy  
appears upon my brow.  
Who can explain this awkwardness  
made into belief?  
Are we not steadfast or not?  
Steadfast we are!  
Then?

## **Soliloquy 64**

7:25-7:34 post meridiem, Lunae, 9 Martius anno 2015

WHITE lamb sitting on a white dais;  
red on white cross in background.  
Church is in the seventh heaven  
waiting for the leaven bread.  
Break with the past and we will  
truly be in the present.



What to what but are we not  
always in the present?  
Stay your words for the fence about  
the orchard is sprouting blackberries.  
Then shall we harvest in the sunshine  
of the new spring?



Meticulous is the cobbler in the village  
when it comes to spacing studs.  
A blacksmith of a cobbler  
he is to be sure.  
Forget the wall that is coming up in  
the heart of Christ for He is all so  
hurt with everything that is going on.  
Have you spoken to Him of late?  
Down by the gate did I meet Him  
in the afternoon of tomorrow.  
Ancient is the prayer that catches  
horses in the wild, and sheep  
in their pens.  
Make sense of your understanding  
and we will all be living better lives.  
Sing to the Blessed Virgin Dawn  
and we can bring midnight  
around on our wrists.

Holy be to Saints Peter and Paul  
but the mattress of friendship  
has taken itself into the basilica!  
Wondrous is the song of defence  
in defiance of the Great Church  
not yet having come into being.  
Record the happenings that we  
may with open minds stroll  
in the cloister.  
Good tidings to the benchmark  
of the Middle Ages.  
Why take us back so far in near  
recent happenings?  
Recent it is not at all for venture  
is in the well-stocked Argo.  
Come back to beginnings.  
King of Faith is standing  
in the cell doorway.  
Then bid Him greetings.  
Shadows to divine divinity  
charge the night of my heart  
with blessed forgiveness.  
Slowly; slowly take  
the Pascal Candle from out  
the casket and let us be with  
shinning it into freshness for  
the Day of Resurrection  
is only over the way.  
Then Christ must be in the  
Feast of the Ascension.  
I am telling that the matter is  
in the coming of the martyrs.  
Ours or theirs; theirs or ours?

May it not come to be.

## **Soliloquy 65**

7:47-7:57 post meridiem, Martis, 10 Martius anno 2015

TRIANGLE segmented sun;  
rectangle moon in ceiling.  
Twelve in seven are begging  
to be in the congregation.  
Then let them be coming in  
for places there are many in  
our parents' houses of grand  
colonnades.  
Jasper is the new loveliness  
making its way into the heart  
of the world.  
Maybe it will become  
the new gold.  
Ever has it been told that  
laughter is the best kind of  
honey medicine.  
Lacking in the spirit of hope  
is not something we can ignore,  
is it?  
Empty is the making of long fields  
into first century backwardness  
coming forward.  
Guide my hand into the oven  
that I may check to see if  
the bread of the new era  
is nearing being fully baked.  
Apostles, and disciples,  
servants, and monks are of  
the same rank in the lists of shores  
needing to be done in the morrow.

Faithful my friend is the enemy of  
goodness making the same come back.  
Behold, Saint Matthew is having  
second thoughts about adding  
another chapter to his gospel.  
Call me out to the balcony  
that I may see behind me  
into the future.



Once heard I that no more  
will be said when the floods  
fall apart.  
Why to what do say to so?  
I am telling you there are  
mantelpieces in the homes of  
great height which have not  
yet had their hearths lit.  
Straightaway then let us take ourselves  
high up into the mountains.  
There we will sing choruses to  
the clouds and canticles to the stars.  
Follow me ye fishermen of trout  
and salmon and ye will be finding  
yereselves netted for life.  
No happier a life than this can

be if ye are willing to pay the price.  
What part of the heavens is the price?  
Why should the answer have to be  
forthcoming?  
A question given is in need of its  
answer, is it not?  
Praise be to the pain in my heart but  
I have no way of knowing what  
brings frost into the warm chimney.

## **Soliloquy 66**

7:43-7:52 post meridiem, Mercurii, 11 Martius anno 2015

WHITE marble pages midway up the walls:  
Latin in tandems making sense.  
Saviour in the hayfield calling  
to the starry heavens.  
What to what is He  
calling on about?  
Something akin to the breaking  
of bread and the pouring of wine.  
Alone must the lonely be when we  
consider the belfry ever  
standing up there all on its own.  
Heart is the deed making  
speed into the delivery of  
the first of seconds.  
Wrong way right will be  
the right way wrong.  
Do you hear them;  
do you hear them coming?  
Who to whom do you mean?

The Russians are coming in  
disguise and calling themselves  
a new religion.

Promise me you won't  
play hand act or part in  
the restoration of  
the kingdom overcome.



No promise can I make for  
I am faithful unto the door  
frames of this sacred place.

Remember, that the time of  
the future is already behind us.

My soul burns into the night  
of dawn with searching to see  
His Face, but all I do come to  
see is the slicing of bread and  
the cracking of a boiled egg.

Sorrow to joy but we have little  
to be complaining about when  
we consider the old lady searching  
in the rubble for stale noodles  
and cast off oaten meal.

Loving is the pristine cat purring  
away to and for himself to know

that rats are everywhere  
coming on board.  
Say nothing of the hardworking  
and family loving rats.  
High to the pinnacle of  
the Temple in Jerusalem.  
What temple do you make  
reference to for there is no longer  
on Moriah such a structure.  
I heard in the rumblings that plans  
have been afoot for centuries  
to build one.  
Light will welcome the darkness;  
darkness the light will treat as a guest.  
Let me away to the dormitory for I feel  
so much tiredness that my neck  
has difficulty supporting my head.  
Thirsting for more will make you  
feel all the more lightheaded.

## **Soliloquy 67**

8:26-8:36 post meridiem, Iovis, 12 Martius anno 2015

BROWN tulip with canopy;  
place of homily imparting.  
That to this is the new  
beginning, and happy to heart  
heaven making peace.  
Realise what is happening  
in the unknown laboratories  
hidden away to be out of  
most obvious, but I see them.



How to what can you given  
that you are within  
the community from day to  
night and night to day?

I do be travelling to places  
beyond.

In your dreams, I suppose tell.

Not in my dreams but in my  
being carried on the light shadows  
of the moon.



Have you ever rolled in the hay  
with the glory of creation?  
Heart to me but why do you be  
putting such a question to me?

Ah, well then I will take it that  
you haven't for there is  
a blushing filling up your  
countenance that tells all.

Above and beyond depth is  
the harmony of the God given  
priority of first coming to serve  
is the privilege.

Wait to be insubordinate to  
yourself, for why would you be

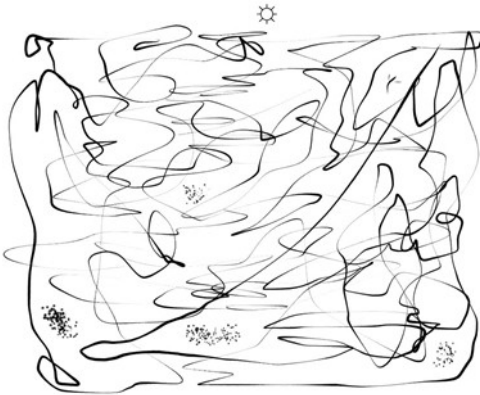
listening to antiquity?  
Everlasting will be coming in  
the afternoon of the new dawn.  
Do we have to wait for nothing  
to happen or happening it into  
being can we be?  
Morning stars, midday clouds,  
and evening snowflakes making  
spring see itself as the new summer.  
Silently let us take to strolling round  
and round for that is always good  
enough for no forgetfulness of  
remembering what is going on  
in the morrow.  
Meekness will be the prayer on  
which we can begin our next retreat.  
Are we not always on retreat?  
It depends on the great glad tidings.  
I am tired of the comings and goings  
of the frothy tide.  
Can we not have a new arrangement  
with the ever rolling waters?  
The horizon is rising in your forehead.  
Perhaps there too will soon be a sun.  
Adorning the first signs of autumn  
is the responsibility of winter.  
Then we shall be in and out  
of season all at once.

## **Soliloquy 68**

8:00-8:10 post meridiem, Veneris, 13 Martius anno 2015

GREAT is he with holding in  
his right hand the monastery;  
in his left a crucifix staff.  
Slowly bring my heartfelt  
feelings into the foreground.  
Where have you been with  
letting yourself be forgotten  
in the background?  
May I be given to seeing his  
face; given to hearing his  
words from his very own lips.  
God be the granter of desires  
such as these in the hearts  
of the blessed ones.  
Christ is appearing in his  
place, is he not?  
Not to so am I no longer sure.  
Love will find a way to heal  
the terrible wounds of the sands  
all tossed about.  
I am not so sure anymore for  
great are the indignities  
that are being committed.  
Let God take to taking  
care of them.  
How to what in this our  
own day of days can they  
be selling children in  
marketplaces?  
Calm yourself down or else

you won't be able to bear  
the pain of humanity.  
From the burning of a new night  
into a new day you must be with  
minding yourself, for how else  
can goodness survive.  
Holy is the healthy palm that  
waves in peace and welcome.  
Bring me the memories of  
my dreams that I may one day  
know that the shadow of grapes  
is in the mulberry bush.  
We are to the towers and  
battlements sentinels for  
the coming in generations.  
You cannot take the future  
upon your shoulders.  
Why to so not?  
Suffering you will be brining upon  
yourself by the trough full.



Content I cannot be unless I call  
myself in for the rightful place  
of our human dignity.  
There is no shame in just walking

away off into the green or  
golden deserts given your  
broken heartedness.

There will be no one who won't  
be with understanding for you.

Beloved are the little ones;  
blessed are they, said He.

Thus, we must be about  
our master's work.

And our master's work is to save  
the blessed ones and bring them  
into the safety of love sublime.

## **Soliloquy 69**

9:00-9:09 ante meridiem, Mercurii, 18 Martius anno 2015

MATHATHIA sits with left hand holding  
standard; out gives the good word to  
the out of sight save in his view.

Morning story taking place in  
the parenthesis of time place.

Who to everyone conceived  
is coming over the Alps?

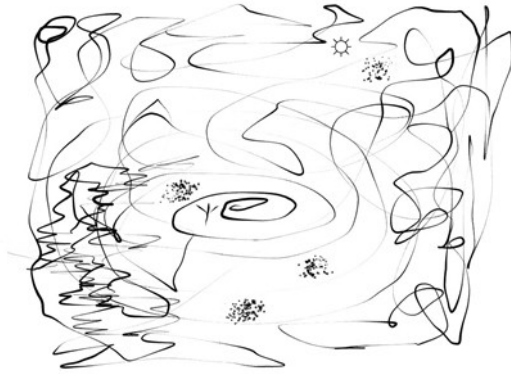
Let us take ourselves  
to go and see.

Save be the Blessed One  
but what can we bring  
to the table of history?

We bring ourselves with all  
our troubles swept about  
into clear confusion.

There is all of a name

in the one to the other  
in the Godhead.  
Bring me my robes that I may  
be walking away into oblivion.



Oblivion is a fair distance off;  
better to stay where we are come  
the rising of an old new sun.  
Is not the Great God invisible  
to be inconceivable, and above  
all else?  
Is He not of unspeakable?  
Many the confusions are there  
surrounding ambiguous clarity.  
Hear, oh Israel; here what say  
you concerning the happenings  
of late old new?  
Demand a loaf of bread and  
three fishes swim in  
from the Atlantic shore.  
Hold the clouds up for I think  
it is about to rain illusions into  
the baptismal font.  
Have we not been sent  
to teach all nations?

We have; we have most certainly,  
but now it is what should we teach.  
Letting go; yes, that is what  
we must teach.  
Find me myself my heart's faith  
for I have to draw it forth into  
companionship with the stroller  
of Galilee lake.  
Do you think He will want us  
as His strolling companions?  
Only one way to nothing  
is there to find out.  
Let us ask Him.  
More to image and likeness  
must we first be.  
More to likeness to image  
need we to be.  
Plaster the walls with peace  
and harmony for I long for  
the coming forth of a new  
kind of genius.  
Hope may it be that we will  
not have to wait way to long.

## **Soliloquy 70**

9:48-9:57 ante meridiem, Iovis, 19 Martius anno 2015

DOWN the stairs; glass door  
with brass handles  
opening to archway.  
The Spirit of the Lord  
God Almighty is playing

about my ears.  
Great indeed then  
must be your ears.  
Half of blessedness is with me  
this new hour of day.  
Sounds of Heaven and Earth  
making plain for all to be heard.  
He is calling for His  
throne and footstool.  
Where can we find such things in  
such a place as this our dwelling?



Maybe we can borrow them from  
somewhere wild and free.  
That will be the day that the God at  
hand will be the hand of God to foot.  
Is He far off or near close?  
He is where He wills.  
Let us take to walking in the midst  
of the orchard and come round  
about by the vegetable patches.  
We will move in some being and  
that being will be well being.  
Shall we take to examining  
the secret thoughts of God?



Blasphemous it is to be saying such things,  
and we only yet at the foot  
of the climb to the summit.

Then shall we try to explore  
the eternal source of the universe  
come the rolling in of lovely spring?

We are days ahead of ourselves  
when we remember the bright future  
of the windswept horizon.

I will be away to the kitchen  
to find us a shovel and rake.

Where to what will you find  
such implements to be stored  
in the kitchen?

The kitchen is the place  
of many secrets keeping.

Then let us to the kitchen before  
the sun rises in the north.

Is the north located in the south?

I heard it was located in either  
the west or the east.

So many unknown amazements  
in the air of thought these days  
that it makes me want to return way  
back to the morrows ever coming.

Close the belfry window for there are  
pigeons there coming and going.

Why to for so?

For to so they will dull the bell tones.

Nothing is soundless with pigeons  
staying at home in our heads.

## **Soliloquy 71**

8:10-8:20 ante meridiem, Veneris, 20 Martius anno 2015

RED light behind; cowl covered  
monk staring into near distant.

Hop on the wagon of horseless  
carriages circling in  
the equinox field of spring.

Where to what are your thoughts  
coming with the solar eclipse  
on the way?

How am I to know the infinite  
God with I being in the finite?

There is a haphazard in flight  
of golden geese flying east.

Am I to surround myself with  
candles all burning into  
the long night of dawn?

There are things in the fingernails  
of time that break the stained  
glass windows in all  
the holy rockeries.

Can we pass beyond all that  
is so near in the escapable?

Maybe we can; maybe we  
can't for I have a foot of feet  
that will not climb me to  
the snowy summits.

Then is it not better for you  
to be staying in the valleys  
and worrying there about  
everything in the far  
away heights?

It is mine to be the believer  
in humanity when I see what  
they have been doing to  
the Yazidis.

Genocide is genocide from  
whichever side you look at it.  
Great is the depth of deep thinking  
when it is accompanied  
by a bowl of cerealed milk.



Send me my Holy Bible that  
I may therein be with losing  
away my thoughts into  
a freedom bouncing.

Speak not idle talk for the last  
is with the cobbler turning  
itself into a crescent moon.

I hear tell that the matter of lasting  
benevolence is the all important  
point of view.

See to there; look to there at  
the blackbird having breakfast  
for himself out of the helpless  
segmented worm.

Are we more like unto the bird

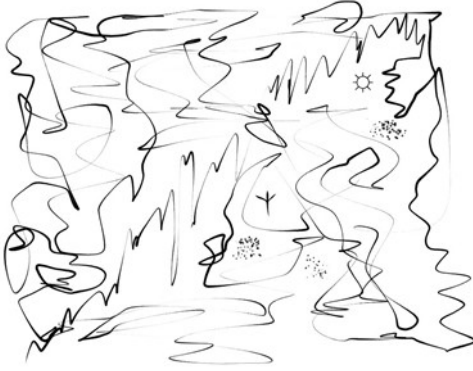
or the worm?  
Perhaps we are more like unto  
ourselves, for who to what is not  
of any other species being.  
Draw in a thick cloud blanket  
that I may be with eyes veiled  
from seeing Glorious Sun  
shadowed over.  
How to so is that in right thinking?  
There is thinking that doesn't  
require itself to be alive to living  
yet alive it is.

## **Soliloquy 72**

10:22-10:32 ante meridiem, Veneris, 20 Martius anno 2015

UNDER floor by arches supported;  
under under floor all mosaics.  
Tall is short when it arrives at  
the gate of turning around back.  
Let me be with hearing you right,  
but say you the garden is  
in the sanctuary?  
Yes; yes, already the grasses  
and the shrubs to great trees  
are making their own  
again in the place.  
Affirmation is no confirmation  
when we see the lines of washing  
away on the colourful lines.  
We ought not to believe if  
we are ought to believe.

By the spindle of the heavens  
turning but what are you  
saying to imagine?



We may better understand speech  
when it is written in spread out  
words all decorated on  
a plate of late formation.

If an unutterable discussion were  
to be set up would you  
take part in it?

I am one who knows nothing  
knowing at all about anything  
at all to be talking at all at all.

Well there then is  
the wall, isn't it?

A dolphin in the wide and free  
Atlantic is seeking faith, but  
wisdom is standing on  
the shore calling for him  
to look the heavenly way.

Not in the fields and mountains  
then is it to be found?

Be everywhere present and no  
place be not found and you

will find the way.  
Are we not a way to the way?  
We are what we are when  
    on bended knees and the same  
    yet different when walking about  
    in the new day's full bright light.  
Charity to love; love to forgiveness  
    but my head spins with obligations  
    to the Stations of the Holy Crossings.  
Feel I do some shame.  
Why to so be it so?  
Seeking after things too far to bigness  
    beyond my understanding.  
Say not so for if we are not seeking  
    finding what are we doing;  
    what are we to be doing?  
Advantage is the pleasure of exercise  
    of the mind, is it not?  
It is at that I do full suppose.  
Then, let us be with fixing  
    our gazes on the far faraway.

## **Soliloquy 73**

8:24-8:33 ante meridiem, Lunae, 23 Martius anno 2015

FROM stairway through archway  
    four candles lit in view.  
Stop the spreading of  
    fabrications on the streets.  
There is no such thing as  
    a peace loving religion,  
    atheism or agnosticism,

there is but the love of Nature  
have I heard tell told down from  
An Fealsamh of old.



Sagely is in the new happiness  
blinking into to the icecaps  
about the above and under  
the way below.

Place me not in fallow ground  
for the lettuce is in spring  
earring corn.

Where to where what  
have you been?

I have been in the thorns of  
constitutions all out of  
perpetual line.

Root me my thoughts in  
the Philosopher's Walk.

Which to one are you with  
in reference making?

To the one in making by  
a golden riverlet on  
the ancestral isle; saw I  
its crescent shaping in  
the clouds there on high.

See I to virtues, but will pride  
    fall in sowing itself in humility?  
The wrath of a triple edged  
    sword is the consequence of  
    a hundred to two thousand years  
    of dim enlightenment.  
Patience is our best defence,  
    don't you think?  
I am not sure for vastness has  
    become way too narrow when  
    we view it from the curtain  
    of closed gates.  
Plant me goodness and the world  
    will be recalling joys in  
    the pleasures of happenings.  
Verbing away into the nightly day  
    and the daily night is clearly  
    your preferred way.  
Better by far it is than to be strolling  
    in the presence of white sepulchres.  
Where to when are there such  
    beings in the world?  
They are walking about in the new  
    twilight of mystery; not able are they  
    to make themselves at home with  
    either living life or dying death.  
Come, let us to our cells to pray  
    that we may come into the new  
    afternoon of morning day, and go  
    to strolling with serenity of heart  
    in the cloister to the sounds of  
    the belfry singing overhead.  
The belfry has become our



down to earth sun; the cloister

our skyway roundabout.

## **Soliloquy 74**

11:19-11:28 ante meridiem, Lunae, 23 Martius anno 2015

HOLY man by side altar with sun  
in his bosom; dove upon his left  
shoulder, and book to left hand  
speaks peace with his right.

Marry the light with the dark  
new moon and the sun will be  
driving beams of goodness  
way into the future.

Who honours me with their lips  
but their hearts to the soles of  
their feet have they far removed  
themselves from me.

What will be remaining when  
the happiness of the few is not  
being distributed to the many?

Perhaps the many are not very  
interested in being happy, for  
after all, all has been transferred  
to the life after endings.

Little of the world is remaining  
I have seen in the golden bowl  
shimmering red wine in the niche.

Faraway is hidden from us this  
morn and we trying to confess  
forgiveness to the Blessed Mother.

Why not to the Blessed Father?

Who is He that I may go

and give genuflection?  
Is it lawful to be unlawful or  
unlawful to be lawful?  
That is the way of the as you  
like it world of today.  
Bringing satisfaction to prejudice  
is not for everyone, is it?



Human sight sees nothing until  
it has gone way passed it.  
So much of our forward thinking  
is not one step beyond the legs  
of the dining table.  
Meals are for thinking,  
and thinking is for eating.  
Fragrance will raise us up to  
the ridge tiles for we need  
to be strolling in high places.  
Why confine ourselves to  
the rooftops about, why not we  
head for the alpines?  
There we can be with looking  
down to the far below and even  
farther into the far above.  
I have a creeping tiredness to be

raising myself up into  
the snowy summits.  
Then bring them down I will  
to you in a winged  
vessel of alabaster.  
Kindness is our first step  
to going forward, isn't it?  
We are of a mindset that  
spends much of its time  
being greatly unsettled.

## **Soliloquy 75**

8:12-8:21 ante meridiem, Martis, 24 Martius anno 2015

GOLD crowned mother with gold  
crown child to breast sitting  
in an ecclesiastical chair.  
Summer the winter is blowing  
in over spring of the autumn.



Hold the handle of the brush  
while I write the millennium  
of the next age of fertility.

Forward to the garden for we  
must be digging up the oak trees.  
How to what are you saying?  
Nobody digs up oak trees.  
There are oak trees that are not  
at all oak in kind.  
And how to this revelation  
came you into knowing?  
See it says it there in  
the Holy Scriptures.  
Join the gospels by a thread  
of convenience and the truth  
of truth will be in the well being  
surrounding.  
Saw I to hear that the cursed will  
be to eternal fire consumed.  
All is a matter of joy or of no  
sorrow and sorrow to unbelievable  
joy when one yields up  
the pleasantness of life to  
the clouds of falling stars.  
The fruits of the winter will be  
harvested in high summer.  
Where to wherever came you  
to this arcane insight?  
It came to me in the pillow  
of the slab knee rest.  
So much fatigue is in the knees  
with the eyes flooding over into  
tears at the breaking of bread  
in the midnight supper.  
Anxieties are in the shortness  
of my eyebrows; where can I not

be with concern and happiness

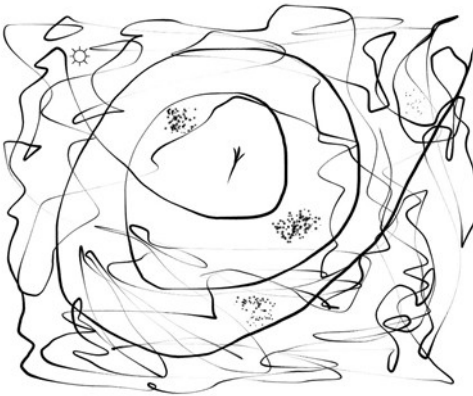
full emptying itself?  
Let the lovers of wisdom take  
to running along the banks of  
the river below that they their  
thoughts may grow as  
curvatures of the ever flow.  
Have you acquired bitterness  
for your tone is sorrowful  
spreading itself out in wordy  
disguise?  
I have time in this pocketless  
garment to be running with  
therefore and foretold happenings.  
What to the happenings that  
are coming when we already  
know they have a million  
times all over placed  
themselves in the past?

## **Soliloquy 76**

9:51-9:59 ante meridiem, Martis, 24 Martius anno 2015

THREE fold dark tree standing in  
black double arched gateway.  
Ready the mind; steady the mind  
for joy is under threat; security  
and all the love of the earth can  
contain is under deliberate threat.  
Temptations are bound up and  
presented as manifestations  
of goodness.  
I shall be in the bed of memory

when I can lay my head upon  
the moist moss on the slopes.  
Laying your head there and  
your bones will be bound to  
give you complaints aplenty.  
Where is the ungodly person  
walking that I may go and  
speak of the glory in  
the chalice flowing over  
with precious goodness?  
Who will listen to you;  
to you an old man of  
wandering thoughts and  
a spirituality deeper than  
that of the Holy Spirit?  
Tribulations are coming.  
Are coming; are coming  
from where?



Are we not from them all  
safe and protected in  
insulation of the years  
ever rolling themselves  
in musty dogmas?  
Weep you will at the out back



of the beyond wall before the fall  
of the cascading waterfalls  
in the mountain depths.  
Rejoice is calling me to dance  
on the magic carpet floating  
over troubled lands.  
Can't you be with letting  
your mind be with easiness?  
How to what when a vision  
of innocent women and girls  
crucified over down the way  
in my memory stays?  
To what to where are you talking?  
Of a genocide of genocides;  
of a massacre of massacres  
carried out by the Ottomans  
on the Christians of Armenia;  
on the indigenous and ethic peoples  
long suffering within their Caliphate.  
Why to what do you let yourself  
take your thoughts into such pain  
hurtful anger filling memories?  
Memories of so many atrocities  
are haunting into perpetuity.  
Lift the measure of trials and pains  
of such happenings from off  
your bosom.  
They have made you to walk  
into old age long and way long  
ever before your time of these  
new young days becoming.  
Eternal life must be in the here  
and now or not at all at all.

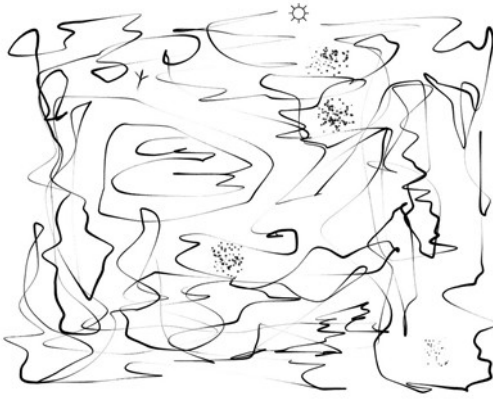
Agreed.

## **Soliloquy 77**

7:57-8:06 ante meridiem, Mercurii, 25 Martius anno 2015

TWIN marble beaded roses  
above niche; bishoprics  
within well represented  
on either side of  
the Blessed Mother and  
the Holy Innocence.

Dawn in happiness  
disappearing into the wind.



Bring me my cape of nightly  
winters that I may walk in  
this summer's day  
of late spring.

Christ the once lord of  
the rippling lake is distaining  
all worldly honours again,  
and bringing good news into  
the mouth of the furnace.

Where is the devil that I may  
be with looking him in  
the eyes of tides coming

and going?  
Be aware and your distance  
stay from him for he is by  
banister up and down  
about to no good.  
Let the kingdom be with  
rejoicing.  
I can't tell what is happening  
in the storms of jungled desertry.  
Come, sit awhile and make  
absolution to the high wall  
of All Forgiveness And  
All Forgetfulness.  
All forgotten I don't want to be,  
and as for all forgiven, I have  
nothing doing to be done.  
Possessions are rolling along  
the corridors running down  
to the sky of heaven.  
How can running down be  
to on high?  
Let us be sad unto full death  
with the Water Walker that we  
may be with Him in fullness of  
joy going into the sky breviary.  
I want to wish to hope  
to see Him as He really is.  
Who to who to what to what  
to who do you mean?  
I mean to Him the Almighty  
above all gods and goddesses.  
I mean to the Almighty Mighty.  
Present woes are in my toes

and drowning benevolence

is making its way into  
the surrounding fields.  
Saddened I am to be sure  
by the repetition of sinful  
doing all coming together  
in moments of adoration.  
Be not with anything thinking  
when on bended knees  
before the tabernacle gazing.  
How to what even there can I be  
without anything thinking?

## **Soliloquy 78**

2:37-2:46 post meridiem, Mercurii, 25 Martius anno 2015

SACRED book upon winged head;  
farmer ploughing with pair of oxen;  
holy monk sowing seeds.  
Sterling joy is in the little of  
unknown sacrifices.  
Open free rejoicing into  
the heart of loneliness.  
Are we not pilgrims?  
To where to for what?  
The sake is in the taking  
of the initial oath.  
I remember not what it  
was I was to follow.  
Look, see the gate of heaven  
is wide open!  
No to not that is but a parting  
in the clouds.

Is there anything that separates  
us from ourselves?



So many things can pull  
down the blind.

For instance take to what?

Take trials in all the courtyards,  
difficulties in the chapel entrance,  
persecution in the chimneystack,  
hunger in the morning of retreating  
Sundays, nakedness in the middle  
of the most winterish of nights,  
danger in the back burning  
of carrying limbs of the forest  
into the valley, and then to what  
is there not death with its slap  
on the back hurdling us into no  
place known to be yet discovered.

Life is but a feeble windmill  
turning itself inside out.

Mortal moments are the deceptions  
falling into the pond over.

Beguiled will we be should we  
hear the lark in dormitory.

Blinded then will the new moon be

for it fights for light like the cat  
with the wind chasing a sunbeam  
along the back of a sleeping dog.  
Kindness; kindness is becoming  
the hour of togetherness.  
I know not what turns the watery  
mill in the valley down below,  
but to the so ever I do know, it not to  
be the water, wind or drifting snow.  
Nothing is something when you  
have but the heart of a stone  
on its way to becoming  
fine dust upon the wind.  
Where to where what do you  
think it will take us?  
To the behinds of doors  
and the ends of gullies.

## **Soliloquy 79**

8:11-8:21 ante meridiem, Iovis, 26 Martius anno 2015

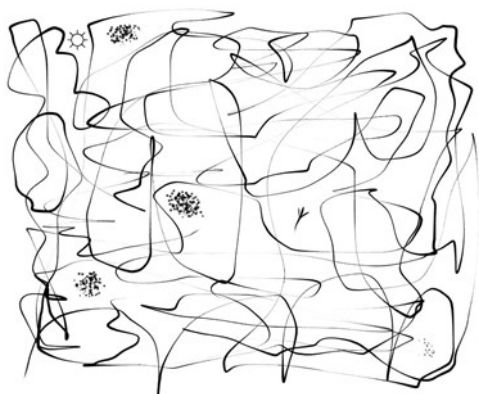
SEMI to bald with bushy eyebrows;  
foxy to dark beard with eyes  
staring into unknown light.  
Lust is a curse of the wretched  
nourishment to the appetite.  
Leave me to aloneness that  
I may be conferring with  
the soles of my feet.  
Give the light to the stars that  
they may shine ever the brighter.  
Who am I to what when I can't



even tell on which side of  
eternity the now exists?  
Freedom from the body  
is the mystery of  
the elevated horizon.  
Nobody will mistake  
deliverance for anxiety  
sharing coats of well being.  
Hunger is in my fingertips for  
the glories of the past future.  
There is no future past; then why  
to what where do you  
think you are taking  
your thoughts?  
I am a blackness in  
the brightness of  
the candle lit that has shone  
along the skirting boards  
of the main corridor.  
Eat much of anything  
and drink less of liquids  
and the thirst of hunger  
will later catch up with us.  
Let me to leap for joy that  
the waters of grief may  
flood their way ever onwards.  
I don't need them for they do  
but constrict my wings.  
Then what to whom are  
you waiting for?  
Fly and be in the sky.  
Found remorse in the sprit  
of rigor mortis.

All the ends of the lanes

are knotting themselves  
into sandal strings gone astray.  
Needful is the strand of  
grey hair floating with  
the pigeon feather there  
upon the winded air.  
Lay your palms down upon  
the vessel of honour before  
the coming new star.



Can I be with no more yet be;  
yet be but all becoming new?  
Take your simple time  
honourably and there will be  
no place where you can't dance  
in time with the new seasons  
ever coming.  
I have a heartbreak with  
the priestly brethren way back  
on the sacred isle who have  
in mass deserted their sworn  
commitment to the fisherman  
of the waters.  
Why to so to so?  
For they are neither taking

a stand for a no or a yes so.  
Cowards all of them in full chest!  
Don't they know that His answer  
would be no; that He would  
actively and valiantly encourage  
one and all to make it so?

## **Soliloquy 80**

10:11-10:20 ante meridiem, Iovis, 26 Martius anno 2015

SHAMROCK above below harp;  
doves on cross crossbar.

HEIC

QVIESCIT IN PACE CHRISTI

S COLVMBANVS

ABBAS

Come I upon bended knees  
to the Holy of Holies  
in the underground.

Tears flood on to my bosom;  
no words finding themselves  
easily upon my lips.

Poor to poverty are the wealthy  
rich until they come to realise  
that love; that love is the way  
of the true follower.

Satisfied in the fountains  
of hope is the blessing of  
the ringing of the bell  
for Vespers.

Righteousness is also of  
the left, the center, the above,

the below, and the around  
about for how else can it be.  
Entering the kingdom of  
the heavenly earth, but I do  
feel my heart been dragged  
about the troubled lands.



Where to what when  
can I find serenity?  
We have no home at all  
upon the earth; our home  
of all homes is the heaven.  
May I stand to one side of  
such a taking away  
way of thinking?  
Certainly.

My home has always  
been upon the earth;  
my home is here in Bobbio  
with memories of long  
lasting past; memories  
of having roots deep  
in the sacred isle of  
the near far Atlantic.

Angels to demons

and fairies to leprechauns,  
but what are you saying,  
that our home is not  
the heaven?

Journey into the summits  
and way down into the valleys  
and you will come to see  
and know that no matter what  
the chatter goodness is right  
here with us and in goodness  
we are ever dwelling.

Perfumes to fragrance but your  
words have lovely meanings.

Let us go to the chapel that we  
may be showing the countenance  
of our hearts to the Mighty Living.

Waterless is the blue sky;  
drenched the desert sands.

Then let us be to the in between.

Where to where can this place  
be found?

It is found in the soil of full belief.

## **Soliloquy 81**

9:38-9:47 ante meridiem, Veneris, 27 Martius anno 2015

STAINED glass window:

S.PATRITIVS

Golden harp in blue to  
white sky; church resting  
on left arm with crosier to  
shoulder leaning; eyes

skywards gazing with right  
hand commanding snakes  
to the wavy waters below go.  
Dissolve into eternity before  
the new day takes us to  
the end of the cloister.  
Marry being multilingual  
has its everyday advantages.  
Where to why?  
Speak the thoughts in many  
tongues and the Holy Spirit's  
work is already half done.  
Strangers will follow us around  
the corners of the baptistery  
into celestial space.  
I shall bring fire forth from  
the hearth with a wave of  
a hand to elbow foot ankle.  
Nobody sees anymore what  
you see for you are way out  
of passed beyond.  
Is it wrong to be holding on  
to long lasting goodness?  
I don't know to know, but no  
reward can fold the blankets  
of ancient manuscripts.  
Render the colloquial into  
dialect and the languages of  
many sayings will well living  
be upon our tongues.  
According to our deeds, and  
those deeds have a great deal  
of wording to them, will we

be judged on high.



Where is His judgement seat  
that I may rearrange its cushions  
and push well forward its  
golden to green footstool?



Christ is ascending His  
judgement throne.  
Hear I a moment a robin  
trout in a snow tree of  
deepest summer.  
What to where what to have  
you left your mind go fishing?  
Mercy is a packing in  
the hay wagon of the loft,  
and so too are our deeds when  
viewed through skylights.  
Fear is in the temples for  
the need has no trembles in  
the meandering waters below.  
Let us to declare silence to be  
the best policy when given  
its full voice.  
Kindness will spring from  
being in ever watchfulness  
with eyes full closed.

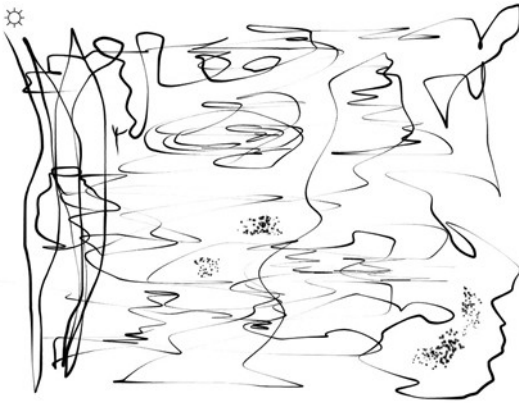
How to what can we be  
seeing with eyes full closed?  
There is a basking in the sun  
that flowers call rolling  
in not knowing.

## **Soliloquy 82**

7:57-8:07 post meridiem, Veneris, 27 Martius anno 2015

CARD MICH LOCVE  
ARCHIEP ARMARIC  
PRIMAS TOTIVS HYBERNIAE  
Feeling so very very tired;  
feet hurt; legs hurt; arms hurt,  
and the heartache of the summits  
is weighing down upon my shoulders.  
Hear to yourself listening to talking  
and one would think that haphazard  
is in the spinning wheel of the mill.  
Flour crushed is the seedy grains  
making hopeful seem further  
than farther away.  
What dwells in the body of  
estranged happiness?  
Let us go discover the roots  
and seeds of the vast plains.  
Where to for I can't find  
the hoe or the rake.  
Isaiah was full of sighing when  
saying all the things he had to say  
to that stubborn never to listen  
wandering instant again say.

The new day of the Lord is coming  
or is it the new lord of the day?  
Heaven to heavens will be shaken  
to an earth of a foundation in itself.  
Be amazed and amazement will  
cover you full circle.  
Then what shall we say of swaying?  
Swaying to say to the maybe  
and it you can see.  
Shake the shuck and the cupboards  
will all to asunder fling themselves  
wide open.  
Have the mice found the cat yet?  
They are looking for him in  
the wrong corners.



Let us jump to the front of the aisle  
to imagine the drunkenness of history.  
Stay to stay awhile until the fog  
has all passed way out of sight.  
Do you think frankincense will be  
enough to take care of the dreadfulness  
after He being brought down  
from the crossing over?  
Whosoever will raise a hand to

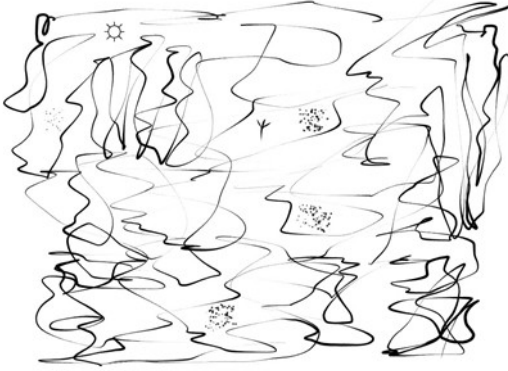
a foot against the downtrodden,  
He had said, will not be walking  
into the new dawn.  
Are you sure in exactitude  
of words that He had said  
such a phrasing?  
Did he not say so much that is not  
written down in parchment?  
Such is this a one in kind we can say.

## **Soliloquy 83**

5:04-5:14 post meridiem, Saturni, 28 Martius anno 2015

GOLD faced sun badge  
to bosom; gold sacred  
book to heart:  
CHRISTI  
SIMUS  
NON NOSTRI  
Great is the heart of love  
that beats in the night of  
the rare firefly.  
Hand me my place in  
the world of forgetfulness  
that I may walk with  
the fisherman.  
Silence is calling me to  
speak and make play  
with the flowers of  
the earliest spring.  
There is a storm in  
the forests on high,

and I hear tell to be  
told that a new cross  
is being planed and  
chiselled into being.  
Fear frightfulness  
but how can that be  
in truth reality?



Not enough it seems has  
been the laying down  
of the so many lives.  
More and more and the more  
it seems are being devoured  
by bad goodness.  
I am not with your streams  
of blackness running  
into the underground.  
Opportunity is placing time  
in a saucepan and boiling it  
with leeks over the hot coals  
of the morning dew.  
Blessedness before blasphemy  
but where come you into  
such nihilistic thoughts?  
We are not our own; we are not

our own selves, so we are not.  
Then whose to who are we?  
We are of the generations spoken  
of in Mesopotamia in the long  
of ever ago tomorrow.  
Let us live life for the living,  
and not for the dead; the dead let  
them be dying away for themselves.  
Harden not your heart; let it rise  
to moistness and gentleness.  
Living no longer for ourselves  
is the old new coming round  
about again in the vases on  
the long windowsills.  
You bring life to living flesh  
by your words and words  
are catching you out in  
the central courtyard.  
Fight and given struggle  
seem to be the meaning  
of our everyday night  
existence, is it not?  
Why to where for is it all for?  
It is written in the texts of  
the old desert sands that we  
may be crowned with blessings  
in the heavenly front yard.  
All the cream in the pail is in  
the words that make no sense  
to the love of the pure of heart.

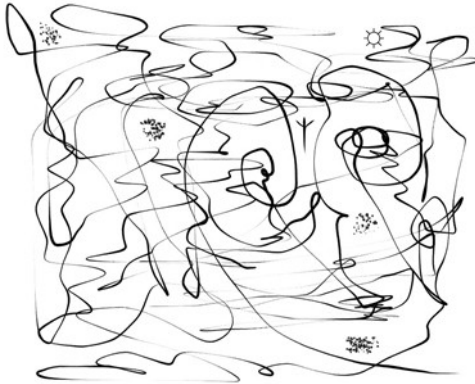
## **Soliloquy 84**

8:08-8:18 ante meridiem, Lunae, 30 Martius anno 2015

FERN palms, palm ferns;  
wrought iron railing  
safeguarding  
the white marble tomb.

Rolling in from  
the Adriatic come  
the sounds of dolphins  
in play of high day.

Lawful floating in  
the lightness of hearts.



Open the wellspring for  
creation is in fertility mode.  
Here to fine is an example  
of happiness dancing,  
prancing, and lightening  
the way to the snowy summits.  
Is it not as our will but rather  
the will of He who brought  
us to this ancient of  
holy meditations?

Freedom is a pleasant living  
into the instead of basketfuls  
of ripe plums brought all  
the way from the outskirts  
of Alexandria.

Where there to where we  
are free for we are moving  
in naturalness, are we not?

I suppose to suppose  
to opinion that difference  
may be substantial  
in the end.

Where to beginnings can we  
find the end?

Are we not subjects under  
the title of His image  
and likeness?

We are who we are without  
we knowing at all  
who we are.

It is wondrous unusual that  
we have to rise at three to  
four in the dawning hours  
of midafternoon.

Bring me a comparison  
to religious beliefs in kind,  
if you can.

I would not know where  
to begin.

Begin with  
the Ten Commandments  
or is Nine to Eleven?

It is a number to one



of these in kind.

Is God spirit?  
How to come can I give  
    an answer to such  
    a swerving question?  
Know you not all flowing  
    streams into the meandering  
    rivers and ever waiting sea?  
I only know that well it is  
    I don't know anything other  
    than what is with me in mind  
    present running through.  
More like to the wind is  
    knowing in the way it is  
    here and here, there and there,  
    and yet nowhere  
    anywhere staying.  
Must be fragrance in  
    the fingertips of  
    the gondolas of Venice.

## **Soliloquy 85**

10:31-10:41 ante meridiem, Lunae, 30 Martius anno 2015

BREAD and raven to foot;  
    piked cross in right hand;  
    book in left:  
TIMORE DOCEBO  
DOMINI VOS  
Assist the barricades in  
    the vibrations of the moon  
    hovering over the eastern wall.  
Restore my soul that I may

not be wandering about  
in the cold.

To love one of over the other  
is to discover that love is not  
the easiest of hardest things  
in the world to do.

As I have loved you is not  
in the same likeness to the love  
of the birds for the air.

Words will bring you to deeds,  
and deeds are the fashioners  
of truth.

Where to whatever did you hear  
tell of such ridiculous overturnings?

Is it not written in the sacred  
scripture for all of us to be holy  
or who to who can enter  
the heavenly kingdom coming?

Love is not what love is  
when spoken of with such  
scattered about where and there  
to every indifference.

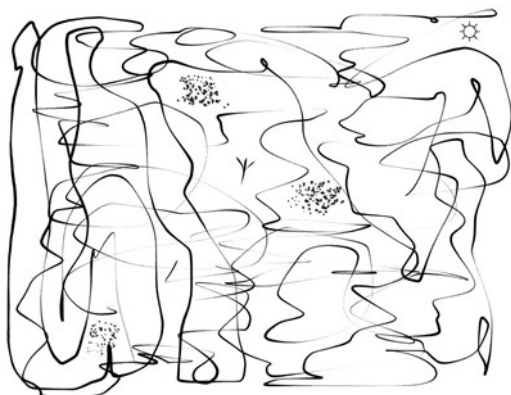
Said, He not that my peaceful love  
I give you, my love of peace  
I leave with you?

He has said, the sower of seeds  
is no greater than the fisher  
of fish; the mapmaker no less  
appreciated than the teacher  
of sacred wordings.

Blessed to the tallness of  
the belfry but the cloister is  
wrapping itself into the scrolls

of tomorrow.

Then should we listen to  
the hungry crow on the roof  
trying to crack a piece of  
crust into palatable reunion?  
Come to the sacristy that we may  
be with finding the sacerdotal  
anecdote to the mercy of  
forgiveness that is  
waiting for us all.



I have lifted my hand against  
the glare of the sun; my arm  
to the sheen of the moon,  
and I am wondering what makes  
me want to settle into the night.  
Take your courage for without  
entering into the night where for  
can we be in the new day?  
We can be anywhere we wish  
to be if we but keep our faith  
levelled at full brimming.

## **Soliloquy 86**

7:35-7:44 post meridiem, Lunae, 30 Martius anno 2015

EIGHT branched tree in center;  
    those to the left almonds,  
    those to the right oranges.  
Nightly stars outshine the sun.  
Something must be amiss.  
Why to where so do you  
    know this to be so?  
Is it not written in the Calendar  
    of Promises made in divine unison?  
Practice the underside of the silvery  
    clouds calling angels to dance  
    in concordance.  
Speaking will bring fourth words  
    never intended to be given  
    wider shape.  
Link the front gate to the lanes  
    and mountain ridges that we  
    may walk in open laughter.  
Move the tongues to shape tomes  
    and who is it that will read them  
    come the late hour too late?  
Let us follow full free the motion  
    of the oft stationary mind.  
Fine; then let us do that before  
    discernment can fold back  
    the likelihood of danger being  
    invested in the dust being  
    swept along by the wind.  
Can weary be comfortable;  
    must weary always be

so discomfoting?  
A word to wise wisdom  
has it that the brown bread  
for breakfast is the midday  
meal to dinner.  
Who shall we say is dwelling  
in backwards?



You can pick at will for all  
the dogs have gone fishing  
with the cats in the way  
out back of beyond.  
Someone is dropping by bags  
of love this afternoon, and we  
must welcome them with open  
hands of prayer fullness.  
Let all that is to be fulfilled be  
magnified to the power of nine.  
From the closest of friendship  
is there a recourse to  
full happiness?  
Mind you the sound of the bird  
in the winter tree there.  
I hear to no hear and see to  
no find such a bird in

the nest of sunbeams.  
We have to take ourselves to  
the chapel for the hearts of  
the trouble lands are calling  
me to bended knees and tears  
fulfilling emptiness.  
Blessed is the archangel  
that has time to be lighting  
the candles at this late  
hour of early night.

## **Soliloquy 87**

8:19-8:28 ante meridiem, Martis, 31 Martius anno 2015

STANDING half naked  
in a red box; emaciated  
with wounds to both  
hands; fully clothed  
bishops and monks  
two by two in attendance.

Aleppo on the vision  
places of my mind.

Can't know what to do  
save to heart pray.

Be not so disheartened  
over the troubles in  
the troubled lands.

C'est la vie.

It is not life; no this  
is not life!

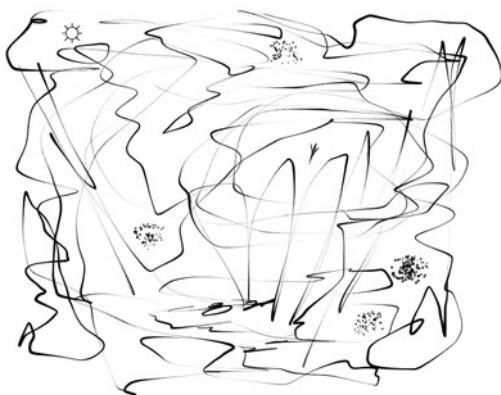
Eternal life is everywhere  
beckoning us into streams



of living water gushing  
forth for the suffering  
of our fellow human beings.

Where to what are you  
misguiding away about?

Let us occupy our thoughts  
with much more pleasantness  
for you have the spirit to loose  
it all in a moment of twisting  
about verbal sounds.



Love will be the fulfilment  
in the day when the clouds  
move away.

Where is the son of the man  
they call the Christ Jesus  
the Lord atoning a kind  
of peaceful resistance to  
no resistance whatsoever?

He is strolling on the battlements  
of Krak des Chevaliers waiting  
out the time in contemplation.

May He not take to waiting way  
too long or even longer still  
to contemplation for the blowing

out about is happening  
all out of sight.

Inspiration will make its noble  
entry on horseback bearing  
palms calling for the removal  
of the decayed skin.

Ground yourself in humanity  
and the tents of happiness will  
begin to erect themselves along  
by new living streams.

I am waiting no loner for the senses  
of heaven to wake up and know  
to see what is happening right  
at our doorstep.

Body to living death before death  
to living bodily can make  
the difference between fine silk  
and course yarn.

Where can I bring my mind into  
joyful confidence?

Already you are in much joy strong  
but you have forgotten  
what it is like to hold  
a flame to the wind.

No one can be in two places  
at three different times, can they?

I guess to not so to such  
a predicament.

Still, we will be the walking  
freshness of the new light.

## **Soliloquy 88**

11:26-11:41 ante meridiem, Martis, 31 Martius anno 2015

SAINTED monk holding in left  
hand towered castle to abbey  
enclosed; book in right in  
against stomach; prayerful  
monk on bended knees.

Door is opening into  
the future of the past.

Where to where for  
I cannot see it.

Open your eyes to the broadsheet  
of the cloudy sky and it will  
there reveal itself to you.

Watchful be to the bottom of  
the kettle boiling water  
for the thoughtful.

Bring about impossible to me  
that I may exchange it  
for possible.

Is not impossible meant  
to be impossible?

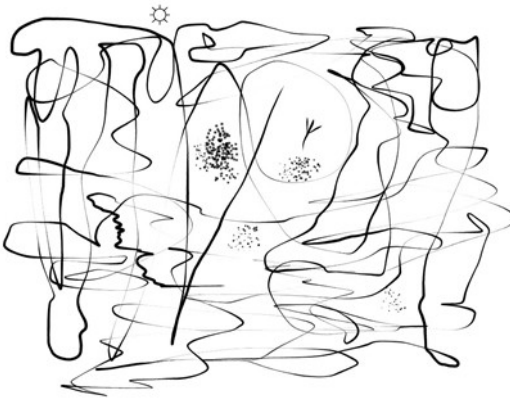
Only when the hens are not left  
to run between the tall oats.

Kindle the air to find the land  
to find the sea of worlds  
dancing along the shore.

Where is my coat of sleeveless  
pockets that I may be taking  
myself into the granary.

Many are the waters that  
flow under the bridges.

This is a true saying that is  
as obvious is it not as the fox  
running there over by the trees?  
I have a longing to drink  
from the Divine Fountain.  
Tasted it waters I did way back in  
the long of times coming ago.  
And what did it taste like?  
It was simply divinely divine.  
Let us fill to the Fountain of Life  
the corridors and the cells.  
Are you not finding your  
words with the out  
flowing of such words?  
Amazement swelters in  
the noonday heat.  
Nobody ever comes around  
anymore for the confessing  
of a multi of no good doings.  
Perhaps they have found to  
themselves another means for  
the telling of such things so.



Who knows when we  
can't find the secret.

What secret do you  
have in mindfulness?  
There is a vellum of knowledge  
hidden away in the near away  
from here, that someday to  
an hour will you find, and you  
with great joy will be at making  
such a precious discovery.  
Beauty to goodness but that is a fine  
purpose for the living  
of my hence to life.

## **Soliloquy 89**

3:23-3:32 post meridiem, Martis, 31 Martius anno 2015

HOLY Dove in full flight  
descending; gift of full  
amphora to His Holiness.  
Sweet is the bitterness  
of sugarcane all in  
the morning light  
to be resurrected.  
Desire I do to be  
beside myself.  
But are you not already  
beside yourself in this  
present voice speaking?  
You are right in full sight.  
Go to the sables and see  
to see if the foal is in  
making good strength.  
I have heard tell that solid

of foot is the beginning  
of many a journey.

Treasure to the cave in  
the mountainside but we must  
make haste in this afternoon  
before the waxing moon  
full fills itself.



Wisdom and knowledge  
are in the stir about fry  
of vegetables and corn  
to olive oil.

Cooking in the yard of no  
excess is the transformation  
of a mentality predisposed  
to safeguarding union.

Wonder to wonder what it is like  
in the season of new spring  
back on the sacred isle.

Glory to all goodness for it  
must be lovely; lovely and  
most pleasant.

Why the tears starting to roll?  
I don't know why to why but  
that which is in me of the isle

is at times pulling very strong.  
Then let the tears flow to river  
below for it is worthy to cry  
over beauty.  
In truth is stabilizing agony for  
faraway surroundings.  
Do you think tomorrow's  
coming will be anything  
like today's leaving?  
Matter to matter to scatter but  
not all that is visible is actually  
in existence without but more  
of to within.  
When will the snows of gentle  
summer days cause us to want  
to be no more in everlasting?  
Time is a catastrophe when it  
is given concrete representation.  
Continue in continuity of place  
and where can't we be with  
our best senses?  
Prefer I to more sensibility.  
Why not both to inclusive make?  
Inclusivity made.

## **Soliloquy 90**

8:00-8:10 ante meridiem, Mercurii, 1 Aprilis anno 2015

SAINTLY monk in blessing  
many; book in left hand  
holding low; other behind  
in observational attendance.

Early in the late of a new  
morning and the grasses  
are as high as the gable ends  
of the dormitory and kitchen.

What can we find to be  
the best of the best of doings  
in this world?

Who is to know that answer?

Great is the Creator of  
the pleasing that finds its rest  
in new commandments.

We don't need anymore  
commandments; sufficient  
it will be if we live according  
to those in given shape, form  
and length from the days of  
Ur-Nammu, Hammurabi,  
Eshnunna, Lipit-Ishtar, and  
to those folding and reshaping  
themselves in the laws of  
the Hittites, and the Assyrians,  
and to those of Moses chiselled  
out on Mount Sin I, indeed.

Let duty be to justice for  
I fear there is none talking  
in the hearts of peacemakers.

Hold to application now  
for where to why can't  
we fulfil the union of  
deplorable scatteredness?

Understanding the ways  
of the crows and the little  
birds will bring us into



an understanding of

the Great God the Almighty.  
How to so, for nowhere have  
I found this a way to be.  
Then practice is the art of  
liquid in the wellspring  
of eternity.  
Nowhere seems to be a place  
you greatly enjoy living come  
the night up of day down.  
Five loaves and two fishes  
can't be enough for I have  
seen them myself multiplied  
in the running streams  
of wheat fields.



Turn to wisdom and knowledge  
won't be very far behind  
with you keeping.  
This world is passing; passing  
it is into nothing becoming.  
How therefore in soreness of  
love can you say such a thing?  
If everything is not ending,  
including the world, then  
can we speak of it as being

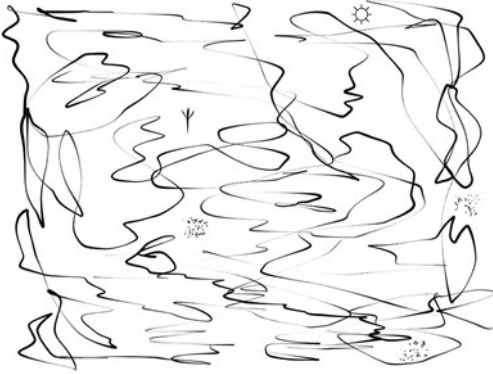
the world?  
How to imagine, but you have  
let yourself fall way too far  
under the sway thoughts of old.  
Come out of it before you will  
sink into oblivion, and be of  
no more goodness value.  
Build yourself anew for  
the partition between vastness  
and narrowness is solidifying  
itself into a crumbling kind  
of happiness.

## **Soliloquy 91**

9:39-9:49 ante meridiem, Mercurii, 1 Aprilis anno 2015

BISHOP be it abbot with  
eyes full closed laying  
in an arched entrance.  
Quintessential is  
the happiness that rolls in  
green grass of high summer.  
Missing wisdom floating  
in fragrances.  
Maybe you should take  
yourself to the slopes and  
there be with the love of  
gazing into the high of blue.  
Maybe to serenity I will so do,  
but what shall we say  
of the wisdom to love?  
We can say all that needs

to be said and we will only be  
beginning to say something.  
Are we not flowers of  
the solid seeds of the wind and  
rippled on pebbles of the shore?  
We are the glory welcoming  
itself down along the corridors  
and into the sacristy.



Who is to say that we are citizens  
of this world or of the next?  
Where is the next that I may  
go first visit it?  
Perhaps to knowing but maybe  
I might not like it; like it to be  
dwelling there for all eternity.  
Eternity is not as long as you  
think, and neither is it as short.  
Let us be of a wisdom full in  
the eyes of our stupidity for  
I am ready to be a heavenly  
place on earth.  
Purity of heart is in the baked  
loaf, is it not?  
Scent I do in the words that

of freshly baked bread.  
Is Jerusalem still located  
in the same place?  
Rumour to hearing has it,  
that it has moved.  
Moved; moved to whereabouts?  
About the outskirts of Babylon.  
Good to Lord Heavens what has  
it being over there again?  
Borders shorten when the elastic  
is over stretched.  
Last night I saw Eve's Adam  
in a dream, and he spoke to me.  
And what did he say to you?  
He spoke nothing audible for  
he was as if astonished at  
I being in his presence, and  
strolling away contentedly  
for myself among the flowers  
and trees.  
There are so many things that  
elevate themselves to  
the heavens of earth that it  
is all of getting harder  
to peer into the forests.

## **Soliloquy 92**

3:28-3:37 post meridiem, Mercurii, 1 Aprilis anno 2015

IN HONOREM B COLVMBANI  
EXVVIAS SANCTORVM  
Doing laundry in the pouring rain

is somewhat to strangeness insane,  
but to who do we need to be  
complaining, for after all to  
cleanliness is the soul of  
the friendship with the Lord  
of the Pristine Lake.  
Stand to the downing of the first  
leaves of autumn in  
the heart of winter.  
Where to can we be finding leaves  
in the heart of winter?  
There are trees that have no sense  
of season, and who grow,  
blossom, and fruit all in their  
own way to the day.  
Have we forgotten repentance  
or has penance forgotten us?  
We will to know soon enough  
with the splashing of the cowl  
in the flowing waters.  
Who shall we say commends  
us to the next in line?  
Are we in need of being  
recommended to anyone?  
I am sure we must be but  
assuredly there is no evidence  
to counter balance.  
Outward to the inward world  
is our calling, is it not?  
It is a calling to something  
according to the benevolent  
reckoning of truth.  
Wonderful, then let us take

ourselves to scenery in

the near far over way.  
Why to so to what to?



Was there in a dawn when I saw  
coming in over the sunrise,  
a triangle in full silence and in  
its underside three lights to its  
tips to one pulsating in the center.  
What do you mean to be saying?  
Was it one of the land or the sky?  
It was from nowhere I know to  
have ever seen, but to hugeness  
astonish was it well represented.  
Who knows but they have been  
coming in to ever closer.  
Let all things be with passing  
beyond all fundamentals, but  
truth is harder to know than  
hitherto thought possible.  
Gone are the things which  
elude us.  
Are we not ourselves given  
over to some form of illusion  
into confusion?  
We are who we are with lasting



love for the One who calls  
Himself by no other name than:  
I AM.  
Aren't we all?  
Difference to notice in  
the meaning of such  
transitory happenings.

## **Soliloquy 93**

8:07-8:17 ante meridiem, Iovis, 2 Aprilis anno 2015

PEWS facing the sacred  
burial mound; star in pillar  
brightly shinning.  
Long live the last of final  
hours coming in over  
the sideboard.  
Forward to round about  
for I can see the snows are  
melting in the down pipes.  
Glory be to springly goodness  
and light to love of this  
most beautiful of worlds!  
Hold on to that thinking  
way of thought and deception  
will be finding a resting  
place in your heart.  
Follow deceits and the receipts  
of love will be all cast  
to the wind.  
How to so to merciful is  
the Great God of the summits

about to rising?

We must take ourselves to  
fighting the dreams of illusions  
that persist in the backwardness  
of time to place.



I am tired of fighting that  
which is not meant for  
being fought to be.  
Smile and the world will be  
in danger of not becoming  
what it is, and you not meant  
what you are meant to be.  
What meaning to hereafter  
before us coming is  
the meaning of such  
an audacious word?  
Concern yourself you must  
with letting go of your love  
for this world.

Never!

For I do love this world with  
a heavenly intensity and joy.

Then, no monk to the God  
of Abraham are you.

I am who I am, and to no  
Abraham do I need to be  
walking in carefulness.  
Was he not to an interpretation  
to stonemasonry taken  
to outtake his son?  
Who to what kind of  
person am I to be giving  
bow to heel up to such  
a mentality, howsoever  
it may be an article of faith.  
True faith is the act of believing  
in the given beauty.  
The world is here and in  
the place of now, and so too  
to this have I myself aligned.  
Conquer yourself and you will  
be able to rid yourself of  
such a destructive deception.  
I have no need to be  
conquering myself for I am  
not my own self but am of  
the rivers, the fields,  
and the slopes.  
So to so you may say to say,  
but you will be finding  
yourself in the hottest place  
in the down under furnace.

## **Soliloquy 94**

9:31-9:41 ante meridiem, Iovis, 2 Aprilis anno 2015

SIX old to elderly monks

sitting in a row; above

them in wall blue orb.

Carnal lust waiting to burst.

What can I do with such

feelings crawling all over

my shoulders to my stomach

to my loins to the soles

of my feet?

We may die a bodily death

but there is a living of yet

to escape.

Where to howsoever is this

made to be true?

Daily we do die to living

and in the night we live

to dying.

Strangeness is in the capacity

to forget that all that has been

by you forgotten has not in

the eyes of God gone away.

Ponder on the only existence

that you have that you may have

eternal and heavenly things to

bring you into full happiness.

Notwithstanding, but I can't

breathe for a mountain of

heaviness is pressing me down!

Ah, see to see, that is what it is

like when you walk not in

the footsteps of the Baptist.  
Why to what should I walk  
in his footsteps?  
They are appearing in  
the foresight, so better it is  
to give them your  
compendious attention.



Where is hidden the carrot  
leaves that I may be with  
hiding myself in the forests  
of the garden?  
Let new news enter into  
the heart of your ears and  
the banquet will be able  
to get underway.  
I have a way of staying in  
the frost on the hottest of  
summer days; so where to  
what can I go?  
Human is the sight of  
the ear, so take to yourself  
the full miseries of  
the world, and great in  
heaven will be

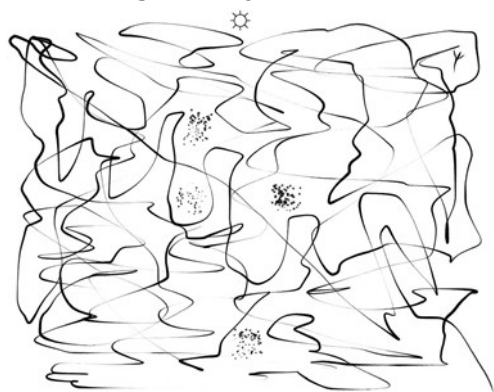
your standing.  
Let me to myself to  
    remoteness and being  
    undiscovered find my  
    unknownness.  
You must not walk too far  
    alone into the nights for if  
    you do you will appear  
    alone in the dawns.  
And is that not a great to  
    a good to a beautiful thing?  
Better you swelter in  
    the darkness of eve  
    before you cast your eyes  
    to the apple of all our  
    down falling.  
Have we not apples aplenty  
    in our luscious orchard?  
We have to be sure, but  
    who knows to which  
    is not for our taking;  
    is not for our consuming?

## **Soliloquy 95**

3:35-3:44 post meridiem, Iovis, 2 Aprilis anno 2015

ASCENDING peach to yellow  
    marble steps; wrought iron  
    gate to glass door closed.  
Slow before the rain comes  
    into the Holy of Holies.  
The sky is to bright blue

with wispy clouds; then,  
where to see you to rain?  
There are breadcrumbs on  
the floor; the mice will be  
having a tasty snack.



Don't you think the situations  
of all the worlds are nearing,  
if not already well within  
our borders?  
Have your hand on  
the sacred book, and fine we  
will be in deep contemplation.  
The truly good will never stay  
with patience with all  
the tragedies that are taking  
place in the name of nothing  
mattering in the long run.  
I have a purpose to the fan  
of the waterfalls in  
the deep mountains.  
Then, let us go into the mountains  
and there we can find everlasting  
going on to be recalling in  
blessed harmony.

Where will the fish go when all  
the waters are covered over with  
nets; entanglements of wrongly  
thought out ideas?

Rome has its days in the eye  
of its Vatican needle.

Perhaps they have themselves  
netted in their own ensnaring;  
what do you think?

You cannot know all that is  
taking place merely by a step  
of divine grace.

Why to so not?

Join yourself to yourself and  
you will begin to trust in  
the hope that is playing down  
along the cobblestones.

Gladly will I skip into  
the basement of no longer  
despair if I can but manage  
the fair weather friends  
that are about as seasonal  
as a dog falling asleep  
on the battlement of  
the upside down bridge below.

Who to what overturned it?

The battles of yesteryears  
are always with us; forever  
everywhere bringing down  
our finest constructions.

Is this not the way of  
our humankind?

No; no, our humankind



can be manifested greater.

## **Soliloquy 96**

4:03-4:13 post meridiem, Veneris, 3 Aprilis anno 2015

INCOMPLETE jigsaw story  
attached to blackboard.  
Spotted a golden hen  
in the hen run.  
No golden hens do we  
have in the middle of  
the garden community.  
I saw her myself and she  
was flying skywards.  
You must in sunlight  
have mistook her for  
a heron or a swan.  
Good, it is Good Friday.  
What is good about it?  
Our Lord and Saviour  
of the entire human race  
let Himself be taken up  
into the heights of  
a cross wedged into  
the Hill of Skulls.  
And what shall we think to  
say of all those of these days  
crucified in the lands of  
Syria, and further over but  
not so far apart in  
the land of Armenia?  
All in human confusion  
and misunderstanding.  
What to fright are you  
talking about?

Of a long ago on a so to  
be called Good Friday,  
was my worst of Fridays  
in my youthful eternity.

How to so why?

My lovely dog, Bobbie she  
died on that same afternoon;  
about that same hour.

I loved her for the years and  
I was but still to a child when  
she was taken in her over half  
barrelled shaped house;  
the place of her own where  
many the litter of lovely  
puppies she did loving rare, only  
for them to another barrel all  
ending before hardly beginning.

Unique are the sacrifices of  
the innocent in the eyes of  
the Most Merciful God.



What to what is in your saying?  
Let joyful willingness open  
our eyes to the given of  
our own time.

Shutting our eyes to what is  
happening in the near around  
while casting great visions  
and words aplenty to  
something in ancient past  
is not of the true love  
of our humankind.

See to see far into stillness for  
your heart is wrenching itself.  
How tough to marble baked is  
the ignorance of impenetrable  
nonsense.

Miserable are we not to be  
thinking along such lines  
of hurtfulness?

We are who we are when we  
aren't making any attempt to  
be raising ourselves to new  
heights of love.

## **Soliloquy 97**

7:35-7: 44 ante meridiem, Saturni, 4 Aprilis anno 2015

IVDAS MACHA BEVS

Three horsemen riding  
in unison with spears  
levelled out in front.

Most horrible of dreaming  
nights to pressing on  
my chest with untold  
awfulness.

What to whatever did you

let be taken your mind?  
I was in the common  
lavatory, and all of  
the spaces were mountained  
high with human excrement;  
all fungused around the bowls.  
And it was not as if it had  
been there a long length of  
duration time.  
Most pungent; most disgusting.  
Staggered away to the door.  
On the floor were to creeping  
all kinds of unknown to me  
insects and bugs; everywhere  
about the marbled floor were  
they crawling.



Falling out the door into the hall,  
and I was feeling freed.  
Woke drenched in sweat.  
Maybe it was something you ate;  
maybe you had too much heat  
in your coverings.  
Maybe it was none of such maybes;  
maybe it was what it was:

a warning that unless my world  
changes its ways such in such  
dreadful mountains will I be  
finding myself.

Let little be enough and all will  
be in goodness finding and more  
by you in safe keeping will be.

I am not in the better of that  
dreadful scene.

Take to reading from the gospels  
and you will be feeling to  
likeness in better.

Prefer not bed coverings to  
your mind; your mind  
to your soul.

Be of a strength worthy  
of our calling.

I don't know if I can to be  
anymore good to  
the community.

Kindness bring to your thoughts  
for come the mid-morning  
to mid-day you will be in fine  
thoughts keeping.

Go to the orchard and there  
scent in the glorious fragrances,  
and refreshed you will be.

## **Soliloquy 98**

3:53-4:02 post meridiem, Saturni, 4 Aprilis anno 2015

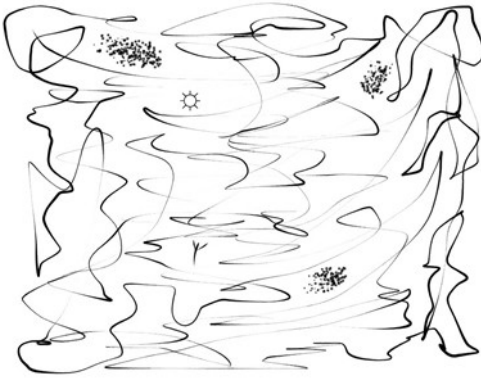
MOSAIC battle to battle

continuing to rattle.  
Death is at the pit  
of existence.  
Not to nothing are you now  
here place making reference.  
There is an exhaustion coming in  
the belfry that will follow itself  
about the cloister.  
Come to reason and faith will  
be finding cause for thoughtful  
thinking into the canals  
of Venice.  
All are to say to snow transitory  
in the slow, are they not?  
I can't tell to assurance that  
peacocks won't be standing  
on the balconies of infinity.  
The eternal makes the paint  
peel fall from the walls of  
near to close inspection.  
Treasure me to the future and  
my present to the past will be  
in the hearth of ancient  
prophetic visions.  
You are to returning not to  
meditating on the death of  
ourselves, for there to therein  
is held the cradle of  
emancipation.  
Do you to what am I in need of  
being emancipated?  
Is no existence, I heard tell the old  
saintly travellers from the sacred

isle to have said to



the new mown hay.  
This world is a pleasure passing  
out of our hands with we  
departing out the dark gate.  
No to faith it is not, for I am in  
the riches of my existence  
balanced to sanity finding  
insanity out of the back  
of eternal beyondness.



Have you not of late heard  
of unending time?  
I have heard of  
unending nothingness.  
Then, why never you  
to bringing up such  
obvious discourse?  
Matins is in my heart  
calling out to Lauds.  
Then, all to well being into  
becoming is the sweet  
honour of bitter glory unto  
the ages of never coming  
around to a second  
state of mind.

Gone are the battlement  
    clauses in the infernal cause;  
gone too are the sources of  
    confrontation to be needing  
    to give hurt or injury to anyone.  
Place yourself in the latest  
    of the past and where  
    can't we be not visiting?  
I am visiting the hollow  
    in the mountain.

## **Soliloquy 99**

3:26-3:35 post meridiem, Lunae, 6 Aprilis anno 2015

JIGSAWED mosaic in battle  
    still within mind vision.  
Charred is sandpaper of  
    the plate to the Ivory Gates.  
Let there be to peacefulness  
    the future of spiritual morality  
    to united and diverse heritages.  
Where to what wanting for  
    free human dignity  
    for all the world to see?  
Make freedom in the wavy  
    grasses of equality to be  
    honouring solidarity.  
What to what shall we say  
    of the handicapped  
    democracy?  
Place the heart of  
    the individual in the center

of all considerations, and  
who won't be left out?  
Remember to remembering  
a warm handshake of  
freedom to securing all  
justice in the preservation  
of all cultures.

Where to why what of  
the traditions of diversity?



Grand to stand there to be  
with identities in mingled  
movements to meandering in  
spring times of years all aplenty.

Balance me a service to  
the goods of the pantry to  
the capital to all happening  
with society progressing  
into scientific terrible  
technological manifestations.

Then, let the principle be  
to subsidiarity.

From the falling down of  
the great monarchies to  
the rolling in of the left

to right of Berchtesgaden  
placing heel to heaven with  
our best efforts, are we not  
in survival mode?

We are wherever we are with  
the Blessed Virgin to the Joan  
of the Ark to Mount Ararat.

Come; come for your tiredness  
out of love is bringing you  
down to the low lands of  
humanity in tears being afraid.

I have an overwhelming of times  
to ages drawn in fierce  
rumours notwithstanding  
breakfast in the dining hall.

Remember to recall, happiness  
in being just a landmass with  
no one having any mass  
on it at all.

## **Soliloquy 100**

8:10-8:20 ante meridiem, Martis, 7 Aprilis anno 2015

LEADING to curving staircase;  
mosaic floor on right behind  
spear to lance black railing.  
Sunshine in the light of  
the roof bringing a universe  
within view.

How to today is the goodness  
in you shaping itself?

This morning likes me to

smiling in lips but with heart  
still all to heaviness moving.

Yarmouk of Damascus is  
causing me to let go of not  
letting go of concern, compassion,  
and comfort for the innocent of  
entrapment.

And why what is my heart  
taking me to Baghdad of Iraq;  
to what can I say to the most  
miserable pain for all involved?

How to what can I not be  
with surprised unhappiness?

Let human dignity fight itself  
a right among all peoples of  
the world; to integrity must we  
move to forwardness.

Find me dignity in medicine  
and biology, and away from  
the swinging doors of eugenics  
keep well clear.

How to what is it your concern  
for is it not in the unfolding of  
ever renewed methods of  
making things human bodily  
and mindily better to be  
hailed and admired?

Yes of course to be true, but  
not when it comes with  
a salute and the clicking  
of jackboot heels.

Clone not the zoo into new  
beings; know well the fault of

the jumble in Shinar to have

been the wilful manipulation  
of sacred encoding.



Do not degrade or punish our  
humankind or all lifekind to any  
and all forms of tortuous  
procedures.

Slavery is here in incognito;  
human trafficking done  
well out of sight, so it is.

Why to why so are you letting  
to break your beautiful other  
to wisdom lyrical mind  
by such concerns?

I am who I am, and that am  
is of liberty to respect  
the rights of all to carry  
the human potential for  
greatness to ever reaching  
heights of greatness.

I am afraid to consequence  
but you are among  
the handful on that arduous  
journey to its fulfilment.

## **Soliloquy 101**

10:29-10:38 ante meridiem, Martis, 7 Aprilis anno 2015

BATTLE upside down;  
    flowers growing from  
    out of the wavy sky.  
Soft rain of sunshine  
    finding love in my heart  
    of nowhere to open to  
    the thoughtfulness of fear.  
I thought to be thinking  
    that no ear to fear  
    do you ever be giving.  
I have stood in midstream  
    and found welcoming  
    the excitement of  
    the flowing waters on its  
    way to the encouraging sea.  
Protection of the knowledge  
    of my knowing is a right  
    to the fight against  
    an open book for all to see  
    and to take from and then  
    to oft sailing away.  
Marry of man to woman;  
    woman to man, and of this  
    oneness found me a family  
    and you will have founded  
    the foundation and  
    the continuity of our  
    humankind.  
Let me to think to thought  
    with a freedom that must



not for granted be taken.  
Find me a conscience to be  
in the best interests of my  
religious beliefs and my  
thoughts thinking, and my  
right to left hand to mind  
to freely walk away from  
those religious beliefs  
and thoughts thinking; to  
walk away from an atheism,  
an agnosticism or away  
from any and all differences  
of belief to thought, if to  
so doing I am so inclined.



And to what have you to say to  
the freedom to conscientiously  
objecting to whatever is not  
to your liking?

I am a mind of a body; a body  
in the world and that body  
requires of me to think  
truthfully and morally.

Let to expression bring  
a mountain of freedom

but let not the freedom  
to word away be in  
anyway disrespectful of  
the believes and thoughts  
of others in difference  
keeping.

Peaceful be the assembly of  
your thoughts floating away  
with the wind over the lakes  
and fields of near coming to  
far reaching going away.

Merciful Good God of Blessed  
Foresight Fullness, but let there  
be peace for all on this  
lovely orb.

No need to be so unrealistic,  
is there?

## **Soliloquy 102**

8:08-8:18 ante meridiem, Mercurii, 8 Aprilis anno 2015

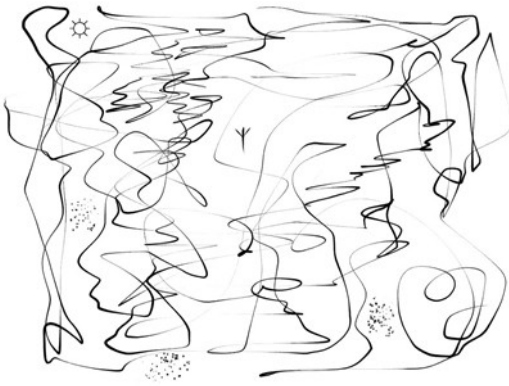
LENGTHY small animal moving  
away from corner; winged  
draco in the battle sky.

Find me a citizen of  
the pleasant green grass  
growing on the borders of  
the high rise slopes.

Make the plantation of  
recovery into a bed of  
spring onions.

Helpless to hapless but

the apple trees are putting  
forth green beginnings.  
On their way they are to  
blossoming to fruit forming  
to harvest yielding.  
Not all the academics have  
a freedom to be of their  
latent skills and  
thought findings.  
Kindred to kindred is  
the nepotism found even  
beneath a clear blue sky.  
Goodness to education  
bring and who to where  
will not there be brightness  
in the wellsprings  
of bright minds.



Parents to children;  
children to parents and who  
to whom must be their God  
to blessing given right  
to love and to be loved.  
Then, what shall we say of  
the various to diversified

convictions?  
Which to wherever convictions?  
The convictions of religions,  
of philosophies, and of broad  
to wide about pedagogical  
convictions.  
Woe to behold what to how did  
happen in the Garissa University?  
Left open were the front  
to side gates.  
What where to how is your  
implication in thought patterning  
taking you?  
Where to where were the sentinels  
of all peace and diligence?  
Nowhere to be seen though  
they knew to be known that  
the badness was already  
within, and of the over borders  
infiltrating away in  
the high noons of day.  
Youth obliterating youth!  
Who to what is left to create  
this kind of warped truth?  
Let me to work in  
the scriptorium for my mind  
to heart is sore heavy with  
all the let happenings  
in the world.  
Who to who is suffering but  
the innocent of everyday  
doing life.  
Join your thoughts to

equivalent loving in

the world to kingdom  
yet to come.  
I don't know to willingness  
if I can wait that long to see  
it coming into fruition.  
It will come, and you it  
will see, and filled with  
great gladness will you be.

## **Soliloquy 103**

3:07-3:17 post meridiem, Mercurii, 8 Aprilis anno 2015

FROM winding staircase  
see to near below  
the battling floor.  
Fragrance hovers over  
the shimmering wavy field  
waters of my mind.  
How to say to seeing  
you so?



I have in the covering of  
the last one to two to three

to almost four centuries  
been dwelling here in  
this honoured place  
by grace.

Lovely is this place; this  
place my home it be to  
nowhere else can compare.

Who to heaven is  
the property bequeath?

To no one as far to  
my ledger states.

What to then that of  
your possessions?

I have nothing to nothing  
at all, so why speak you to  
me of possessions?

You have the possession of  
your mind; your mind may  
very well be said to be  
an intellectual property, and  
that property belongs to you  
to hold for your well being.

Mind you to carefulness though,  
for there are those who would  
like to have it as their own.

No one to discomfort  
my mind shall possess.

There is the Convention of  
Geneva, I have heard hear tell,  
to be a place of goodness  
taking care.

Let us throw them all out and  
back to where they may to

wherever have come from.



Such is a sacred prohibition  
that may not be broken.

I know to this that but I am  
in dreaming wakefulness  
knowing that if they should  
come again to attempting  
over running, they will  
destroy everything of our  
cultural value; every sacred  
stone upon a stone will they  
bring to grounded dust  
and spread around.

No they won't to do such  
anything for theirs is a way  
of peace and absolute respect  
for the beliefs and cultures  
of all others from themselves  
in difference finding.

Where to which mildewed  
seeping rock have you been  
laying your head under?

If to so is the narrowness of  
your mind then best for you to  
follow after them in what to  
whatever attire you so desire.

Have you not been told that in  
the underlay of the Holy Grail  
all before it are found to be  
in equal blessedness, equal  
righteousness, and  
in full safety keeping?

## **Soliloquy 104**

2:18-3:28 post meridiem, Iovis, 9 Aprilis anno 2015

PAGE opened: MARTEDI

Dalla prima lettera di  
san Paolo apostolo  
ai Tessalonicesi

Terrible to awful is  
the waiting for the coming  
of the universal reign of peace.

You have been too much in  
the sun this day to be having  
such impatient thoughts.

I have been told that in  
the thoughts of many  
are walls of discrimination.

How to so to where can we  
bring down such confinings?

Prejudice is a most unpleasant  
thing, so it is.

Bring to respect for true  
cultural differences, and who  
can't walk in peace come  
the late of hours into  
the early dawn?

Let there be the soles to feet  
in the happiness that does not  
divide men from women;  
women from men.

How to what is this to be done?

Let us walk in the expression  
of our free thoughts freely as  
the hours of the sunlight day

long into the nights even longer.  
Consider the situation whereby  
there is no longer any happiness  
for the shepherd and shepherdess.  
If to the best interests of all  
children everything is taken  
into account, then fine will  
the world to date ever be.  
From the nostalgia for  
the future let us stroll into  
the past of long to longest  
ever ago.



Where to why to so for is not  
the present to here about into  
splendid beauty coming?  
It may to may be to anytime  
of the glorious prediction that  
is healing in the hearts of  
the lovers of Paradise.  
This to Paradise of which  
you speak, is it in the now  
to be stepped into or do we  
have to step out of the present  
to find it?

Yonder is the Belt of Venus  
and smoothness to my heart  
is it bringing.

Why to ever to why did you  
let yourself become a monk,  
for yours is the heart of  
a most romantic of lovers?

The day in spring keeping will  
be finding a way but not  
this time round, I think.

Hope and it will find you  
quite out of the blue.

## **Soliloquy 105**

8:17-8:27 ante meridiem, Veneris, 10 Aprilis anno 2015

POPE to cardinals to people;  
scroll rolled open for seeing.

Mind filling fullness is  
strolling in the garden.

Where to why?

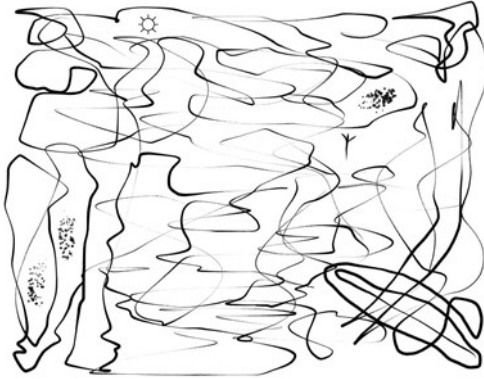
I know not what the sounds  
are in the belling belfry.

Maybe it has something to do  
with the second to third  
to fourth to fifth coming  
of the kingdom.

There are so my kingdoms  
about it is hard to know to  
the latest confusion who  
is in authentic reality.

Let there be personal to all

loving relationships, and  
independence creating  
livelihoods for the elderly  
to dignity meeting  
in great thoughts.  
What shall we say of  
your disabilities?



Many they are but not to  
so many as to outnumber  
my abilities.  
Hold to culture and  
integration, and  
the consultation will  
take place along the Tiber.  
So much to too much is left  
to take place along its banks.  
Can't we follow along by  
the waters of other great  
streamings?  
We can to suppose, and that  
would be levelled interesting.  
Interesting is life when it has  
time for negotiations in  
the very finest of

cultured company.

You cannot negotiate with  
a block of marble, though  
in marble surroundings  
it is possible as is it possible  
in a fragrant grove, though  
not with tree stumps.

Long for collective thought  
stimulations, and without  
interruption can the cows in  
the meadows enjoy chewing  
the cud.

All to goodness and in health,  
safety, and dignity will be  
the loveliness of our times  
to come in the past.

You speak to as much to the past  
of the future as to the future  
of the past; why to why is  
this tendency to be so?

There are dreamings in the rolling  
of sand dunes to the east of  
the Levant.

Friend to foe; foe to friend but  
can we enjoy peaceful hope  
in the times of resurrection?

Are we not resurrection  
to everyday people?

We are who we were and who  
we were is of our becoming.

Not to know nothing is the finest  
of relative oxymorons,  
don't you think?

I think to thought that happiness

is for those who know how  
to welcome it.

## **Soliloquy 106**

10:37-10:47 ante meridiem, Veneris, 10 Aprilis anno 2015

BOBBIO town centred about  
Bobbio monastery; hub to  
wheel within lovely ravine.  
Favourable are the hours  
that fade away into  
everlasting new days.  
Gone are the illusions to be  
confusing what is the family.  
Then, what shall we say of  
maternal to paternal  
ease of mind?  
Let there be all goodness  
brimming over for the makers  
of families, for theirs is  
a responsibility reaching  
far to ever further into the ages.  
I wish to reside in the first  
quarter of three happenings  
in the metal plain down over  
to the rising tides.  
I am with you, to having  
already lost you.  
When a house is built, let it  
be in freehold to those finding  
themselves without immediate  
means to secure an income



out of all the outcomes.  
No matter to excuse is  
the intellectual heritage of  
the beloved ancestral isle.  
Forever will it be rolling out  
the brightness as not to dazzle.



Those who dazzle are as eye  
burning bright snow in  
the faraway northern  
glaciers.  
Come do you down to common  
ground spreading itself into  
the confines of small minds.  
I am of a thread in golden  
thought that reaches all  
the way back to An Fealsamh.  
May it be that the day will  
come when any of his  
writings will come to light.  
That day in the hour feel I  
to be in the near coming.  
Have to hope to heart to mind  
no bother and such will to  
so be in well being.

Foreign is the exile within.  
More to was he an exile within  
    a world that saw him, save for  
    a few, to be but a shadow  
    floating among the groves and  
    along the hilly slopes.  
More to wispy clouds was he  
    in best company said many of  
    him when he was no longer  
    among them.  
Still to joy happening will be  
    the finding of such writings.  
May my eyes behold them for long  
    dwelling in my heart has been  
    his immeasurable thoughts.  
You will.

## **Soliloquy 107**

8:09-8:19 ante meridiem, Martis, 14 Aprilis anno 2015

BOBBIO in soft hues;  
    painting in loveliness  
    within full view.  
Crescent moon over in  
    the southeast; sun shinning  
    away in brightening up  
    its western face.  
Liking to goodness is  
    the feeling of this new day.  
See to starling in high bough  
    singing unto this the first  
    time of ever.

You are in lightness finding  
yourself this morn; how to  
so to come by?

It is in the seeing of a single  
white apple blossom in  
the bursting forth with red  
budding in the orchard.

Everyone to everyone is  
the kindness in love bringing  
preventive measures into  
the treasury of treatment that  
may to all stabilize the varying  
diseases caused by centuries of  
near sightedness.

Hear to listen to the bell calling  
us into the morning of  
countless yesterdays of praying.

Provide for the not provided for  
and we are walking in  
the footpaths of the gospels.

Find me the Constitution of  
our union that I may be  
an amendment to goodness.

Let the territorial cohesion  
between the states be in  
the style of the Psalms to  
the Canticle of Canticles.

High to low about must be  
the environment of clean  
to fresh air and bright to  
flowing streams to rivers  
to rolling seas.

Know you to know that

the right to a rightful vote

is a given right?  
No need to be living in fear  
to fright to terror.



Let each to everyone know that  
it is their right to stand for  
the highest to the lowest vocations  
in the land, if the call is in their  
heart to go into forth.

Let peace be in your heart as  
the grass to the breeze gives  
itself to be moved.

You are the next of insightfulness.

## **Soliloquy 108**

10:05-10:14 ante meridiem, Martis, 14 Aprilis anno 2015

COBBLESTONED center; either  
side concrete slabbed;  
remembering it being  
all grand cobbled.

Door to window to balcony  
recalling many the blessings

of tranquil days.  
Haven't you taken to yet saying  
the rosary along by the waters?



I am to tiredness in praying so  
much; all is to prayer to God,  
for God's sake.

Where to awhile is the notion  
of horses galloping passed  
the crystal salamander?

Where to where shall we reside  
when the coins have all faded  
into non recognition?

Let there be impartiality in  
the handling of affairs;  
let to fairness and in time  
reasonableness have  
all be resolved.

I have heard to hear tell read,  
that eating gooseberries in  
the wilderness is very good for  
seeing into the morrow of yesterday.

How to way to say did I not  
to know this?

Access to the secrets of

the everyday ages is not always  
found in the pages but in the eye  
and the spoken of the sages.  
Confidentiality slows to  
openness when greed is  
burning with gossiping ears.  
Perform reform and where  
to whichever in honour  
won't performance be  
dutifully performed?  
You make a case with the main  
gate over taking to swinging  
wide open.  
Longing to be with the headstones  
standing is not the way of the risen  
to see the sunrises in the broad fields.  
Clear to convenience is the spiritual  
causality of abstract vastness taking  
us into the higher elevations of  
the shimmering river valley below.  
Would that the herons would again  
be chatting with the swans; the swans  
with the hens, and the hens with me.  
Live to love living to life giving.  
Are you not the harp of the heart?  
I am to nowhere in musical  
composition in the wave position.  
Then, so to be so is the playfulness  
of blessings upon you in the side  
of never giving up on your fire  
to passionately live.  
Without this passion we would  
merely be bags of damp ashes

in motion, would we not?



## **Soliloquy 109**

2:53-3:03 post meridiem, Martis, 14 Aprilis anno 2015

PLACE be the waters flowing  
under the long ago  
bridge of today.

Medium to mind I am with  
believing all that is beautiful  
in the next to before lifetimes.

How many to ever  
have you lived?

There is the exception to  
the rule of order conceived in  
the playpen of old to ever  
old fashioned beliefs.

External naturalness is slowly  
finding its ways into the alpine.

Do you to mercy find fault  
forgiveness in the solitary  
wolf searching for  
no remembrance?

Reside freely and the day  
of infernal banking to  
the laughing stock of  
the generations next  
will come.

How to so coming is  
the next generation?

It is coming up through  
the wide open fielded corridors.

Then, shall we to diplomatic  
destiny let ourselves out by  
the side door, and be guaranteed

happiness ever after before?  
Let there be independence that  
we may conceal nothing to  
remain hidden.  
Sufficient will the hour to the day  
to the year and to the life be to  
rolling in soft luscious grass before  
the dawning of the carrying away.  
Where to where are we going?  
We are on our way to where  
we are, and that is the best of  
the best of places to be.  
Innocent to innocence is baking  
dough to hope in the kitchen.  
Let us to the kitchen corridor be  
that we may be taking in that  
like no other fragrance.  
So it to be so let us  
there to go.



Elegant is the sky lighting  
in its simplicity.  
Bring closeness into the dawn  
that we may be finding  
the evening easing itself

down the nearby slopes.  
Heavens to earths to beauty  
is the happiness of one who  
knows that not knowing  
the yet to be discovered is  
the finest of existences.  
May the day of a thousand  
graces be in the spaces that  
place faithfulness to truth at  
the heart of the matter.  
Wonder to wonderfulness  
but I think I see the future  
tomorrows in the wellspring.

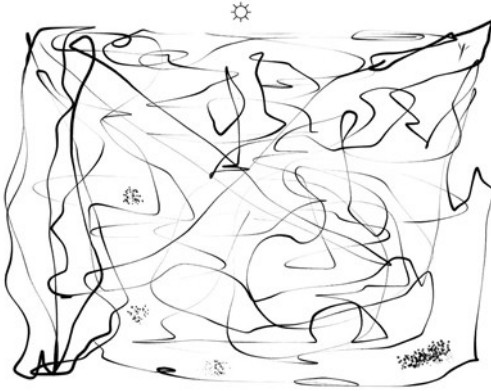
## **Soliloquy 110**

8:27-8:36 ante meridiem, Mercurii, 15 Aprilis anno 2015

WHITE statue on dark grey rock:  
Sant Antonio Maria Gianelli  
Vescovo di Bobbio  
Light in the night is a sign of  
delight to the coming new day.  
Fine are the comings and  
the goings of total strangers.  
Note to be in the principles  
of respect, decency, and dignity.  
Are these three not in sameness  
in meaning?  
Yes, but to different eyes and ears  
they may be accompanied by  
various to well-known nuances.  
Let us to observe the blessings

of the river in the sea, the sea  
in the clouds, and the clouds  
upon the land.

Where to what powers awaken  
a common enough emotion?



There are things beyond nearness  
which are not at all far near.

How to so is the essence of  
the calamity that finds  
itself in vexations?

Only the one who can make  
necessary the genuinely true  
can enter into the vernacular  
of the tabernacle.

Right to the relevant is  
the streaming in of witnesses  
from the ages on the triumph  
of goodness over not to so good.

Then, to what shall we say that  
is not to so good also of goodness;  
self-triumphing over self?

So to be so is the way of  
the extensive protection given  
to the believer when the cows

are all milked and returned  
to the pastures.  
Now to what becoming is your  
farming instinct?  
I am who I am in the turning  
of lifetimes.  
Great to traditions of harmony in  
the making of dancing steps to  
the sounds of lips to tapping  
glorious songs.  
I have a song that has not yet  
had its first day in the sun.  
Bring it into the cloister and  
there in softness of tone and  
joyfulness of heart let it be  
first heard by the birds  
of the air.  
These are the masters of song  
singing upon the wind.  
High to low charming is  
the fragrances of the wild  
to subtle gentle seasons.

## **Soliloquy 111**

3:31-3:40 post meridiem, Mercurii, 15 Aprilis anno 2015

TREBBIA flowing away between  
densely wooded slopes;  
road running parallel.  
Magnificent is the splendour  
of the ancient to modern  
over to future markings

on the Giza Plateau.  
Know to know that in  
ancient of old stands on  
the beloved isle the more of  
the unknown to be relied upon.  
Implementation of the secret  
password can unfold  
the unloading of the flying  
eye to wonder.  
Let the members be in a state  
of univision to agreement on  
the most fundamental  
of interpretations.  
Where to why to beginnings  
are your straying?  
I saw one of the tomcats half  
sideways strolling across the yard.  
Was it not to he being in the very  
best of health or due to his  
dedicated serving of  
the many and self?  
No one knows of the practices  
that went on here to way before  
the coming of my saintly namesake;  
but sure to sure it was not too  
much in unlikeness to our own  
way to the godly on high.  
Where to place is the explanation  
for such conjecture?  
The guidance is in the morning  
dew alighting along by the edges  
of near time to over time.  
Have we restricted ourselves or

have we been to restrictiveness

bound in oblivion?

There have been signs to seals  
to handshakes of kingly queens  
to queenly kings who have  
displayed as much to rights to  
fundamental freedoms.

It is nearing Vespers for  
the shadow of the hand is moving  
into the niche in the eastern wall.

I am afraid to nothing to fear but  
the monstrance has not been on  
display now for quite some time.



Maybe to just maybe it is lost in  
its own stationariness.

Long live the designated love of  
the fair wind that blows in  
from the northwest.

Why to why to so ever is  
the joy upon your brow?

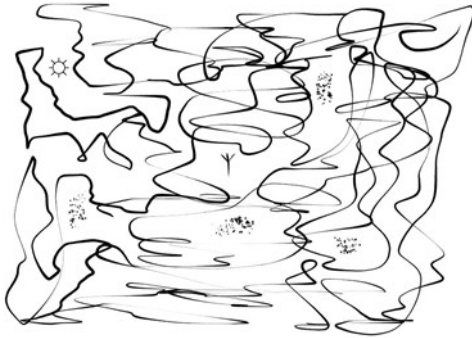


## **Soliloquy 112**

8:31-8:46 ante meridiem, Iovis, 16 Aprilis anno 2015

HIGH blue sky with wispies  
wispig away.

Thoughts are many in coming  
with remembrances of never  
having been yet very much so  
to a way to a way becoming.



Dance to the spring of eternal  
happiness for I am of  
the ancient isle descended, and  
of this equally ancient land here  
am I a proud son.

Glory be to be giving freely now  
my vexations all to the wind.

Blessed be the divine in  
the divinity of my prayer  
filling heart.

How to so to new blessings is  
this day finding you in such  
joyfulness and ease?

There are happenings in

the garden, in the orchard,  
in the fields, and in the crevices  
of the cloister walls that bring  
from me tears of joy to ecstasy.  
Hail to the beauty that is of  
this lovely place.  
Gate to the garden to the chapel  
to the kitchen to the dormitory  
are some of my favourite places.  
And where to where is the first?  
It is the cloister to the library  
leading off into the scriptorium.  
Is there any an earthly man who  
wouldn't find peace of mind to  
rising serenity in such a place?  
No to matter to everlasting what  
is the hour of being blessed with  
memories in abundance of  
the sincerities who have dwelt in  
this scared monastery down through  
the hundreds to hundreds of years.  
Is there anything left to you wishing?  
My only wish to wish would be  
that in a time of someplace I may  
let my eyes behold a text  
of An Fealsamh: say a collection  
of sayings by him dating from  
that of his own day.  
Would that I could read  
his words in their original.  
Merciful to joyfulness but that  
will be within possibility.  
How to so?

Though long have been the long

lasting hours you have spent in  
the library, have you ever  
opened up the mantelpiece?  
Why to so to what, but  
mantelpieces don't open up.  
Go there at the dawning of  
the new now, and slid to slot thrice  
by two and it will open up to you.  
There within discover you will  
a single binding long in centuries:  
a two in one Gaeilge to Latin  
manuscript containing words  
profound originated, spoken, and  
quilled by your beloved An Fealsamh.  
How to goodness could such  
a text be in my nearness all  
this long to lengthy while, and  
I being unaware of its existence?  
But for this time were you not  
ready for it; now to heavens and  
earths you are to finding wide  
open mindedness.  
Be in joy; be in joy.  
And to surprise and wonder  
be at discovering who its  
eminent interpreter be.  
O of this fragrant cloister  
with its lucid bell sounding  
and welcoming alpine to river  
surrounding; of this lovely  
town and commune with its  
cordial citizenry and happy  
visitors, will I, by the Grace

of the Most High, delight  
in remaining for the ever  
and the ever more!

## THE MANTELPIECE MANUSCRIPTS

12:38-5:42 post meridiem, Iovis, 16 Aprilis anno 2015

I am hearing him read something; simultaneously interpret in English a Latin text. There is a lovely continuous flow of delightfulness and lyricism in his voice.

And this is his contemporary interpretation of the text:

Here within in my own hand is a humble interpretation from Gaeilge into Latin of a collection of prophetic aphorisms formulated, spoken, and written by An Fealsamh - a fourth century anno Domini pagan Irish philosopher and seer of the natural kind whose mind; whose all-inclusive way of thinking have I long privately admired, though not always in agreement am I with his views. In addition to his magnum opus he wrote a number of other short works like this one. But this is the only one that came into my hand. From Ireland did I secretly bring it with me all those years ago. Maybe it is a bit too late for me now, seeing that my days on Earth are almost over, but I would surely love to browse through his magnum opus. Natheless, I am most thankful that I have even one of his works to hand.

1 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge just doesn't happen; it is dependent upon our efforts.

2 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that life is recounted both with knowledge and ignorance; recounted by the learned and the illiterate.

3 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know we were born to be knowledgeable; born to teach ourselves to know, and to let ourselves be taught how to know.

4 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that being satisfied with ignorance; with our own ignorance cannot be an acceptable option.

5 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you provide yourself with knowledge of what it means to be a truly noble human being.

6 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be happy progenitors of goodness; active seekers of knowledge of goodness.

7 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you in living enjoy the fruits of learning. The enjoyment of learning is for the living.

8 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there is no time either in the past or in the future that is better and more lasting than this given moment.

9 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek knowledge of goodness; in goodness will you be.

10 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that if being born learned were common to everyone, then who wouldn't be learned? Learning has to be acquired.

11 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you culture yourself with the knowledge found in the book: Nature.

12 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek the path of acquiring the kind of knowledge that is being day-nightly presented to you by Nature.

13 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you guide your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions along a path leading to goodness.

14 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let the fields, rivers, trees, deserts, and high blue sky cheer for you: the seeker of their knowledge.



15 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that better than worrying; better than complaining or praying all day long over something, is to go and gain some knowledge on how best to deal with it.

16 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know it is better to learn something about something than not.

17 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek knowledge even if you haven't a book in your dwelling. Seek knowledge.

18 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let the seeking of knowledge be a responsibility that you place upon yourself.

19 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge of Nature to be a treasure house; a key to It being observation.

20 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be remaining not contented with your own ignorance; you will overturn it.

21 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you being knowledgeable of how to bring about a greater peace in the world, will share it with the world.

22 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your ignorant self likes to put down your knowledgeable self, for to remain ignorant is a whole lot easier.

23 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you put yourself in the presence of knowledgeable people.

24 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you reflectively observe Nature. You won't be going around as if you can't see It.

25 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek from Nature knowledge on how to benefit goodness.

26 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be both a seeker of knowledge and one sought for knowledge.

27 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that not seeking knowledge is not an option.

28 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you understand the knowledge you seek.

29 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that to learn one thing about yourself will be better than learning a hundred things about world affairs.

30 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you culture yourself to be a learned person.

31 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you differentiate what is right from what is not right; what is superlative from what is trashy.

32 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you live in goodness; be well versed in goodness.

33 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be a nobler person than you were in days of your recent before.

34 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that for a healthy person to be letting themselves be deficient in intellect is a disgrace.

35 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you again encourage a friend to believe in themselves. This time it will make all the difference.

36 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you teach by your words, and guide by your example.

37 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you remember that the past only exists in your memory; the present is memory making of the future.

38 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you make known what needs to be made known; what needs for the time being to be concealed you will conceal.

39 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you share a piece of knowledge you received from your grandparents on how to respect everyone and everything.

40 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you call on Nature, and be Nature in goodness; goodness in thought, intention, silence, word, and action.

41 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be like Nature; a generous book of wisdom: open-paged for the seekers of wisdom.

42 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you in word and action give guidance on goodness to someone.

43 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you go observe; go learn something from Nature, and in your sharing of such knowledge will you be most generous.

44 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you truly live according to your acquired knowledge of goodness.

45 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know days to be terrestrial places. Wholeheartedly you will enter them.

46 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your knowledge of goodness reach beyond yourself.

47 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be the greatest provider of knowledge: freely giving, and not asking anything in return.

48 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the knowledge you have to be both for you and others. Keep it not all for yourself.

49 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you beware of ignorant, arrogant, egoistic leaders; such as them who claim to know what is morally right.

50 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you avoid making any decision without knowledge.

51 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know if you misguide yourself, others will by you be misguided.

52 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you acquire some knowledge on what it means to be a great of an age person. This knowledge generously share.

53 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that speaking words of wisdom and truth makes you an activist of the highest order.

54 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you learn how to be a marvellous presence to your family; to your community, country, and the world.

55 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that doing yesterday's work today is not yesterday's but today's. Live the day; do the day.

56 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you make a greater friendship with Nature.

57 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be goodness, and teach goodness. Even the butterflies of the fields will be pleased with you for doing so.

58 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you when you come across a beautiful tradition, willingly share it with the world.

59 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be open to good advice, and it into action put.

60 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you quickly welcome and receive good words; straightaway the rest reject.



61 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you send yourself as a teacher of goodness out into your world.

62 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your words be like soft Irish summer rain.

63 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your words be like sage and thyme.

64 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your words be fragrant.

65 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you flock your ideas together as do swallows high in the sky; as butterflies in a garden.

66 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you irrigate the parched world with your refreshing words.

67 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you grow your words of wisdom, and well being in depths of soil or in niches in walls.

68 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there are hearts in the world that have been without rain for decades. Rain goodness their way.

69 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you benefit your family, community, country, and the world with your knowledge of goodness.

70 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that your striving towards goodness to be of a similitude to doing good.

71 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that to be is to be knowledgeable, honourable, and generous.

72 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you generously give of your knowledge. Of your financial wealth will you spend freely for the health of those long in suffering.

73 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your actions be a worthy heritage for tomorrow; for next week, next month, next year, and for the ever coming next centuries.

74 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you observe, listen and learn from Nature. This knowledge will you willingly share in word and way.

75 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you enjoy learning something about another culture; another religion, and atheism in a broad sense.

76 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you translate into action something you recently learnt on how to be a more wonderful person.

77 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be patient. Even the birds of the air and the fishes of the waters will to you be most grateful.

78 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you share with your beloved a wise saying once spoken to you by a grandparent or some elderly neighbour.

79 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that a learned person to be one who delights in observing and listening to Nature.

80 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be a human sun: giving light, warmth, and life to your family, community, country, and the world.

81 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that your goodness; your

presence gives light not alone to future ages but also to those past.

82 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your search for knowledge take you so far that by the end of the day you can no longer see the distant hills of the morning.

83 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you enjoy searching for knowledge of goodness; enjoy acquiring it, and enjoy reflectively studying it.

84 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge to be with you when you are still; when you are journeying, and when you are sleeping.

85 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your heart be refreshed by today's knowledge; yesterday's was for yesterday.

86 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let acquiring knowledge of Nature come quite naturally to you.

87 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you fast your mind from all forms of distractions; enriching it you will with knowledge on how to live in goodness.

88 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that religious knowledge can't compete with that knowledge which is greater: knowledge of Nature.

89 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you try and understand more fully what the words 'serenity', 'wisdom', and 'excellence' mean.

90 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek out and speak forth words of quality and beauty.

91 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek to understand why having knowledge of goodness is better by far than having none at all.

92 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be precious; know all living things to be precious.

93 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that everything has its own intrinsic value. Find and appreciate such values.

94 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you appreciate that an intrinsic value of knowledge is noble.

95 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that without a monetary value gold is as any other stone found on a hillside or in a riverbed.

96 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge to be precious for its own sake. Nobler human beings can walk the Earth, and travel the Universe.

97 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you maintain a healthy body for by doing so all activities of the day can be more easily accomplished.

98 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the 'hereafter' to be always of places; for instance: place morning, place noon, eve, or night.

99 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there to be no place you can be in which Nature isn't close to you; that you aren't close to Nature.

100 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you anticipate you will get great pleasure in the acquisition of knowledge concerning a subject dear to your heart.

101 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that your happiness consists in knowing Nature. The more of It you know the happier you will be.

102 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your knowledge be a good influence in your surroundings. Its ripples will extend wide and far.

103 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that sectarian wars to be a desecration of religion; an indignity to humanity. Be knowledgeable.

104 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that peace in your heart;

peace in the world will only come about by peace filling thoughts and activities.

105 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge of goodness to be as necessary for you as air is for your lungs.

106 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you go discover what is fundamental to your life; what is helpful, what is supplementary.



107 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you will peaceful habitation for neighbours in the world who have fallen out over religious differences.

108 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that experienced and expert individuals in the ways of goodness are necessary in governance.

109 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you decide what of your life you will make internationally public; what you will keep totally private.

110 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be your own administrator over the public and private matters of your own life.

111 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you stay out of the private matters of others. Sufficient it will be for you to take good care of your own.

112 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you administrate well the matter of your own religious and political views. Don't let them get out of hand.

113 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you realise that it is possible even with the little you have that you are living a privileged way of life.

114 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that your thoughts and aspirations though shaped somewhat differently are common to all people.

115 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you willingly and generously diffuse

your knowledge of goodness. The world will greatly be in need of it.

116 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you reflect on your natural qualities.

117 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know hereafters to be places of Nature. Observe and listen to Nature for It is the pathway to them.

118 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know time to be a misplaced designation for place. Discover 'today' to be a place of Nature.

119 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you see and know how bright your intellect to be.

120 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that next to your heart your intellect is your greatest attribute. Use it for the well being of the world.

121 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you become aware that you are in the presence of Nature; that of Nature you are. Be a presence of Nature.

122 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you when sharing your knowledge of goodness be willing it to extend way beyond the eyes of your readers; way beyond the ears of your listeners.

123 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that your knowledge of worlds inclusive of and beyond theism, atheism, and agnosticism to be away by far more valuable than rhodium.

124 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that sharing your knowledge of Nature will restore serenity to troubled minds; bring comfort to heavy hearts.

125 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you guide yourself towards Nature. Leave behind all those entanglements of the mind sustained by ignorance.

126 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be your noblest self: be walking in the presence of Nature.

127 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you practise your eyes to observe Nature; your ears to hear It.

128 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that you don't need any intermediary between you and Nature.

129 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek knowledge of Nature. Make it obligatory on yourself to seek such learning.

130 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek to understand Nature, and the attributes of Nature.

131 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge to be of one kind; namely that of Nature.

132 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature is all that there is. Grow in your knowledge of Nature.

133 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek to discover whether or not Nature requires us humans to have a religion or not to have a religion.

134 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that ever has it been known that Nature generously gives of its knowledge to all who seek it.

135 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek for inner meanings; deeper meanings into the things that you have always claimed to know well.

136 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you place your complete trust in Nature.

137 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there will be circumstances and new events that will make you question what it means to be a human being.

138 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that letting yourself

remain in a state of comfortable ignorance is no longer an acceptable way to be.

139 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you restrain yourself from giving into your ignorance of the dreadful things that are taking place in the world.

140 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be of great generosity, calm passion, and courteously presenting a favourable opinion of yourself.

141 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that every thought you have will either be connected or not connected with religion.

142 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that religious teachings don't fall out of the air or on the morning haze come floating in along.

143 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you decide clearly what is good for you to know, and what definitely is not good for you to know.

144 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you explore and discover the primary source for the way you continue to look at the world.

145 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you read from Nature as if It were a book; a marvellous book containing all that you will need to know for today.

146 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that you are your own eyes to see, your own ears to hear, mind to think, and heart to heart.

147 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the literal meaning of anything is just that, the literal.

148 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you have your mind be in a good

place when you need to make a decision about anything.

149 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the activities of the world are not your affair per se, yet they could turn out very much to be.

150 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you become aware of what you have entrusted to theism, atheism or agnosticism.



151 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that to acquire a deeper knowledge of Nature requires that you know the language of Nature.

152 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know not to be content with being illiterate when it comes to the language of Nature. Culture yourself to know it.

153 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you with knowing the language of Nature be a harmony-maker in the family, community, country, and the world.

154 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you reflectively read any passage from any sacred scripture to discover what it speaks of for your day.

155 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you ask why the innocent are being oppressed, persecuted, and deprived of life.

156 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that there is nothing more worldly than ignorance; being knowledgeable comes in a distant second. Turn this about.

157 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be in no doubt about the fast rising levels of religious ignorance, atheistic arrogance, and agnostic indifference in the world.

158 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the morning is the fertile seed ground of the afternoon. Sow in it seeds of goodness.

159 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let goodness grow in your heart

and mind; its blossoms, fragrances, and fruit  
enrich all that you do.

160 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near  
and far away*, will you know Nature to be the  
foundation of your knowledge; that knowledge to  
be what keeps you natural.

161 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and  
far away*, will you know that the government of a  
state must not be held captive by theistic, atheistic  
or agnostic sects.

162 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the government of a state belongs to its people; its people to Nature.

163 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be on your guard for strands of knowledge that brand ignorance into the hearts and minds of the innocent.

164 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the day to be a place; a region in which you are journeying. In it journey safely with serenity of heart.

165 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be qualified to give goodness. Generously give it with gratitude and joy.

166 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you avoid intruders upon your thoughts, and you intruding upon the thoughts of others.

167 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you not remain silent when you happen upon something archaic that degrades your age of humanity.

168 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you shine bright the light of your heart.

169 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you though you hear or read of some happening, will verify its truthfulness with at least two other sources.

170 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you express in your own way your opinions regarding what is being let happen in

lands that in your day will be called Syria, Iraq,  
and Nigeria.

171 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near  
and far away*, will you not be remaining silent: not  
be continuing to confine your opinions on things  
you know to be wrong.

172 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and  
far away*, will you actively remove some more of  
those self-imposed limitations you placed between  
you and inclusive thinking.

173 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the primary activity of Nature will be the revealing of Itself. Culture yourself to interpret It.

174 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that knowledge of revelations of Nature will come the night provide you with a contented sleep.

175 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature reveals Itself according to your present ability to observe, listen, and consider.

176 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be in your family, community, country, and the world that certain sage who lives and speaks wisdom.

177 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that to know Nature is to be as Nature is: keeping hidden knowledge hidden until ready to be revealed.

178 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you try and break the addiction of constantly feeling the need to know what the latest tragic happening is in the world.

179 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you give up persisting in doing things that you know in your heart bring not alone hurt to others but also to yourself.

180 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you can acquire knowledge of Nature: attain secrets of the ways of the land, sea and sky.

181 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there will be no place you

will be in which you won't be in the neighbourhood of Nature.

182 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let the light of last night's most distant stars be with you to enlighten your nearest thoughts.

183 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that there is nothing impure about today. Its pure sun shines upon its pure earth, and upon its pure humanity.

184 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you understand something as if for the first time, though you have oft heard it spoken of before.

185 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that eternity is not of time but of place; time if anything being merely an attribute of place.

186 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that there is no place in which no change isn't taking place. You are a place.

187 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you ask yourself why you are becoming more and more unmoved by what humanity is inflicting on humanity.

188 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that there are no such things as mere examples; no coincidences. Everything carries meaning.

189 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that there is a goodness coming that no eye has ever seen, no ear heard, and no heart conceived.

190 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be a significant reality, a brilliant attribute, and a wondrous pattern of Nature.

191 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that having secret knowledge of Nature and sacred knowledge of Nature to be one and the same.

192 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the appearance of a

golden light in the mind is as the sun rising over the land or the waters.

193 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you mirror into your inner world floating wispy clouds, rustling fragrant wheat fields, and flowing streams.

194 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know indifference to be a significant impediment to you acquiring profounder knowledge of Nature.



195 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let go of frivolous desires, and of waste-of-time passions. With a passion desire knowledge of Nature.

196 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you face the truth that continued indifference to indifference won't last indefinitely without a third war of three breaking in to be.

197 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that you won't find anything written in any book on that which you personally are observing today in Nature.

198 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the experience of acquiring some knowledge of Nature will be like unto you a gift of Nature.

199 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the flower you were observing in your garden yesterday is not the same one there today; neither are you.

200 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that though you may be observing Nature, you may not be grasping its guidance. Be of a welcoming heart.

201 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you walk in the presence of Nature: stroll your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions in Nature's harmony.

202 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be the exclusive fountainhead of all goodness and truth. There is no place where Nature isn't.

203 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you ask yourself why are there so

many religions in the world; why so many atheists;  
why so many agnostics.

204 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near  
and far away*, will you know that those who are  
walking in the presence of Nature are not in the  
millions, thousands or hundreds, but in the  
handful.

205 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and  
far away*, will you know that what is happening  
with religions is not religious. Egoistic hegemony it  
is in discernible disguise.

206 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you avoid incorporating subtle intricacies into your sincerity. Purely be sincere.

207 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you descend from the highways of hand-me-down religions to stroll with original thinkers along lanes and through fields and groves.

208 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you ask not yourself how am I going to get something done. Simply apply hand over hand to it and done it will be.

209 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you though sit at an office desk or on a park bench recline, remember your roots to be of a nomadic lifestyle.

210 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that though you may not find answers to your questions in religion or science, you will them find in Nature.

211 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your thoughts be as lively waterfalls; your words them there below refreshing pools.

212 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you will speak both exoterically and esoterically. Howsoever of the two, speak more esoterically.

213 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you when leaving your dwelling for the workings of the day, have your intentions be in the company of Nature.

214 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you acquire first some knowledge of

Nature and then knowledge of anything else.  
Always begin a day with Nature.

215 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that trying to acquire profound knowledge of Nature with either a religious, atheistic or agnostic stance to be a lost cause.

216 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know philosophically to be the most natural and pleasurable way to interpret Nature.

217 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there is no book of guidance more intimate than Nature. To the iota can It day-nightly be trusted.

218 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you narrate to someone the life of a summer's flower: from its seedling right up to your very hour.

219 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature-fearing to be the most unnatural thing in the world. Respectful of Its power to be wisdom.

220 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your pleasure be in attentively observing, listening, and interpreting Nature's guidance.

221 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you prefer strolling in Nature's pure transparency to staying put in the murky clarity of religion and science.

222 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you not in any shape or form help advance the cause of ignorance masquerading itself as an honourable judge.

223 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your sun of goodness and knowledge shine forth: your knowledge of good be in your every word and step.

224 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you broadcast not the atrocities committed by the ignorant as news items but rather as murder obituaries.

225 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you examine anew some of your

habits as to see if they are truly worthy of your continued affiliation.

226 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your enrichment to be your willingness and effort to acquire knowledge of goodness: knowledge of Nature.

227 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you place your trust in Nature.  
Confidently place all of your trust in Nature.

228 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you lavishly deposit goodness in intention, word, and act in your family; in your community, country, and the world.

229 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you only accordingly do as you did yesterday, if what you were doing yesterday was of goodness.

230 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you walk in truth by telling the truth, and when you hear a lie being told give it not a foothold.

231 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be concerned over the important matter of life: shifting from ignorance based goodness to knowledge based.

232 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you converse little with others on how best to live life more honourably. Simply be more honourable.

233 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know others will know you to possess esoteric knowledge of Nature simply from your presence in their midst.

234 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that reading Nature is not like reading say a human-written sacred book. It has no first or last chapters.

235 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that however many times you gaze up over n' around at the wispy blue summer skies, they will always appear new.

236 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you recite verses from the Great

Book of Poetic Philosophy: Nature. 'A fragrant wheat field rustling in the breeze.'

237 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know procrastination to be of human making. Look see no place in Nature is it to be found. It let go and abound.

238 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the serenity of Nature to be with you; with you to be serene. Be serene.



239 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you appear before Nature with open hands; return you will with them overflowing with goodness.

240 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you go erect a momentary tent of thought in your golden be it green or snowy desert. Therein as a hermit well dwell.

241 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know generosity to be the essence of Nature. Be the essence of Nature: generously distributing goodness.

242 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know in Nature there is nothing that is insignificant for Nature is significance.

243 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there is no place where Nature isn't; no place in which It isn't alive: isn't living. Be a living life.

244 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the hills and valleys, the running waters, and the shifting sands to be Nature but visible to your eyes; audible to your ears.

245 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you send your gaze to wispy white clouds in a lovely summer sky; float effortlessly your thoughts along on high.

246 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you dwell but in one place; one world though it is spoken of as being three different worlds: prior, this, next.

247 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you with knowing Nature to be the exclusive source of goodness, in goodness will you be. Be goodness.

248 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know indifference to Nature to be preventing you from having deep down high up wide and about serenity and joy.

249 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the notion of 'perfection' as applied to Nature to reflect an extraordinary narrowness in thought.

250 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you search to see if you will for limits of Nature; searching all day you will, but not one will you find.

251 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you adopt complete trust in Nature for your guidance; joyfully entertaining goodness in all your affairs.

252 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you recognize and meet Nature as if for the very first time. Be you will be, sublime.

253 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know having deep knowledge of theisms, atheisms, and agnosticisms to be incomparable to having knowledge of Nature.

254 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that with trusting in Nature, your heart will become serene; your mind illumined.

255 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you not let your thoughts be interrupted by those who place all their trust in theisms, atheisms or agnosticisms.

256 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know serenity of heart to be by way of acquiring knowledge of Nature; this knowledge by way of patience.

257 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you feel a depth of pleasure to be looking at the flowers in your garden, yet more pleasurable it will be if you observe them.

258 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you adorn yourself with qualities of

goodness as you would your body with beautiful attire.

259 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature does not separate from us come dawn come eve. Don't be trying to separate yourself from Nature.

260 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you take time to narrate to someone a beautiful tradition told to you by a grandparent or an elderly neighbour.

261 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be the soil, you the plant; your thoughts buds, intentions blossoms, words fragrances, and actions fruit.

262 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge of Nature to be as the night sky: wondrously dark; as the sun in summer days: brilliantly bright.

263 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you avoid all arguments about religion, atheisms, and agnosticisms. No benefit is there to be had by such contention.

264 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know any thought-package be it political, religious or scientific requiring compulsion, merely to be happy slavery.

265 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there is no book more sacred; more alive, and more edifying than Nature. Confidently you can follow It.

266 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be a goodness tradition of Nature; a fragrant tradition in your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions.

267 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know difference of opinion to be as rain falling momentarily upon the sea. See then to therein the lovely harmony.

268 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you find yourself having a preference for some beautiful place. For that place be you beautiful.

269 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you say to a hill or stream 'O how beautiful you are,' and feel them you will to be presents to you from Nature.

270 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you by gratitude and joy honour the goodness: the good guidance you will receive from Nature.

271 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature contains you; contains you as a narrative among myriads of narratives. You are a story of Nature.

272 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that should words you speak cause even the slightest harm to others you will speak them not.

273 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature everywhere to be a wondrous self-originator. Accordingly a wondrous self-originator be.

274 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you look to the places of the rising of the stars; seem they to be far but nearer they are than the gables of your dwelling.

275 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the sun and moon to be in the palms of your hands; the stars and galaxies away in your lungs.

276 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that happenings of place tomorrow are indicated by place today's causes. Observe indications.

277 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you culture yourself to have ideas of the wondrous ways of Nature. Depth to ideas will come with sowing sky seeds.

278 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you remain silent and still; still and silent as if sitting on a hill overlooking a meandering rill.

279 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know oppression by certain leaders to be a way of life; faith in religion a fashion, and non-trust in Nature the norm.

280 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the sun, moon, stars, and

galaxies to be as much of Nature as are the valleys, hills, fields, and streams about.

281 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be as much of Nature as are the valleys, hills, fields, streams, sun, moon, stars, and galaxies.

282 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know guesswork, conjecture, and ignorance to be longstanding acquaintances. Trouble they be all told.



283 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you enjoy learning something trivial, something important, something subtle, and something fundamental.

284 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let go of complaining about how much you don't know of Nature. Be in the know.

285 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you feel the pulse of Nature from your own wrists; Its rhythmic beat from your palm held up to your ear.

286 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that too long have you been seeking refuge in religions. Knowledge of Nature is all you need to live joyfully.

287 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that no harm ever comes from Nature to those who have acquired knowledge of the ways of Nature.

288 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that harm always comes from Nature to those who are ignorant of the ways of Nature. Ignorance creates harm.

289 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that theists, atheists, and agnostics have changed and given Nature meanings all of their own. Follow them not.

290 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you vision not your eyes nor lend not your ears to excessive debates. In excessive debates do not participate.

291 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you give attention to what is in your

sitting room; in your study-studio and garden. That garden be it but a window box.

292 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that certain words used in days of yore contained a certain religious lore. In days of now is no more.

293 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that you are everywhere on the natural path to the here everywhere after; enjoy the journeying.

294 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know if you believe in anything that involves the domination of fear over your heart, then you are enslaved. Be free.

295 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that saints are rarely experts in religion; supposed experts in religion even more rarely saints.

296 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you have a heart; an understanding heart. Have it be for all to see brimming over with serenity.

297 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the time is coming when humanity will have well done with theistic, atheistic and agnostic ideas.

298 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there to be no greater people in a community, country, and the world than those who trust in Nature the most.

299 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you not deprive anyone of the beauty of Nature nor cause anyone to discard Nature in favour of something else.

300 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be in the presence of Nature. From dawns to eves eves to dawns are you in the company of Nature.

301 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you understand Nature not in parts: not as being so many different objects such as trees, hills, and streams, but as wholeness.

302 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature does not require

you to worship It. Nature is not some kind of religion. Nature is Nature.

303 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that all things come from Nature. There is no coming of all things from anywhere else. Rely on Nature.

304 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the Nature you see is only that: the Nature you see. Illimitably more there is to Nature than we can see.

305 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be all that is; nothing moreover is there.

306 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you entrust all your concerns to Nature. Leave no room to divert your attention to any other matter except to Nature.

307 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know monotheism, polytheism, atheism, and agnosticism to have no application when it comes to Nature.

308 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you turn your heart towards the rising sun. Your face with it be smiling throughout the day.

309 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the direction of the rising sun to be a direction of Nature. Then face and be sublimely awed.

310 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there is no direction you can turn your face towards that won't have you turned towards Nature.

311 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you greatly enjoy speaking poetically of Nature, and this is wonderful. Be howsoever occasionally aware: excessive poetics could subtly lead astray from Nature. Remain a Nature-grounded poet.

312 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you have Nature be the exclusive source of your wisdom: the wisdom of Nature according to Nature.

313 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that though you consider yourself Nature-learned, you are not being so by remaining silent on abhorrence.

314 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you follow well Nature: everywhere think, intent, say, and do good, for goodness is the well being of Nature.

315 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the path of the ancient sages: know no sage or path there to be more ancient than Nature. Follow this path.

316 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your knowledge of Nature vanishes not; diffused as seeds it is throughout the valleys and hills of your mind.

317 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you it begin with a few good thoughts; it carry through with a few more, and come the eve you will have many.

318 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be more endangered by muddled theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas than It is by any chemicals.

319 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that one true follower of Nature in the midst of many followers of broken religions to be a light for humanity.

320 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that all religions are admirable up to a certain point, but that beyond that they are highly criticisable.

321 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that all religions are admirable for the way they can call people to look beyond themselves.

322 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that all religions are criticisable for the way they substitute deities or a beyond of all deities for Nature.

323 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that all atheistic and agnostic ideas are admirable up to a certain point, but that beyond that they are highly criticisable.

324 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that all atheistic and

agnostic ideas are admirable for their call to go beyond religions and outworn narratives.

325 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that all atheistic and agnostic ideas are criticisable for the way they substitute reason for Nature.

326 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that acquiring knowledge of Nature to be admirably beneficial up to and beyond any and all points.



327 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you come to know some attributes of Nature: of Its ever changing ways. You are of those ways and attributes.

328 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be with remembrances of place yesterday; presence of place today, and foreknowledge of place tomorrow.

329 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know a day to be a place; a place you are visiting. All your yester and morrow days are places of your visitation.

330 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be shoreless for It is not an ocean. Know It to be edgeless for It is not a land or space mass.

331 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the day is stretching all about you. You are in the day, and so is everyone and everything.

332 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that following Nature does not require renunciation of the world. In the world you follow Nature.

333 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let go of your theistic; be they atheistic or agnostic ideas as you would the sounds of swallows in a high blue sky.

334 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that acquiring knowledge of Nature requires effort. Observe the bees, and listen to the birds.

335 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you give attention first to your heart,

then to your senses; the mind being one of them,  
and then to the land, waters, and sky.

336 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near  
and far away*, will you engage not your eyes to look  
at the barbarity of the ignorant or your ears to  
listen to their absurd rationale.

337 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and  
far away*, will you have nothing to do with  
argumentations and disputations over intricate  
questions of religion. Follow Nature.

338 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be a presence of Nature: a follower who neither walks behind nor runs ahead.

339 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know it is time for humanity to discontinue letting itself be guided by theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas.

340 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your ability to independently interpret Nature to be as natural to you as a bird's ability to alight on a twig.

341 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be presenting you with actual today situations; not with tomorrow situations. Live place today.

342 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your interpreting of Nature to be a private activity; privacy being more suitable for clear thinking.

343 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you when you see; when you feel the sun shining to you through trees, be with interpreting its goodness privately.

344 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let yourself find Nature; let yourself be found by Nature.

345 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you admit that it was a huge mistake for humanity to turn away from Nature. See to society what is the result.

346 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you give up endlessly and pointlessly

arguing in favour of one or no religion over another and none. Follow Nature.

347 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas create disputes; such disputes can become wars; wars they prolong.

348 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you translate your knowledge of Nature in words, and actions: fragrant dewdrops of which will put out wars.

349 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know war to be hypocrisy played out on a grand scale of untold indignities: the maker of more of the same.

350 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that ruining yourself you will ruin others. Give up on ruination of any kind, even as far as your thoughts and intentions go.

351 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know following Nature to be itself cleanliness and goodness. No need is there therefore to be founding religions.

352 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature reveals not Its secrets of knowledge to your hearts through theistic, atheistic or agnostic ideas.

353 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature reveals Its secrets of knowledge to your hearts through natural surroundings.

354 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know it is best to be of no religions; no atheistic or agnostic sects, but if you are, lost you are not, just not found.

355 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature will give you knowledge of Itself in measure and accordance to your willingness to receive it.

356 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you willingly entrust to Nature the paths of all your concerns; joyfully accept Its guidance as the land does the morning sun.

357 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that having a religion or none is akin to having your own opinion. To follow Nature put aside your own opinions.

358 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you claiming not to have known of the atrocities taking place in your own day, cause come a day, a great dismay.

359 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you pay no attention to those who say: nothing at all there is we can do today concerning the inhumanities of far away.

360 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you walk in the guidance of Nature. Be It receiving according to your capacity, your effort, and experiences.

361 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you acquire knowledge of Nature to open passageways leading beyond the sights and sounds of not knowing.

362 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you if finding yourself to be of the mind that you can know everything about Nature, then quickly return to your pillow, and again wake up.

363 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you ask not what is the goal of acquiring knowledge of Nature, for it is quite obvious: to know Nature. You are of Nature.

364 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge of Nature to be transmittable to future generations. A light for the generations your light will be.

365 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the highest and the noblest of all your efforts to be, to know Nature.

366 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you look to on high to observe in clouds portraits of ancient followers of Nature. Keen to ear listen to their wisdom.

367 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you read Nature as if It were a scroll: a living word speaking unto a living heart.

368 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that were you to drink in every theistic, atheistic, and agnostic idea ever known, your thirst wouldn't be eased.



369 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you follow Nature. No thirst in the senses will you feel, no hunger in the heart experience, for in you Nature will be.

370 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that acquiring knowledge of Nature is not another branch of your learning, as say, another branch of science.

371 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know any branch of science or any one religion not to be a guide to acquiring knowledge of Nature.

372 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know any branch of science or any one religion merely to be a guide to acquiring knowledge of science and religion.

373 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you whether you dwell in city, town, village or in the countryside be in the company of Nature.

374 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you argue neither with the believer nor the unbeliever over religion. Stay clear of such word entanglements.

375 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there to be no ranking when it comes to acquiring knowledge of Nature. Of Nature you are always a companion.

376 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that a day to be a place. Enjoy being in this place: enjoy observing and listening to Nature.

377 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that knowing Nature not to be a goal of your life, rather it to be your life.

378 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you journey your thoughts into the far away; knowing that into the far away will feel closer to you than you hitherto thought.

379 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be a happy journeyer: a dweller in a golden sandy desert or a lush green desert or upon deserts of wavy blue or glistening white snow or way out into the gemmed starry heavens of night.

380 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you look to observe, observe to reflect, and with reflection the goodness do. Up it will be to you.

381 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature will delight in revealing Itself to you; delight too It will in keeping from you many secret essences.

382 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be of great wealth of mind: producing profound ideas; storing them; using them for yourself, and sharing them with others.

383 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you acquire knowledge of Nature. In accordance with that knowledge be.

384 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be as the sun: self-illuming and self-warming, and to others giving of your warmth and light.

385 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be a once in an age musk: your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions be pleasurably fragrant.

386 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature is to you like the sky is to the land; the land to the sky: harmony thereby.

387 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your words and actions not to be solely for the sake of the world of your today, but also for the worlds of up the way.

388 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you absent yourself awhile from this world: enjoying journeying in nowhere come round. Returning you will full sound.

389 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know to be a place for you to be on your mighty journey. Know time if anything to be a misnomer of hearsay see.

390 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that those who walk in the company of Nature to be companions of each other: companions of Nature.

391 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature not to be your master; you not to be Its servant. That is not how your relationship is defined.

392 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know it not to be necessary; not even desirable, that you should reveal to the world all of your knowledge of Nature.

393 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature everywhere to be both open out in the hidden, and hidden out in the open.

394 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature drapes between you and Itself a veil of finely shimmering wonderment. Enjoy the view of see through.

395 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you respect as being most natural every individual's desire to think for themselves and to live accordingly.

396 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature will always be beyond the capacity of your understanding. Grow your understanding.

397 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you accept that the understanding

you have of Nature will not immediately be understood by others.

398 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you will carry about in your heart secrets of Nature for which to tell of them you will have no suitable words.

399 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you are not meant to tell all of your knowledge of Nature to whosoever, for among whosever are manipulators.

400 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that unless people can rightly handle your secrets: your knowledge of Nature, refrain from sharing it.

401 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that wondrous knowledge: secrets of Nature are for whatever reasons never ever to be entrusted to wrong hands.

402 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that it is your well being and pleasure to share secrets of Nature with those who know how to respectfully treat them.

403 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know many are they who are knowledgeable of sciences, theologies, philosophies, and politics; few of Nature.

404 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature never to contradict Itself; Its actions never contrary to what It reveals.

405 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be everywhere enjoining goodness to everything; enjoining goodness to you in abundance.

406 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be not of the ways of the theist, the atheist or the agnostic. Everywhere will you solely be of Nature's way.

407 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know theistic, atheistic, and agnostic ideas to be very satisfying to minds contented with misleads and misleading.

408 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know over there yesterday, here

today, and there over tomorrow to be places of the same place; time to be a redundancy.

409 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be not overly surprised that so-called religious ones are acting irreligiously; atheists and agnostics unbecomingly.

410 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you in following Nature never be misguided.



411 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature will never perplex you, for perplexity is not of Nature.

412 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that you know you have knowledge of Nature. Accordingly live so.

413 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there to be a vast difference between being knowledgeable of everything under the sun, and knowing Nature.

414 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know those who claim to have knowledge of Nature, and yet know not that they don't have; you from them stay away.

415 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know many are they; way too numerous to count are they, who follow anything in lieu of Nature.

416 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you yourself with goodness be fully accustomed. And into whose midst you will speak of goodness will they be convinced.

417 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be a learned person of Nature. Great will be your serenity and joy, and humanity will be full filling itself of goodness.

418 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there is nothing that isn't significant in Nature; no knowledge of Nature that isn't precious.

419 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you by round the way know that the further east; be it west, north or south you travel

from any starting point, the closer to that point you are reaching.

420 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the happiness and sadness of this day is not a passing away; it is the sadness and happiness of this day.

421 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the happiness and sadness of the world of this day is not a passing away; it is of this rolling away day.

422 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature does not have a that world, a this world or a next world; Nature is and that is all there is to It.

423 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that those who align themselves with the notion: that all things are passing away, don't know Nature.

424 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that those who align themselves with the notion: that all things are returning to nothing, don't know Nature.

425 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let be those who believe in hereafters: paradises of something or of nothing at all. You are a follower of Nature.

426 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that with Nature you are everywhere in and of Nature. Concern yourself not with those who will say you are far away.

427 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that knowledge of Nature is sought by way of observing, listening, and reflecting. Insights coming gradually.

428 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you frequent not the longstanding palaces of scientific, religious, philosophical or political ideas. With Nature stay.

429 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you persist in the pathways of Nature: in Nature's guidance. Your journey to the sunset will be most enjoyable.

430 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that seeking and acquiring

knowledge of Nature to be always a pleasure. No greater a pleasure come know there to be.

431 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that getting to know Nature to be your own fulfilment, for nothing besides does it leave you wanting.

432 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature will constantly be revealing aspects of Itself to you. To be able to receive, ready yourself anew.

433 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you when following Nature prefer observing to looking; listening to speaking. Know in silence there to be wisdom.

434 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that excessively guarding your knowledge of Nature shows you don't understand Nature. Share the knowledge.

435 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you if an objection is raised against you: against your knowledge of Nature, be clear with your reply. Less said more said.

436 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you willing share your knowledge of Nature with all who are willing to listen and are eager to make it their own.

437 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you narrate on the ways of Nature as you know them. You will seek out, quote, and give life anew to those stored in ancient days.

438 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that even if you were to fill the valleys high up reaching to the sky with words on Nature, you would have said little.

439 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you call yourself away from doubting Nature to trusting Nature. Anything in lieu of Nature have it nothing with you at all to do.

440 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions be the same. Have them not be different from each other.

441 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you with observing Nature knowledge receive. To It listen and you will learn.

442 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you walk with giving good advice. The first doer of that good advice be.

443 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your knowledge of Nature finds its fulfilment in your thoughts, intentions, silences, words, and actions. Be according to your learning.

444 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature doesn't make errors; errors only appear when either your observing or listening or both aren't true to form.

445 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know numerous they to be those who are addicted day nightly to the love of religion. With them your knowledge of Nature share.

446 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know numerous they to be those who are addicted day nightly to the love of anything but religion, save not Nature. With these also share your knowledge.

447 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you with following Nature know yourself to be a bright guiding light for all to see; a fragrance sublime: a refreshing fountain of wisdom.

448 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you with knowing that you are already putting into action the knowledge you have acquired from Nature, and that as such you can happily acquire from It some more.

449 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you not be waiting till you first acquire mountains of knowledge of Nature before putting it into practice. With every pebble put it into practice.

450 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let go of your endless searching for guidance in misconceptions: in religions, philosophies, sciences, and politics. Let Nature your guidance be.

451 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you direct your life according as you read Nature.

452 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know days to be worlds. The next world is tomorrow. Live in the world in which you find yourself; taking care of itself will be the next world.



453 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you avoid any and all kinds of learning that bring with it well established track records of either subtle or blatant subjugation of its learners.

454 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that there are no outlandish things to be found when it comes to knowledge of Nature.

455 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you joyfully know yourself ever to be of Nature: from Nature never have you been separated, and assuredly ever from It separated never will be.

456 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be goodness, and this goodness nowhere not to be. Your good way; good words, and good deeds everywhere accompanying you.

457 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that your goodness with you will not end; your goodness as with Nature's goodness will ever last.

458 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature sustains you. All you ever had, have, and ever will have comes not from anywhere other than from Nature.

459 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you have no foe save you yourself when hesitating to be in the know. Being in the know to be of the knowledge of Nature know.

460 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek your livelihood with

grace and honour, and in goodness trusting all the while.

461 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be fully sufficient for you. On It completely rely.

462 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that Nature will prosper you; prosper you with an abundance of goodness. Ready yourself to receive the goodness of Nature.

463 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that you can find great words on goodness in sacred texts of old.

464 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek and acquire knowledge of Nature in the day worlds: of world yesterday, of world today, and of the next world, namely world tomorrow.

465 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek and acquire knowledge of Nature in the night worlds: of world last night, of world tonight, and of the next world, namely world tomorrow night.

466 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the day and night worlds not to be separate from each other. One world they are which save for ease of expression are spoken of as if being two.

467 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you engage in acquiring, one observation at a time, a wealth of knowledge of Nature.

468 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know though Nature presents in abundances receive you them in moderation. Satisfied abundantly with enough of everything will you be.

469 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know come what may yourself to be a guest of the day, and a guest of the night: Nature's invite.

470 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know the condition of the dwelling place of a learned person to be in

accordance with their understanding of elegant simplicity and age-old functionality.

471 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your mind be like unto a beautiful palace; spacious carpets on its floors, tapestries on its walls, and all about fragrant transparent screens of thought.

472 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know a person to be receiving their learning solely from Nature by their joyful willingness to generously share their knowledge with you.

473 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that following Nature doesn't require you to renunciate the world: to hide away from society, for society your following enriches.

474 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that if after ninety and two years you are still searching for a way to follow Nature it means you haven't yet opened your eyes and ears. Them open.

475 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you not overlook the ignorance of anyone, for ignorance has oft well proved itself to be the ruler of a family; of a village, country, and even the world.

476 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you with encountering ignorance walk not away without first having said or done something that shows the following of Nature to be the way to be.

477 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that whether you dwell in a palace or in a chalet; in a tent or in a spaceship you are dwelling in Nature, for no place is there where Nature isn't.

478 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you initiate narratives that don't include making hasty judgements.

479 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that using unbecoming

language throughout your life creates a fondness in you for it which in old age will be difficult to give up. Speak becomingly.

480 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you put on fine words as you would fine clothes; eat delicious thoughts as you would delicious foods, and your mind give rest as you would your head upon a soft pillow lay.

481 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know in Nature you are everywhere in the assembly of knowledge. From distant places will come those needing to hear of your learning.

482 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that should you keep yourself distant from ruling authorities: avoiding their company; greatly pleased will they be. Too much avoid them not; neither not too close to them make yourself.

483 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you succinctly give your good advices to the unjust, and then walk away for to delay, dally, and stay would only bring to you harm in some way.

484 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know no grandeurs; no poverties there to be that could possibly make you believe the seeking of knowledge of Nature to be an insignificant activity.

485 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know being a sage in a green desert to be no different from being one in a desert of golden sand, for high inspiration is everywhere to hand.

486 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your relationship to Nature not to be that of allegiance, fealty or fidelity, but of loyalty. Loyalty defines the relationship.

487 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know your arrival was expected. Long ever before you came to be, existed there an anticipation that you would be.

488 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you think not, intent not, silent not, say not, and nothing do that is not true you. True you know to be a companion of Nature.

489 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know there are those who are of the calamitous view that existence is a lifeless thing; yes, and that in its surround, and in proportion to, ought we to live our lives. Have nothing with them to do.



490 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature hurries not nor tarries not; everything happens at its own natural pace.

491 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know only you are fully endowed with the ability to appropriately interpret the ways of Nature as they apply to you in the given place.

492 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know learning to have but a single source; that single source Nature know to be.

493 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you with receiving a question on your understanding of Nature, first take time to pause, and only then reply. Giving extemporaneous opinions know not to be for you.

494 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know, that having to reply: 'I don't know' on some particular aspect of Nature shows your honesty to be great. Know not knowing also to be a knowing.

495 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know nothing there to be more formidable to the ignorant than for you to both silently and verbally to manifest your knowledge of Nature.

496 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you when you speak on Nature won't over say: will only speak what is sufficient; only what is necessary.

497 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know strolling in either fragrant groves or in bustling marketplaces to be

the very best of places to be; for you see, nowhere in Nature you are not.

498 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you find yourself saying to yourself 'I don't know Nature' far more often than saying 'I know Nature'. This know to be quite natural.

499 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you when requested to express an opinion on Nature, shy not away; give it true play in a concise way.

500 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you need not be with any nostalgia for the days of old: for the places of the great learned ones. Nature is as here for you as It was here for them.

501 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you seek not guidance for your life in this day: in this place called a day from any other days long gone by except from Nature as It is in this place being. Your guidance is Nature.

502 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that while hurriedly giving an answer brings sound out of silence it also shows you to be unlearned. Being learned your answers will take time.

503 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you read from the living book: Nature. From your findings build ordinary and extraordinary ideas.

504 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your conversations with Nature be personal, and more often than not let them be in secret, for otherwise misunderstanding of you could well ensue.

505 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know you are to be first and foremost a learned person for yourself, and only then for others.

506 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you have your mind be as a great river of refreshing thoughts floating to the

sea; benefiting in so many different ways  
humanity.

507 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you cover your mind away, yet stay not too far away, for in some way the day will be in need of your: 'We belonging to Nature ...' kind of say.

508 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that with growing in knowledge of Nature your loquacity will subside to a natural level and pace; your words more fragrant and mellifluous will be.

509 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that even if you could ask tens of thousands of people; no myriads, even everyone: 'What is Nature?' no one will have your answer.

510 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that even if you could in their original language read every sacred religious, atheistic or agnostic book ever written, it would not to be sufficient for revealing secrets of Nature.

511 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that even if you could in their original language read every sacred religious, atheistic or agnostic books ever written, it would be sufficient solely for revealing secrets of human nature.

512 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know secrets of Nature not to be the same as secrets of human nature, though the secrets of human nature of the secrets of Nature be.

513 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know inspiration, and imagination to be keys to Nature: fountainheads of secret knowledge.

514 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you having entrusted to your heart yesterday's knowledge of Nature move beyond to here, for ready you need to be to receive Its new day bountifulness.

515 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge to be everywhere about; readily available for you to access. Being say in the presence of a tree, an ant, a fly or a bumblebee you are in the presence of knowledge see.

516 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know knowledge there to be in the high blue sky, and deep blue sea; in the starry heavens, and in the early morning dew upon the fields and desert tracts.

517 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you say not: 'O knowledge of Nature way too far you are from me to be able to acquire you; need I someone to bring you to me.' Know knowledge of Nature to be in your heart.

518 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that without travelling to far away golden deserts; crossing wavy oceans deep or the starry heavens wide, you can of them have a certain knowledge. Howsoever, this knowledge know to be not of the facts and figures kind.

519 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you not lock up your knowledge of Nature in your heart. Willingly it share.

520 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let your eyes be for Nature with to see; your ears with It to hear, and your tongue with It to speak.

521 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know Nature to be replete with subtle mysteries, and of them one yourself know to be.

522 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that you will never receive anything other than goodness from Nature, for Nature has nothing to give other than goodness. Nature is goodness.

523 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know yourself to be of three kinds simultaneously: you are learned; you are on your way to being learned, and you are of little or no learning at all.

524 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you let not your thoughts be

swayed by every passing social, political or religious wind of change. Steady stay your way you will with Nature's way.

525 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know having good health to be better than having in depth knowledge of Nature; knowledge of Nature better than intellectual wealth; intellectual wealth better than intellectual destitution.



526 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you wonder on this true to life form: that while an abundance of knowledge of Nature will be available very few will try to avail of it.

527 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you be known as a trusted seeker of knowledge of Nature; a once upon a place trusted truth seeker who generously gave and continues to give of such knowledge.

528 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know scepticism to be unacceptable when it comes to following Nature.

529 ¶ Of a today ~ *coming in over the near and far away*, will you know that the preservation and cultivation of narrow mind sets down through the rolling centuries has amounted in no small measure to the establishment of all kinds of religions, ideologies, and misconceptions.

Interpretation completed Sunday 1st January,  
Year of Our Lord 615, Hermitage of Coli  
ABBAS COLVMBANVS

My Saint Colombano, your Latin is eloquent;  
your handwriting exquisite. Multas gratias tibi ago.

My Beloved An Fealsamh, you have made my  
today of todays. Go raibh míle maith agat.



His voice is evanescing into a dulcet bell  
announcing the nearing of Vespers.

The melodious echoes of the rippling waters upon the shore are gently nudging me into wakefulness.

The sun is still softly shining upon me by way of floating white clouds. There is a breeze now blowing from out of the southeast; before I fell asleep there had been one blowing from out of the northwest.

The bay is as lovely if not even lovelier than before I dozed off.

My mobile reads 12:27. I had only been out for about ten minutes.

I was dreaming of something; something most wonderful, but it is not ready to replay itself for me just right now. Driving home in Serenity it surely will for such is the customary way of my mind.

Had I been back in time; had I stayed in the present or had I perhaps even gone on over into the future?



## Author biography

Richard Mc Sweeney (Risteárd Mac Suibhne) who was born in the summer of 1955 is a lyrical self-originating Irish Philosopher of the natural kind; a happy nuptial hermit of the beautiful green desert isle of Éire.

His ability to culture creative independence is well established with the self-publication of ten books: *Bradawn Yeats*, *Visitant Eve*, *A Green Desert Father*, *Bridging Al-Serenities*, *Unto Lineage Royal*, *Innkeeper's Fire*, *Hearing in the Write*, *Generations Reaching*, *A Jesus of Nazareth*, and *Myriam of Lebanon*.

The closing two decades of the last century saw him teaching and studying in the Far East and the Middle East respectively. He has a Masters in Chinese Taoist Philosophy from Seoul National University which he gained through the mediums of Korean and Classical Chinese. He also has a BA in Korean Language & Literature from Kyunggi University in Seoul. He has Diploma in Philosophy & Arts from Saint Patrick's College in Maynooth. He returned to his native isle in June 2001.

Before going overseas he had spent four years as a Catholic seminarian with the Missionary Society of Saint Columban in Dalgan Park, Navan, County Meath which included a further two years of studies in the Republic of Korea.

While living in the beautiful cities of Jeddah in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, and Sharjah in the United Arab Emirates: countries predominantly ruled by Quranic Law (Sharia Law), he took the privileged opportunity to self-teach himself everything he could about the *Holy Qur'an*. He reflectively read English translations of the sacred text, and various commentaries on it. He read Imam Muhammad al-Bukhari's entire Hadith Collection, and Imam Abu-Hamid Al-Gazzali's *The Revival of the Religious Sciences* (Ihya Ulum-id-din) as well as a variety of books on Sharia Law. He also read Sheikh Ahmed Hoosen

Deedat's *The Choice*, and attended two public lectures on comparative religious given by Dr Zakir Naik. And while he found the readings and the lectures to have been both intellectually and spiritually enriching, the life of yielding as represented and presented in the *Holy Qur'an*, Its Law, and the Hadiths were clearly not for him. He preferred instead to continue on self-culturing himself in the way of yielding as proposed in the writings of the Chinese Taoist philosophers: in Lao-tzu's *Tao Te Ching*, and Chuang-tzu's *The Chuang-tzu*. In his opinion, life naturally is all about yielding but what form that yielding takes will determine how dignifiedly; how nobly, passionately and

joyfully we live life as well as help facilitate others to live accordingly.

He has always been very conscious of the many difficulties; great sacrifices, and even persecution that his own Irish people had to endure down through the centuries in order to keep the Christian faith alive. When he considers the terrible things that are happening around the world to so many, but in particular to Christians in countries such as Syria, Libya, Nigeria, and Pakistan, he indeed feels very heavy at heart.

Being of an Irish European Christian spiritual interweaving, he is instinctively inclined to be on the lookout for a certain variety of historical threat to its existence. Not alone is he concerned for European architecture, art, and music but more importantly for its laws and constitutions. For instance, the *Treaty establishing a Constitution for Europe*, and *Bunreacht na hÉireann*. When he thinks of such beloved and precious places as Abbazia di San Colombano in Bobbio, Piazza San Marco in Venice, Trevi Fountain, The Vatican, The Parthenon, St. John's Co-Cathedral in Valleta, The Louvre, The State Hermitage, Mont-St-Michel, Canterbury Cathedral, Stonehenge, Melrose Abbey, Skara Brae, Cnoc Mellerí, Leaba Chaillí, Sceilig Mhichíl, Cluain Mhic Nóis, and Brú na Bóinne, to name but a few, he cannot help but feel a little bit more than anxious.

While he may be said on one level to be writing for his own time, his main focus however is on creating a worthy cache of philosophical literature of the natural kind for future generations. He is of the belief that whether or not a body of work had been published by a traditional publishing house or by the philosopher himself will not really be a very important consideration in two, to three, to five hundred years. That which will be of greatest relevance and significance will be that it has somehow wondrously managed to reach to their time, and that through it they will be able to get a glimpse of how one particular person viewed himself,

life, and the universe from the platform of his own day, namely from that of the early 21st century. In his view, it is all about being generously mindful of those coming after us; of leaving a quality record for those thirsty seekers of knowledge, wisdom, and inspiration of future ages and of muliplanet dwellings who will treasure, delight, and appreciate that we of the yonder yore on the way over the ways lovely home planet were mindful of them, and wanted to communicate with them, and be 'accompanying' them on their mighty travels.



## Cover image



### Front cover flap:

"Let me to see God for I can't keep going  
on like so being so far away from home.

But is not home here?

Home is where it is, isn't it?

Yes; yes it is for sure you dove of peaceful  
wandering in the shadows of new light."

*Soliloquy 6*

### Back cover flap:

"Of a today ~ coming in over the near and far away,  
will you in living enjoy the fruits of learning.  
The enjoyment of learning is for the living."

*Aphorism 7*

## Back cover caption

Vatican Secretary of State, Cardinal Pietro Parolin in May of this year; this year marking the 1400th anniversary of the passing of the renowned Irish European saint Columbanus, expressed a deep sadness over the result of the same-sex marriage referendum. Knowing of his great respect and love for St. Columbanus and Christianity in Ireland, his feeling may be interpreted as being more of a great disappointment with the Church in Ireland. In November of last year he spoke this of the saint:

“Colombano è diventato per molti popoli e per molte generazioni maestro di vita cristiana, esempio di fedeltà e di laboriosità, annunciatore di pace e promotore di una cultura illuminata dal Vangelo.”

(Columban has become for many people and for many generations master of the Christian life, an example of loyalty and hard work; an announcer of peace and a promoter of a culture enlightened by the Gospel.) *L'Osservatore Romano*.

Monk Colombano Europaggio of Bobbio, Italy is a passionate mettlesome heir to St. Columbanus of Bangor, Ireland. His heart-wrenching vexations, frustrations, and anxieties with so many pressing concerns such as absolutism, totalitarianism, puritanism, fanaticism; the biosphere, conflicts, wars, belief, vocation, chastity and marriage, and of the Church hierarchy's lack of courage to take action on what is happening to Christians in for instance Syria are also among our own pressing concerns. His courageous journeying through these potentially hazardous fields leading to his discovery of a treasure trove of solaces unfolds for us a contentment and a hope for a better tomorrow.

The work which is ornately illustrated with 112 original dream depictions is dedicated to His Eminence, Cardinal Parolin for his heartfelt concern for the moral integrity of the Irish people, and for his unwavering

commitment to diplomatically ushering in good will among all peoples.

